

Vol. XXXVII. No. LXXIV.

FIRST SERIES.

Vol. III. No. VI.

SECOND SERIES.

THE  
NATIONAL  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

(FOUNDED BY EDWARD I. SEARS, LL.D.)

EDITED BY

DAVID A. GORTON, M.D.

*Pulchrum est bene facere reipublicæ, etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est.*

CONTENTS OF NUMBER FOR OCTOBER, 1878.

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1878.

# THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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DAVID A. GORTON, M. D.

THE close of the 37th volume of the NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW seems to the Editor not an unfitting occasion to thank the subscribers and contributors for their generous support of the work in the past, and to express a hope for the continuance of it in the future.

That any American work of so independent and liberal a character as that of the NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW should have survived the depression of the times, and the still greater foe of American periodical literature, the competition of English Quarterlies, is a matter of congratulation; and the fact itself is due more to the labors of contributors and the interest excited by the character of the work, than to any effort on the part of its management.

The NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW possesses many features which especially commend it to people of culture and liberal ideas, and also to those who take an interest in solid American literature. It is the aim of the Editor to make it a medium *par excellence* of literary criticism and philosophic discussion, and to keep its pages above the suspicion of interested motives, sectarian prejudice or partisan bias. While thoroughly National in its character, it is not lacking in cosmopolitan sentiment, preferring to labor more for that which is ethically true and permanent, than for that which is merely politic or expedient, and, therefore, transient. Its pages are open impartially to the discussion of both sides of all subjects, by writers of every diversity of opinion, subject only to the rules of liberal controversy. Its subjects embrace general literature; reviews, criticisms and expositions of Science, History, Philosophy and Biography; the ancient and modern Classics; Belles-Lettres, Politics, Ethics, Economic problems, Public men and Public measures, &c. No effort is spared to make the NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW worthy of a permanent place in the libraries of public institutions and on the tables of gentlemen of literary taste.

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The pages of the REVIEW are impersonal. The Editor deems it unadvisable to depart from a usage of review literature so long in vogue,—and which is still maintained by the best Quarterlies in

our language,—to yield to the popular demand for the names of contributors. In the one case the judgment of the reader is appealed to; in the other, an authority is seemed to be imposed upon him.

The contributions to the REVIEW are wholly original. Reports and translations are not acceptable; nor are articles of merely transient interest. Suitable articles are accepted or rejected according to their merits or demerits, uninfluenced by the celebrity or obscurity of the writer. Moreover, the books and essays which preface articles in the REVIEW, represent as nearly as can be the literature of the subject under discussion; and such literature by no means indicates topics for notice or review, as many of its critics seem to suppose. The conclusions of the writer of any particular article may even be at variance with that of the literature he selects to represent his subject.

Finally, the character which the Editor designs to maintain in the NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW, justifies him in expecting the generous coöperation of the friends of liberal and catholic ideas, everywhere. Some idea of what the work has been and is, may be gathered by a glance at its list of essays. The following list comprises

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# THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1878.

## ART. I.—ETHICS OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT.\*

1. *Essay on Liberty.* 12° pp. 207. By J. STUART MILL. London: 1860.
2. *The Sphere and Duties of Government.* 12° pp. 203. By BARON WILHEIM VON HUMBOLDT. Translated from the German, by JOSEPH COULTHARD, JR. London: 1854.
3. *The Elements of Moral Science.* Revised and enlarged Edition. 12° pp. 396. By FRANCIS WAYLAND, D.D., LL.D. Boston: 1867.
4. *Manual of Political Ethics.* 2 volumes 8° pp. 472-459. By FRANCIS LIEBER, LL.D. Second Edition Revised. By THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, LL.D. Philadelphia: 1875.
5. *Ethics of Moral Philosophy.* 12° pp. 342. By WALTER H. HILL, S. J. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1878.

## II.

"LIBERTY is not a means to an end, it is an end itself."—*Henry Thomas Buckle.*

"A RULER who appoints any man to an office, when there is in his dominions another man better qualified for it, sins against God and against the State."—*The Koran.*

"So soon as covetousness becomes general in a civilized nation; so soon as dishonesty is a general crime, so soon as public places are considered by common consent as fair opportunities to enrich their holders—willing to wink at each other's embezzlements; so soon as parties consider themselves by their success entitled to the spoils of the public—so soon is there a deadly cancer in the vitals of that society, and hardly anything but severe changes and revolutions can save it."—*Francis Lieber.*

I.—THE course of society is very much the same among all peoples, in all countries and in all ages. The human race

\* Part I of this article, under the title of *The Progress of Self-Government*, appeared in the April (1878) issue of this publication. This present article, though under a different title, is intended to supplement that.—*Editor.*

may be modified by a thousand influences, separated into a variety of families, and its developments shaped by a variety of dynasties. Peculiarities of geographical positions, differences of soil and climate may modify the human characteristics, the anatomy, physiology, ethnology, etc.; change the color and texture of the skin, the quality of the hair, the facial angle and the physiognomy; prevent or promote the ideal of symmetry of form and function, social customs, political organization, etc.; nevertheless, its aims and aspirations remain unchanged and unchangeable throughout every vicissitude of fortune; and though these may be often defeated and thwarted by the selfishness of men, they are as often renewed, to perpetuate the struggle for the attainment of the ideal and divine. Hence it is that history so often repeats itself, for,

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." (1.)

This view of the philosophy of history appears to us obvious enough in the perspective of the past in which the results of human conflicts appear disconnected from the conflicts themselves. The treachery, rapacity, cruelty, and even the crimes of men, while adding needlessly to the sum of human misery, retarding human progress and complicating civil government, all conspire to produce the results, and to make up the diary of events called history. Despite the worst that men—and women—may do, civilization advances. Nothing is truer than that the sequences of men's deeds are not always manifest at the time and cannot be foreknown or calculated with any approach to certainty. Evil consequences often follow virtuous acts, and happy consequences as often follow vicious acts. The most trivial incidents lead sometimes to important results; and that which is ill-timed and ill-intentioned proves often the most auspicious. Thus, the new Era required for its birth a Judas Iscariot and a Pontius Pilate; and for its nurse and patron no less a self-seeking despot than Constantine. Strauss goes even so far as to credit the existence of Christianity to "the invasion of Asia by Alexander the Great,"\* and to justify war and war-heroes for

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\* *The Old Faith and the New.* II, p. 73.

the good they do. And it must be admitted that the great events of history justify that view. The Venetian republics, for example, were due to the rapacity of the Italian nobles. The institutions of Great Britain had their origin in the influence of the mail-clad free-booter and bastard, William of Normandy. It required the weakness of a John to save England from a despotism, and the licentiousness of a Charles to give it civil government. But for the avarice of Leo X, and the rapacity of Henry VIII, the Protestant Reformation would have been indefinitely postponed, and the world would have been spared the canting hypocrisy of the Puritans. It required a Robespierre to restore sanity to the French, and by his excesses to convince the French people of the necessity of stable laws and of a wise administration of them. But for the blind perversity of George III, America might still have formed a part of the British empire. So, too, the weak, vacillating character of James Buchanan was the hope and courage of the late rebellion, but for which the United States would still have been under the curse of slavery and the influence of a slave-holding caste. Civilization is advanced by human sacrifices, and every step of its progress is marked by the blood of patriots. Millions of men and women have been sacrificed in France and England to destroy the dogma that kings ruled by divine right; and it has required the sacrifice of an equal number of them to convince the priests and nobles of all civilized countries that the commonalty were made of like "dust," and had passions, hopes and aspirations like their own.

In view of these things the philosophical observer will not be in haste to commend or to disparage the drift and character of current events; nor to complain of the methods which providence is compelled to adopt to turn the wheels of progress. Divine wisdom may be using the worst excesses to the best advantage; and the meanest politician and wire-pulling demagogue who assumes the rôle of statesman, reformer, or leader, may be but a puppet in His hand. Who knows but that the present political alienation and corruption in American politics may be due to a political effervescence which shall clarify the body politic; that

the trickery and forswearing practised by "Returning Boards" on the returns, under the cognizance, if not manipulations, of the "Visiting Statesmen," who have since been rewarded for their zeal with salaried offices in the government service, foreign missions and cabinet positions, may be all for the best; and that the infamous bargain by which Mr. Hayes\* secured the presidency of the Republic shall prove a blessing in disguise? (2.) It is manifestly too soon to pronounce on any of these questions. The present results of these extraordinary events in American politics are, however, not very assuring, it must be confessed. But it is too soon, we repeat, to make up the account, and time may change its complexion. It remains true, nevertheless, that deeds alike damning, while relegating the perpetrators of them to an odious immortality, have served, as we have seen, not the ends the actors sought, but the cause of human progress.

While, therefore, it is perfectly true that the weakness, fallacies and wickedness of men often promote the cause of truth and right, the fact is no apology or justification for the tricks which individuals and nations so often play on each other, ostensibly for the public good, but really to gratify a love for spoils and power. It is an obvious sophistry to suppose that the end justifies the means. It is likewise opposed to the sanctions of the ethical spirit. "He who employs vile means, even to do good, even to save his country, is never anything but a villain."† Theft is theft though one steals and gives to the poor. Extortion and overreaching are robbery though the profits of the practice go to found a college or build a cathedral. To forcibly despoil a people of their goods is highway robbery, though it be done by a nation for conquest, or by a crusade in the interest of religion. To assassinate is to

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\* It is due to Mr. Hayes to say that no evidence has been obtained of his complicity in the bargain by which he secured the Presidency. His character, as well as his public and private utterances on the subject, go to show that he is incapable of pursuing such a course. He appears to have been "in the hands of his friends;" and had he refrained from appointing these "friends," whom the evidence convicts of having been chief in the conspiracy, to high positions in the State, he would have escaped the suspicion of wrong.

† Lacordaire.

murder though the victim of it be a despot who, like the present Emperor of Germany, diverts the substance of the people to his own and family's uses. The character of one's purpose justifies or condemns one's conduct, let it be what it may. And this maxim is as true of Cabinets as of individuals. If the wickedness of men be overruled in the interest of right, and made to serve the ends of wisdom, let Him be thanked who "maketh the wrath of man to praise Him," and damnation meted out in full measure to the wrong-doer.

It would seem, moreover, as if the cause of civilization were marred by the force of its impelling motive—selfishness. Mankind have it in their power to make the progress of civilization easy if they will. The terrible struggle it is and has been is entirely due to their wickedness and rapacity. The love of gain, of distinction, of power, for its own sake, as well as for the emoluments it brings, is peculiar to no people or class. Nor is it distinctively an evil. It cannot be doubted that if the motive of gain were eliminated from men's lives the warfare against the elements and the barbarians would lose much of its force and effectiveness. The love of gain impels Cabinets to subdue and to subject rival States, and to form empires. It likewise impels individuals to risk their lives and fortunes in colonizing new countries and opening new avenues of industry. The trouble is that in the prosecution of these meritorious objects and enterprises too little regard is paid to the claims of justice. Excess of zeal in the pursuit of the objects of men's ambition obscures the sense of equity. The rights of those who are unable to maintain them are too often ignored, and their possessions "partitioned," or "distributed" or parcelled out, according to the exigencies of the occasion, or the force of that higher law of might which dominates and determines the course of peoples. The world has recently witnessed in Europe not an unusual instance of this kind. And this has been the order of civilized society from its beginning. The sword has ever been the arbiter in the struggle of classes and nations; the more subtle and refined, but equally effective, devices of "Congresses," "rings," "patents," "grants," "monopolies," etc., have decided the struggle

between individuals and communities. And he who attempts to resist or mollify these methods and introduce humaner ones is overridden and reviled; declared a "visionary enthusiast," or, as in a late instance, a "sophisticated rhetorician;" denounced as a fanatic, an enemy of society, a disturber of the peace, etc.; and is often dealt with by barbaric or by civil process; hung, or shot from cannons; scourged with rods, scalped, decapitated, or imprisoned, according as the custom of punishing such offences may be, and as the majority may be strong or weak.

"When the passion for wealth has become prevalent," says Sallust, "neither morals nor talents are proof against it." \* And it is the dominance of this passion that is disintegrating the Republic of America. Money is the centre around which the institutions of society revolve. It is at once both the force and incentive of good deeds and bad, of business enterprise, social equality, and charitable and religious undertaking. "The deep-rooted selfishness which forms the general character of existing state of society," says J. Stuart Mill, "is so deeply rooted only because the whole course of existing institutions tends to foster it." † The extravagance of the age requires large profits; and the distinction which exists between what is genteel in employment and what is not, tends to drive people from productive industry, and to swell the number of speculators, brokers, office-seekers, applicants for clerkships and other salaried positions requiring nominal service and the highest remuneration. Offer a man, in need, a position calling for activity, privation, irregular meals and early and late hours, and the chances are that he will decline it. Nothing less than desk-room in an elegantly furnished office will satisfy him. Here, he is content to sit and take his chances for a call or a case that brings him a fee, however small, rather than treble his earnings by engaging in an active industry. Young men want to begin life where their fathers left off, avoiding the frugality, self-denial, the hard manual labor, the privations, self-sacrifice and hardships by which the latter struggled into positions of profit, honor and gentility. And what makes the matter worse,

\* *First Epistle to Caesar.*

† *Autobiography*, p. 233.

the fathers are determined that they shall. "I don't want my son to delve, drudge and suffer as I did," is heard on every hand. And this kindly, but misguided paternal sentiment is very generally commended.

Nor is this the worst feature of this tendency. The man of small business enterprise is under a social ban. He is a vender of wares, a shopkeeper without "paper" on the street. His more powerful neighbor looks down upon him, if he does not actually despise him. If he would escape the contempt of his class, or keep the respect of the community, he must make a larger figure in the public eye. The weak, fictitious sentiment of the times estimates a man in proportion as he is able to maintain the style of a prince, the airs of a professional, or the extravagance of a millionaire. The merchant, therefore, is ambitious to establish a "house." The banker must issue "stock" and pay "dividends." The speculator must make vast "combinations" and effect "corners" if he would "fleece" consumers, and establish a reputation for business enterprise. The broker must be a large "operator," "hypothesize" bonds held in trust, and "bull" or "bear" as occasion requires. Business of all kinds must be conducted on a grand scale, and to that end, capital organized and "companies," "rings," "unions" and "combinations" formed to control the laws of trade and regulate prices and profits. And when these plans fail of their object, individuals must save themselves by indulging in high-toned thieving, under the polite pseudonyms of "peculation," "hypotheation," "defalcation," "embezzlement," "suspension," going into "bankruptcy," and taking advantage of other ingenious devices that ought to make men infamous, to overreach creditors and add to the burden and embarrassment of labor. It is this tendency in the public mind and heart, to overreach by fair means or foul, that produces, in part, the grievances of workingmen and women. This is one of the founts whence the woes of labor proceed; and the responsibility for its existence rests upon no man, or class, or party, but rather upon all men and all classes and all parties, and the laws, charters and privileges which they make and want and will have. The reason that some classes are benefitted and others ruined by

this state of things is entirely due to the self-evident fact that some men have larger heads than others, and know how to use them; and also to the fact that in a struggle of this kind one party must lose when another wins. This is inevitable so long as human life is the "game" it is; and no one has any right to complain if he lose, so long as he recognizes the validity of the laws and the fairness of the means under which he operates, and would not change them.

The difficulties which environ this subject do not proceed so much from the means and methods by which the course of things is determined,—these may be considered legitimate,—as from the existence of unequal and unjust laws and privileges, and the undue zeal and downright dishonesty in their application. We shall refer to the mistakes and short-sight of our law-makers and legislators further on. For the present we are dealing with the follies and fallacies of individuals. It is either because men are, by the nature and constitution of their minds, insensible of the rights of others, or that the zeal with which they prosecute the objects of their ambition, commendable and praiseworthy in itself, is in excess, and overrides or eclipses their sense of equity, and the obligation to live and let live, that makes despots of them, and brings ruin upon their race, and sooner or later upon themselves. The proposition is as true in political as it is in business life; and in the conduct of States, corporations and communities, as in that of individuals.

II.—We have traced, in an Essay on Self-Government, in the April (1878) number of this publication, the struggle for equality and popular rights of the commonalties of Europe, in which the sense of equity was but feebly displayed, and the results dictated by the heaviest battalions, or the will of the strongest parties. The evidence summarized in that article goes to show that democracy "had its beginning in hardship and had to struggle against the violence and injustice of grasping despots and designing demagogues." Whenever people have established for themselves commonwealths, with the object of self-government, these have been subverted and overthrown, either by envious foes without, or by ambitious demagogues within.



The history of self-government is the same in every age. Whenever republics have escaped the conquests of foreign enemies, and baffled the ambition of their own political conspirators, they have succumbed to more subtle influences than either conquests or kings, viz.: Inequality,—a social condition which is both a cause and a sequence of economic disorders, and which, once generated, is perpetuated by the ignorance and perversity of the commonality, and the unscrupulous rapacity of a class, of which no State was ever entirely free, who pride themselves on their birth, and indulge the delusion that they are made of better stuff, and entitled to more consideration, rights and privileges than ordinary mortals.

Vauvenargues, a French writer of the eighteenth century, maintained, not, indeed, that all men were equal, but that the causes which made one man to differ from another were very slight. The origin of beauty, ugliness, health, ability, or weakness, he traced to a slight difference in the organs, "a little more or a little less bile, &c." \* But, howsoever slight the organic and constitutional difference between human beings may be, the social distinctions which have been set up between men are very great, and cannot always be predicated on "*un peu plus ou un peu moins de bile*," but on ideas purely conventional and fictitious. This form of inequality is harmless enough, as it usually consists of a little less bile; but that other form of distinction between men which consists of moral and intellectual disparity is the entering wedge that divides and dismembers all governments and States founded upon the popular will. Its existence to any considerable degree is the bane of liberty and the incitement of despotism.

The reason of the incompatibility of liberty and inequality is obvious enough. If the law of supply and demand be supreme in matters of trade and exchange, and the rights of

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\* "Tout ce qui distingue les hommes paraît peu de chose. Qu'est-ce qui fait la beauté ou la laideur, la santé ou l'infirmité, l'esprit ou la stupidité? Une légère différence des organes, un peu plus ou un peu moins de bile," etc. And yet he adds: "Cependant ce plus ou ce moins est d'une importance infinie pour les hommes."—*Réflexions*.

individuals be in proportion to their ability to maintain them, subject only to the rules of social rivalry, then is it clear to the most casual observer, that the power and influence of the various classes which make up the complex organization of modern society, must approximately balance each other in order to prevent one class from oppressing, or gaining an undue advantage over another. And if it be impracticable to preserve a balance of individual units in society,—i. e., equality—it is difficult to imagine how, in the present state and temper of the public heart, the disorders incident to such a social condition can be peaceably settled. Until all men are ready to concede equal rights to all men, the struggle for equality must continue, and the disorders consequent thereon increase, till a physical conflict ensues, and society either goes to pieces, or is preserved by the establishment of centralized power—despotism. To that end the course of events in the United States seems rapidly tending. (3.)

"So soon as the majority of a people," says Dr. Lieber, "cease to be in a state of substantial independence, eagerly maintaining it or honestly striving for it, so soon will appear, *below*, a large abject class of submissive paupers, and *above*, a turbulent or arrogant class of a few powerful proprietors, who, indeed, may harass government, or extort great franchises for themselves, but must always produce a state of things incompatible with a healthy, vigorous, lasting, and not precarious civil liberty, bearing within itself the energy to maintain itself." \* The wisdom of these words is fully sustained by the political experience of all States and peoples, and should be duly heeded. It is a strange anomaly that so few political writers of the period, with the experience of scores of abortive attempts at self-government before them, should fail to appreciate the dangers to a free State arising from this condition—the existence of a subject class. It is true that this danger was pointed out in the early days of the Republic, by Jefferson, Hamilton and others, and later, by anti-slavery agitators on behalf of slaves, and universal suffrage provided as a remedy against it. But it seems not to have occurred to any of them that inequality in a free society is an occasion fraught with

\* *Political Ethics*, I, p. 456.

consequences far more direful than the slavery of an alien race. We do not now refer to an inequality of an alien population, mixed members of different species, which inhabit temporarily, or otherwise, a State, without acquiring the franchise, or political rights—though this is to be deprecated—but to a social inequality based on moral and intellectual distinctions among members of the same race and citizens of the same State. Few writers have given sufficient importance to political dangers incident to such a social condition,—and modern American writers have quite ignored the subject as seen from a philosophical point of view. And yet, if there be any other cause of equal mischievousness to a free State, or one which has led to graver consequences in the republics of the past, or is likely to lead to graver consequences in the republics of the present and to come, we know not what it is. It is the occasion of incomparably greater disorders in society than corrupt administrations and effete dynasties, venal legislations and irresponsible judiciaries,—though the existence of these is largely due to a prostitution of the suffrage by a subject class. We may have a condition of political and economic morality by which presidents may be counted in, or out: juries and caucuses packed, and judges have opinions dictated to them; Administrations have no other policy but self-perpetuation, and politicians no motive higher than the spoils of office; a Congress voting in favor of free coinage, or for an unlimited supply of paper money, and imposing all manner of restrictions upon international commerce; maintaining an anomalous financial and banking system, like the present one which, like a leech on a depleted system, is extracting the last drop from an exhausted industry; but, as bad as are these things, they are of little consequence compared with the evils to liberty which arise from, or are occasioned by, inequality in the body politic. The former owe their existence to causes temporary and evanescent, and are easily remedied; the latter come by slow processes, the virulence of its influence increasing with the wealth of a nation, until, like the coil of the anaconda, they strangle, and finally destroy, their victim.

We do not exaggerate the influence of this enemy of free

institutions. The effect of it in Europe and the East is apparent in the pauper list; the wealth and rapacity of the nobility; the poverty and dishonesty of the proletaires and producing classes; the millions of armed men, kept in idle ignorance, to obey, automaton-like, the mandate of a superior; and in the splendors, luxuries, and lasciviousness, pride, arrogance and extravagance of kings and courts, ministers, nobles, Shahs, Pashas, Sultans and harems. These things are the outcome of it under kingly governments. The republics which this social condition has not already demoralized or destroyed, are suffering from the same evil tendency clearly traceable to the same abnormal influence. The American Union is too young to have felt the full force of the evil, and yet its effects are sufficiently marked in the rapid growth of a pauper and criminal population; the concentration of wealth, and the creation of an affluent and an aristocratic class; the poverty, suffering and discontent of working men and women; and the class-feeling and class-distinctions which are being fostered and engendered in the populous centres of the country. The number of the unemployed and inadequately paid make a formidable political force. (4). Their sufferings from idleness and privation are fast destroying their independence and self-respect, and naturally enough they become willing dupes of political demagogues and tricksters, not unfrequently selling their votes to the highest bidder and per-juring themselves for an office, a place, or the prospect of gain.

But equality, it is said, has never been realized in the history of the world; the differences of sky and air, soil and temperature of different latitudes and altitudes, conspiring to produce varieties of temperaments, physical conformations and moral and intellectual characteristics. The Greeks, it is further urged, sought to maintain it in their little republics by every device which political wisdom could suggest—even by exiling their superior citizens—but failed. Shall we repeat their absurdities and play the rôle of a fool in attempting the impossible? To which we answer, that, equality may be a fiction of the imagination, a Will o' the wisp of the political

dreamer and enthusiast; it is possibly a sign set in the heavens of men's political hopes on which they are to fix their eyes and toward which they are forever to struggle and forever to fail to reach. But the aspiration of humanity for liberty and equality is not quenched by any matter-of-fact considerations like these. Justice is but a means of securing privileges, the ulterior object of which is equality. Liberty and equality are inseparable. Every concession which the individual wrings from power, is in the name of equality—the right inherent in every individual to be an integral power, as well as part, of the body politic, and to bear one's proportion of its burdens and responsibilities. All the humanizing agencies under the names of education and religion—the general diffusion of knowledge, free schools and enforced public instruction—have the same end in view—the endowment of the masses with the means and opportunities of helping themselves to their rightful share of the world's treasures and benefits, and an equal participation in what goes on in life.

Let it be conceded that the ideal object of all this warfare in the name of liberty is never attained. Is it to be given up and the course of nature reversed? The fate of the ideal of excellence in any department of human endeavor is not unlike that of equality. It is that of defeat to rise again. The perfection of the moral virtues is, for example, utterly unattainable; but that fact did not restrain the divine Teacher of Judea from uttering the divine mandate, "Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." And if mankind declined to act on it for the logical reason that it is absurd to attempt the impossible, society would soon go to pieces. One is constrained, in this particular, by every consideration of interest and morality, to obey the divine injunction so far as the power in one lies, and to induce others to do the same. And by considerations equally weighty and praiseworthy, every one is constrained to labor to diffuse among men equality of gifts, and to concede the largest opportunities to use them. Nor should one parley over the subject with technical objections which can only confuse the average judgment and embarrass the proper course of things. (5.)

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III.—In view of the present political situation in the United States the out-look for the rising generation is anything but cheering. We already have most of the complications of European society to confront, without its checks and balances—its industries and its well-organized national police. The want of political and jural honesty so manifest in the decline of European governments is equally prevalent in the United States. It is no exaggeration to say that speculation was as rife under the administration of General Grant as it was in the reign of George II, of England. The vices of dishonesty and covetousness were fearfully prevalent in France before the Revolution, but no one would presume to compare the amounts stolen with the thefts of the last decade in the great Republic. Nepotism was certainly not carried to greater lengths by Napoleon Bonaparte, than it was under the administration of General Grant. The passion for wealth corrupted the people of ancient Greece to such an extent that, according to Polybius, it was rare to find a man "whose hands were pure from public robbery;"\* and the desire of gain is said by Boeckh to have "destroyed all sense of equity at Athens," at one point of her history; but it could not have exceeded in intensity the same desire in America to-day. The love of office was not stronger in the degenerate days of the Roman Empire than it is now in the Republic of the West. And one may seriously question if bribe-taking in some form or other is not quite as prevalent to-day in America as it was at Rome in the fourth century. One would suppose that with all the awful experiences of fallen republics and disrupted dynasties of the past two thousand years before their eyes, our people would hesitate long before consenting to be drawn into similar courses of evil or to become the willing victims of the same sad fate.

If there be indications that we are likely to prove an exception to the course of other peoples, in like circumstances, they are by no means assuring. They rather show that our circle of political experience is likely to be completed sooner than that of other peoples by reason of our limited means of opposing the

\* Hampton's *Polybius*. Vol. III, b. iv.

development of events. Our situation is unfavorable for the use of despotic power. In place of a standing army and centralized political power like those of European states, to deal with discontent, strikes and resistance to the laws, we have no army of consequence and diffuse political power to control one. To add to this embarrassment, in an emergency which is not unlikely to arise, we have that obvious necessity of a free State, universal suffrage, by which administrations may be overthrown and the policy of the government changed from time to time, or as often as it suits the whims of a party, or the ambition of its politicians. Another source of embarrassment to the government, if the present tendency of the producing classes is to be checked, or if the present *statu quo* is to be maintained, is freedom of the press and the right of the people peaceably to assemble to discuss their real or fancied grievances. Except in New York, the capitalized city of the Union, there is no section of country under the dominion of the Stars and Stripes, where people of any persuasion or following—even ultra Communists—may not safely meet to discuss public questions, and even to denounce the government. This liberty—one might almost call it license—is secured to the citizen by the Constitution of the Republic, and has always been the glory of American liberty and the pride of American statesmen. But if the present drift of political events be not illusory, the capitalists of the country have good reason to fear lest unbridled speech and presses menace the security of their bonds and depreciate the value of their real possessions; and that which was established by the framers of the Constitution as a synonym of all that is excellent in the constitution of a democracy prove a source of embarrassment—if nothing worse—to all well-to-do citizens. It is not surprising, therefore, to see this class of folk desiring that restraints should be put on the press, and the “mob” or “rabble” forbidden openly to assemble to discuss their grievances; nor that they have ceased to denounce gag-laws and police dispersions of a dissenting press and discontented assemblages of the people in Berlin, London and other European capitals. Capital, like a sensitive plant, feels every change in the public mood, and is alarmed

at any indication of an unfavorable change in it. It is as sensitive to the dangers of free speech, among a discontented people, in the new world as in the old, or as it is in any country, in which its rights are forcibly held in greater respects than the rights of man.

The political situation is obviously one of such gravity as to demand the careful consideration of all conscientious citizens. Discontent among the masses has been strongly marked during the last decade and is becoming more and more general and alarming. It seems already well organized, and has assumed the proportions of a formidable party. That it has a grievance no intelligent person will deny. That it knows how to remedy that grievance few persons of ordinary intelligence will admit. It seems to us that the wiser course for these discontents to pursue would have been to act in the caucuses and conventions of the old party organizations. The real causes which are oppressing them are not such as can be redressed by political combinations—except in a minor degree. And it seems impossible that any good can come from widening the breach between capital and labor, and increasing the dissension between citizens whose true interests lie in union and fraternity, and not in discord and disunion. But the spirit which rules the hour has decreed otherwise, and it only remains to meet the enemy of discord and discontent with such wisdom as the nation can command.

The party in power is largely responsible for this movement of the working classes. Had the government given proof or intimation that it understood its sphere and duties, and exhibited a commendable anxiety to maintain impartial justice between its citizens, the rich and poor alike, the evil of a National party, which is practically a party of revolt, had been nipped in the bud. But, unfortunately for the country, the government has been unequal to the occasion. Instead of pursuing a policy of justice and pacification, abrogating unjust laws and reforming abuses in the administration of just ones, and instituting measures for the relief of industry and protecting individuals against class-combinations, its supporters in the Cabinet and Congress have showed a disposition to continue



an oppressive policy, and to strengthen the government against the popular will by legal devices, and if need be, by increasing the regular army. It shows likewise a disposition to ally itself with the party of capital, and to regard opposition to, or dissent from, its policy as an impertinence to be resented. Such a course was to have been expected. It is the purpose of governments to maintain the *statu quo*. The impulse of reform comes from the people; and when the old system and polity can no longer be maintained, the rulers are the first to accommodate themselves to the new.

The highest function of government is to serve the interests of the State, whose creature and servant it is. Baron Von Humboldt maintained that the true sphere of government was negative. It was not to look after the positive welfare of the individual, but to protect him from dangers incident to the social state—give him security in his rights, and leave him entirely free to work out his moral and intellectual destiny in his own way.\* Dr. Lieber's idea of the duties of the State is not inconsistent with this view. "The State does not absorb individuality," he writes: "but exists for the better obtaining of the true ends of each individual, and of society collectively."† In other words, the State is an organization of individuals for the purpose of securing to each, advantages which are unattainable by any in a condition of isolation. It establishes a government for protection against foreign foes and the preservation and defence of each others rights. Beyond this limit, government has no rightful responsibility. And when it assumes duties and responsibilities which properly belong to the individual, such, for example, as making appropriations for the poor, granting charters to individuals, or subsidies to corporations, it transcends its true sphere and does that for which it has no ethical warrant. Nay, worse than that: it perpetrates a wrong to the State by disturbing the social equilibrium upon

\* *The Sphere and Duties of Government*, p. 21. "A spirit of governing predominates in every institution of this kind (governmental); and however wise and salutary such a spirit may be, it invariably superinduces national uniformity, and a constrained and unnatural manner of action."

† *Political Ethics*, Vol. I, p. 162.

which equality and justice depend; besides hampering the enterprise of individuals by destroying the spirit of self-dependence, and imposing, therefore, injurious restrictions upon their moral and intellectual development.

This view of the functions of government is that held, as we have seen, by eminent publicists, not the least among whom is our countryman the distinguished Jefferson. The latter writer boldly declared that the government had no right to entail a debt upon posterity—to pledge the property of future generations to pay the debts of the present or past.

It is a wise rule, he writes, for the government "never to borrow a dollar without laying a tax in the same instant for paying the interest annually and the principal within a given time; and to consider that tax as a pledge to the creditors on the public faith. On such a pledge as this, sacredly observed, a government may always command, on a *reasonable interest*, all the lendable money of their citizens, while the necessity of an equivalent tax is a salutary warning to them and their constituents against oppressions, bankruptcy, and its inevitable consequence, revolution. But the term of redemption must be moderate, and at any rate within the limits of their rightful powers."

This limit, he goes on to say, is prescribed by "the laws of nature," affirming that "the earth belongs to the living, not to the dead;" and that each generation has the right "to bind themselves, but none to bind the succeeding generation."\* Had Congress heeded the wisdom embodied in this principle of economics in managing the finances of the Republic, the people would not now be groaning under the unequal burden of public and private debt, and society would have escaped the evils incident to her division into two classes, with interests diametrically opposed to each others, viz.: a bond-holding and a bond-paying class.

Moreover, the laws in respect of interest on money and certificates of indebtedness, promissory notes, mortgages, &c., operate unequally, unjustly enslaving one class, the debtor, to another, the creditor. The usury laws were conceived in a most palpable fallacy, viz.: that money, or its equivalent, has a uniform value, and that, therefore, the use of it should fetch

\* Letter to J. W. Eppes's Works, VI, p. 136.

a uniform price. The truth is, the value of money varies like the value of all other commodities, and the value of its use varies correspondingly. It may be worth ten or twenty per cent. per annum, or it may not be worth one per cent. per annum. That is a matter which is regulated by the state of trade and industry, and the amount of money in circulation. And yet, when, as at the present time, in consequence of the universal stagnation of industry, money is not worth two per cent. per annum—it being an actual drug in the market,—the laws of the State of New York require the debtor to pay seven per cent. per annum for the use of money which has possibly been correlated by him into fixed capital, and which has become wholly unremunerative, and the government is selling bonds bearing four per cent. interest! This is a palpable violation of the spirit of equity and can have no other effect than to wrong the debtor class and subject the poor to the service of the rich. Government had far better leave the subject of interest on money and securities to adjust itself, as advocated by Ricardo,\* than to impose a rate of interest that may possibly increase the burden of those whose burdens are already too grievous to be borne.†

President Johnson advanced the proposition to apply the accruing interest on the public debt towards liquidating the principal; and if the financial ethics of Mr. Jefferson are sound, and we do not see how they can be refuted, the proposition was not so ill-founded as it appeared to be. So far as the next succeeding generation is concerned, it is sanctioned by every consideration of natural right.

But, Mr. Jefferson laid down a broader principle of political ethics than this, declaring that no government could rightfully hypothecate the public domain, the proper heritage of the people; nor make perpetual grants of it to individuals or corporations for any purpose or consideration whatever.

\* *Principles of Political Economy*, 3d Edition.

† For considerations similar to those noted in the text, Dr. Wayland came to the same conclusion. "The rate of interest of every sort," he writes, "being liable to so many circumstances of variation, should not in any case be fixed by law, but should be left in all cases to the discretion of the parties concerned."—*Moral Science*, p. 254.

And it is inconsistent with this view for the government to permit individuals to monopolize, appropriate, or purchase more of the soil than they can use or cultivate to the best advantage. To do any of these things is to trespass on the rights of future generations, by debarring them from enjoying privileges and opportunities to which they are entitled equally with the present. In the letter to Mr. Eppes, to which we have referred, after showing on the data given by Buffon, that the period of a generation consisted of about nineteen years, he makes the following supposititious case:

"Supposing that majority (the adult citizens of the State of New York) on the first day of the year 1794, had borrowed a sum of money equal to the fee-simple value of the State, and to have consumed it in eating, drinking and making merry in their day; or, if you please, in quarrelling and fighting with their unoffending neighbors. Within eighteen years and eight months, one-half of the adult citizens were dead. Till then, being the majority, they might rightfully levy the interest of their debt annually on themselves and their fellow-revellers, or fellow-champions. But at that period, say at this moment (1812) a new majority have come into place, in their own right, and not under the rights, the conditions, or laws of their predecessors. Are they bound to acknowledge the debt, to consider the preceding generation as having had the right to eat up the whole soil of their country in the course of a life, to alienate it from them, (for it would be an alienation to the creditors) and would they think themselves either legally or morally bound to give up their country and emigrate to another for subsistence? Every one will say, No; that the soil is the gift of God to the living, as much as it had been to the deceased, generation; and that the laws of nature impose no obligation on them to pay this debt."\*

The force of this argument can be best seen in the condition of ownership of the soil in England, where there is no land for 19-20ths of the people to purchase, had they the means, the greater part of the territory being in the hands of a few peers, and descending from sire to son under the English laws of primogeniture. It should be observed, however, in justice to the wisdom of our fathers, that the Constitution of the Republic expressly forbids the perpetration of this wrong. But the laws of entail in operation in the United States have the same

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\* *Works*, vi, pp. 137-138.

evil tendency to perpetuate landed estates to families, the evil consequences of which are concealed from present view by the vastness of the public domain.

\* Moreover, the government is equally without the authority of right and justice, for obvious reasons, to grant subsidies; issue letters-patent, or certificates of copyright, either of which is a most gross and objectionable form of monopolizing privileges which belong to no individual exclusively, since the patent, work, or invention to which he lays claim and seeks to secure special advantage for himself in its use or sale, is the result or outgrowth of the genius of innumerable individuals, and by no means that of his own exclusively. The learned professions recognize the obligations they are under to civil society and give to the people freely the benefit of their discoveries. So, likewise, the labors of scientists, the studies of the philosopher and thinker are all consecrated to the welfare of mankind, without hope or expectation of reward. In the profession of medicine the chief distinction between a "quack" and an honorable member is that, while one conceals his agents or discoveries for the amelioration of the ills of humanity, for the purpose of gain, the other publishes it freely to the world, esteeming the public welfare of more importance than his own private gain. Why should not the laborers in the arts do likewise? All discoveries, improvements and inventions are the property of society under the nurse and patronage of whose institutions the genius, inventive or other, of individuals, comes to fruition. If there exist one inventor or discoverer in all the earth who can truthfully disclaim any obligation for his discovery or invention to his generation, to the hints and suggestions of other minds, then should he receive his patent and enjoy the exclusive use or advantage of it if he be weak enough to desire it.

Government has, furthermore, no right to impose restrictions upon commerce and trade between citizens and communities; nor to legislate in favor of, or against individuals, classes, or corporations; nor to impose an unequal tax; nor to issue fictitious bills of credit ("legal tender") in excess of its ability to redeem them in the world's money (coin); nor to permit private banking, which may at any time flood the

country with fictitious money and give rise to fictitious profits and fictitious prices. To interpose the authority of government, which society has ordained or established for the express purpose of securing fair-play and no favor to each individual, to maintain a policy of finance which operates unequally, which enriches a few and impoverishes the many, is a palpable act of supererogation, and a violation of the spirit of justice which is, or ought to be, the foundation of the State.\* It is, moreover, incompatible with liberty, the ultimate of human endeavor. It may be laid down as a proposition, carrying with it all the weight of an axiom, that all laws or customs which operate unequally, or which confer special franchises or privileges on particular individuals or corporations, are discriminating, arbitrary and unjust, and are attended with evil in proportion as the effect of them is to promote inequality in the State. Nevertheless, all these evils and fallacies are being fostered and perpetrated in the United States to-day. (6).

It will be urged, that these are abstract propositions which, however true in fact and philosophy, are beyond the practical sense of the average statesman of the period. That may be. And yet, who is there among our business men and women with a mind so dull, or a sense so blinded by self-interest or partisan feeling, as not to be able to perceive that the present complication in political and economic affairs, the paralysis of industry and the distress of the working classes, are due to the violation or disregard of these elements of government and political economy, abstract though they may be? or foolish enough to indulge a hope for the relief or amelioration of this abnormal condition of the body politic, while a policy is pursued in contempt of them? But a change of policy there will

\* "La justice constituée, c'est l'État."—Cousin's *Cours d'Histoire de la Philosophie*. Dr. Lieber quotes this sentiment of Cousin approvingly and says: "At all times has justice been considered as the main, or one of the chief objects of the State, though, in many instances, by justice nothing more than protection of person and property, or rather punishment of offenders, was understood. To protect the widows and orphans (that is, the weak), was invariably given as one of the chief reasons why power—the sword—had been given to monarchs."—*Political Ethics*, I, p. 155.

not be. The longings of men with anything to lose, *for a stronger government*, are already manifest. Men are influenced more by what is expedient than by what is ethically true or right. Not until what is ethical becomes expedient does it prevail. Besides, "Whom the gods destroy they first make mad." The nation is mad with the love of profits and power, and seems not unlikely to go on in its course of pauper-breeding, profligacy and extravagance until a revolution ensues and a new order of things arises on the ruins of the old.

#### NOTES TO THE ETHICS OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

(1) p. 210.—JOHN STUART MILL strangely observes that "the dictum that truth always triumphs over persecution is one of those pleasant fallacies \* \* \* which all experience refutes. History teems," he says, "with instances of truth put down by persecution." In this statement, however, he is misleading, for the instances in support of it prove equally the reverse of that for which he contends. For example: "The Reformation broke out at least twenty times before Luther, and was put down. Arnold of Brescia was put down. Fra Dolcius was put down. Savonarola was put down. The Albigeois were put down. The Vaudois were put down. The Lollards were put down. The Hussites were put down. Even after the era of Luther, whenever persecution was persisted in, it was successful. In Spain, Italy, Flanders, the Austrian empire, Protestantism was rooted out, and most likely, would have been so in England had Queen Mary lived, or Queen Elizabeth died. \* \* \* It is a piece of idle sentimentality that truth, merely as truth, has any inherent power denied to error, of prevailing against the dungeon and the stake;"—and this the author boldly asserts in the face of all history and the very facts he cites, and proceeds to contradict his reasoning in affirming that "the real advantage which truth has, consists in this, that when an opinion is true it may be extinguished once, twice, or many times, but in the course of ages there will generally be found persons to rediscover it, until some one of its reappearances falls on a time, when from favorable circumstances it escapes persecution until it has made such head as to withstand all subsequent attempts to suppress it:"—and then what, if not to triumph?—*Essay on Liberty*, pp. 53-54.

(2) p. 212.—It is interesting to see Buckle holding substantially the same view of the philosophy of history. He writes: "Whoever is accustomed to generalize, smiles within himself when he hears that Luther brought about the Reformation; that Bacon overthrew the ancient philosophy; that William III saved our liberties; that Romilly humanized our penal code; that Clarkson and Wilberforce destroyed slavery; and that Grey and Brougham gave us reform. He smiles at such assertions because he knows full well that such men, useful as they were, are only to be regarded as *tools by which that work was done* which the force and accumulation of preceding circumstances had determined should be done. *They were good instruments, sharp and serviceable, but nothing more.*"—*Posthumous Works*, Vol. I, pp. 21-22. The Italics are ours.

(3) p. 218.—ROUSSEAU held that equality was a condition confined to "l'état de nature," and the causes operating in a state of civilization tended to destroy it. "Il y a dans l'état de nature," he writes, "une égalité de fait réelle et indestructible, parce qu'il est impossible dans cet état que la seule différence d'homme soit assez grande pour rendre l'un dépendant de l'autre. Il y a dans l'état civil une égalité de droit chimérique et vaine, parce que les moyens destinés à la maintenir servent eux-mêmes à la détruire; et que la force publique ajoutée au plus fort pour opprimer le faible, rompt l'espèce d'équilibre que la nature avait mis entre eux."—*Emile*, Livre I<sup>er</sup> chap. iv.

(4) p. 220.—The number of "inadequate paid, &c." We cannot believe low wages to be so great an evil as many people suppose. There is, of course, as a matter of fact, injustice done the wage class in the disproportion of wages to profits. But, howsoever great such an evil may be, it is of little moment compared with that which the employed inflict upon themselves by a course of improvidence in using and abusing their talents and wages. The highest degree of prosperity in all that constitutes genuine happiness is quite consistent with a certain degree of poverty. When Socrates was informed of the intention of a certain affluent man, Archelaus, to make him rich, the former returned answer that, "at Athens four quarts of meal might be bought for three half-pence, and the fountains flow with water." If the working classes were more imbued with this spirit, there would be fewer complaints of low wages and less suffering from poverty.

(5) p. 221.—THE democratic doctrine of the equality of all men is repugnant to the pride and conceits of the human heart, and is very generally regarded as a harmless fiction of publicists, and



strange to say, by those of the Christian persuasion more than by those of any other. Thus, says Mr. Hill: "All men are naturally equal, in the sense that all have the same nature, or are destined for the same ultimate state or end, with the same essential means to it. But when we consider men as actually related to the various circumstances and concrete things around them, they are not all equal in respect to those things; men differ in health, talent, temporal goods, inheritance and all those particular things that accede to men as individuals."—*Ethics of Moral Philosophy*, pp. 259-260. But the learned professor allows himself to be diverted from a question of natural right to that of actual fact. The question of the natural equality of men should be determined by what would be true of it if justice were universally regarded; it should not be treated as a question to be definitely settled by comparing the actual condition of men under the existing order of things. If one is to regard as fixed and valid that which is merely conventional in the customs and conceits of society, the subject of human equality is too absurd ever for a moment to have engaged the attention of the thinker. And yet, if equality of condition have no foundation in the aspirations of men, then are they under a delusion, and the Christian fathers must bear their share of the odium of perpetuating it.

"The relation in which men stand to each other is essentially the relation of equality; not equality of condition, but equality of right. \* \* \* I may have been endowed with better eyesight than my neighbor; but this evidently gives me no right to put out his eyes, or to interfere with his right to derive from them whatever of happiness the Creator has placed within his power. I may have more muscular strength than my neighbor; but this gives me no right to break his arms, or to diminish in any manner his ability to use them for the production of his happiness."—Wayland's *Moral Science*, pp. 191-192. And by a parity of reasoning, the possession of superior genius or talent, by the use of which one is enabled to make inventions and perfect combinations in the various departments of science, trade and exchange, gives one no right to use such gifts to overreach or oppress one's neighbor. They are the gifts of Providence to be used to further the ends of humanity. The consecration of great talents to such a purpose would evidently tend to make equality a fact of *condition* as well as of right.

(6) p. 230.—"ALL rumors and false alarms, and all combinations of capitalists to raise by a monopoly the price of money," says Dr. Wayland, "are manifestly dishonest; nor are they the less so because many persons may enter into them, or because they have the skill or the power to evade the laws of the land."—*Moral Science*, p. 256. The remark is equally applicable to "combinations," to affect the price of commodities, real-estate, stocks and

bonds, freight-rates, &c. All these operations are as immoral as gaming at polo or poker; because the obligation of fair-play is evaded and a wrong is perpetrated by disregarding the laws of equivalents that should regulate all business transactions. It is incumbent on society to treat proceedings of such a character as violations of the public peace and welfare, more dangerous than famine or pestilence, and to summon the whole power of government, if need be, to suppress them.

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ART. II.—THE RELATION OF SCIENCE TO SCHOLASTIC  
PHILOSOPHY.

1. *Summa Theologica* S. THOMÆ AQUINATIS. Parisiis: 1868.
2. *The Boston Monday Lectures. Transcendentalism.* By JOSEPH COOK. Boston: 1878.
3. *Religion and Science. A Series of Sunday Lectures on the Relation of Natural and Revealed Religion, or the Truths revealed in Nature and Scripture.* By JOSEPH LE CONTE. New York: 1874.

"Je n'entreprendrai pas ici de prouver par des raisons simplement naturelles, l'existence de Dieu, non seulement parce que je ne me sentirais pas assez fort pour trouver dans la nature de quoi convaincre des athées endourcis, mais encore parce que cette connaissance, sans Jésus-Christ, est inutile et stérile."—PASCAL.

In one of the private sessions of the Vatican Council, a discussion arose among the prelates composing the Congregation on Modern Errors, as to the advisability of condemning Feurbach's System of *Naturalism*, by name. Too cautious to attract world-wide attention to the seductive writings of the naturalistic school, Rome threw her anathema into the shape in which we have it in the Vatican decrees. Feurbach's philosophy contains the germs of the extreme school of modern science; that is, he entirely eliminates God and the supernatural, and contends for pure nature. He was the only thinker of the Kantian school who had the courage to carry out the critical laws of pure reason to their full logical conclusion, *i. e.*, the denial of the existence of God. Kant

himself shrank from the inexorable logic of his own premises. Hegel went off into a pseudo-Christianity, unintelligible even to that favored mortal whom the philosopher complimented as the only man that ever understood him, though wrongly. Fichte elaborated an anthropomorphic pantheism, in which the *Ego* becomes God, and God a mode of consciousness,—*quædam forma sensûs intimi*. The gist of Feurbach's system lies in his famous formula: "My theory may be condensed into two words—nature and man. There is no God, no abstract being distinct from either of these. I do not believe in abstractions."

This is characteristic of modern science. It does not deal in abstractions. Yet, as we shall see when we come to examine the philosophy of St. Thomas, the usefulness and glory of science consist precisely in its rejection of the abstract. The error of Feurbach lay in supposing that God, the supreme Reality, is only an abstraction. There are very few scientists who violate the essential law of empirical investigation, by concluding against the existence of God, simply because they cannot subject him to analysis. Science has nothing to do with the supernatural. The true man of science admits that he has not sufficient data to pronounce upon the subject. Herbert Spencer is logical after all, admitting his premises, in classing as the Unknowable, the whole range of what is called the supernatural.

Feurbach has been bitterly attacked by theologians, because he calls religion a disease. Yet this is true in the profoundest sense. Religion, at least subjectively considered, as a matter of the heart, is symptomatic of spiritual sickness. The powerful intellect of Marian Evans Lewes, (George Eliot), found rich and rare nutriment in the pages of *Das Wesen des Christenthums*, and it is to the influence of Feurbach upon her mind that she owes the fine analysis of character and life as formulated in his terribly real and dreary philosophy. We confess that we can pity skepticism, and we certainly feel more sympathy with a candid confession of unbelief than with a timid and half-hearted faith. The odium which Feurbach drew upon himself was really more deserved by those who thought as he, though they did not confess as he. Voltaire

passed his life battling against Christianity, but on his death-bed he was, it is said, not unwilling to accept the ministrations of the clergy whom he had despised, ridiculed, and so far as he could, hounded to destruction. And Montaigne, who talks so approvingly and valorously about skepticism and the heroic contempt of death, had his confessor, his mass, his beads and his last sacraments, like the veriest clown whose superstitions he derides. Even Buffon kept a chaplain. The lives, and above all, the deaths of the most eminent philosophers furnish abundant illustration of the truism that few men are above superstition, or the predominant influence of their age. Aristotle, the best scientific mind of antiquity, whose writings, particularly in contrast with those of Plato, show him to have been a man who had no faith which was not evidenced by the senses, lays down religious laws and advocates spiritual perfection with even more positiveness than the author of *Phædrus* and of the *Republic*. Every school-boy feels that neither Horace nor Livy had any belief, though one wrote the *Carmen Seculare*, and the other gravely records the translation of Romulus, in a thunder-cloud, by the Father of gods and men. The riper student of Cicero detects skepticism under all the polish of the rhetoric of *De Natura Deorum*. One who has waded through the sloughs of the Neo-Platonic philosophy, or indeed any philosophy down to the Scholastic era, must heartily have ejaculated: "Why in the name of the *Anima Mundi*, the *ἐρεργεία*, or whatever it is that these philosophers are continually prating about, have they not the courage to acknowledge either their ignorance of the supernatural and Divine, or their disbelief in it?"

One blessed result of physical science is the reintroduction of the fine old fashion of telling nothing but the truth. This lusty youngster has a most admirable, if at times unamiable, habit of confining himself strictly to facts. He will tell you honestly what is an hypothesis, what is a demonstration. He cannot be cajoled into representing an experiment as a fixed fact. He knows all about variable quantities. He is a terrible reasoner, and despises mere ideologists as heartily as did the first Napoleon. He will suffer nothing to enter his

philosophy except what has been proved. This makes him narrow, but very sure. The rubbish of half the philosophies disappears into flame and smoke beneath his simplest test. He has no philosophy in that abused sense with which we are so familiar. Honest people are frightened at the calm manner in which he settles questions which they would fain keep open. They dread the destruction of their favorite medical, social, philosophical, and above all others, their pet theological hobbies. They want to convert science to allopathy, homœopathy, democracy, protestantism, catholicism, infidelity, but all fail. Science knows and minds its own business, which is more than can be said of the various systems of morals and philosophy which claim it so foolishly and so persistently. Religion, in a special way, has been exercised about physical science; whereas science has nothing to do with religion, except very incidentally. Two theories are before us—one, the Roman Catholic, as interpreted by St. Thomas and the Schoolmen, which amounts to this, that the Church will let science alone, if science will let her alone; and the other, the Protestant, which intermeddles continually with science, and is forever on the fidgets lest it should commit itself to the anti-Methodist, anti-Baptist, or any other anti-Christian and anti-Bible cause.

It is the purpose of this article to present both of these theories as fairly as possible, and to show that science is not bound to profess any metaphysical or theological creed. In fact, by doing so, it would do no good to the creed, but would certainly hamper itself, and perhaps hurt the creed. There is no necessity of harmonizing science and revelation, a fallacy about which many worthless books have been written, for there can be no antagonism between two entirely distinct systems of thought with different processes, and different criteria, much less between two spheres of truth. Science is right in not attempting to form a theodicy, in not even attempting to prove the existence of God, for its only proper argument is that from design, and theologians like St. Thomas, long before modern science reached its present eminence, attached little or no importance to this favorite argument which Paley and his school pushed too far—*quod nimis*

*probat nihil probat.* If physical science should ever aspire to the construction of a metaphysics, or even of a natural theology, it will violate its own law and transcend its own limitations. The failure of most philosophies should warn it against forming any theodicy. Better with Spencer relegate all this to the Unknowable.

As we have said, the Deity appears singularly incongruous in most modern philosophy. A thinker constructs an elaborate system, and it never strikes him until toward the close, that the Supreme Being must have some space allotted to him. The consequence is that a *deus ex machinâ* is most unexpectedly sprung upon us, when we are least prepared to receive him. How puzzled Kant is to assign the Deity a place in his categories! One feels poor respect for a thinker with whom God is an after-thought. So too, one is irritated with the unnecessary and blasphemous flippancy of Fichte's lecture on God: "Gentlemen," (addressing his class) "we shall construct God to-day." Robespierre's solemn restoration to France of *l'Être Suprême*, is not in worse taste than this. A philosophy that is godless should preserve consistency throughout. Charles II of England, said of Hobbes, that he liked the fellow's honesty; and according to Macaulay, whose judgments, however, on the Stuarts, must be cautiously accepted, the merry monarch vacillated between Hobbism and Catholicism, the latter winning the dying hour of a man who in life really believed in nothing, not even in his exceptionally devoted mistresses. Hobbes himself had the meanest of religions, a servile worship of regal authority, combined with a fanatical hatred of all other forms of government. It is a rather saddening reflection that such a man should have been hailed as a great philosopher,—though now-a-days the *Leviathan* has few readers; but it is a more saddening thought that such a man should have helped to form the mind of Locke, whose writings, unfortunately, are so wide-spread and so well-known in America, possibly more so than in his native land. The mind that has been trained in the philosophy of Locke can with difficulty escape materialism; though strange—or rather not strange—to say, Locke comported himself as a devout Christian

and his books inculcate doctrines and morals which his own system logically excludes. But, happily, men are better than their logic.

The like train of thought applies to Auguste Comte, whose positive philosophy, despite its many glaring inequalities, has managed to get a wide English hearing, chiefly through J. Stuart Mill. Comte founded what he called a Religion of Humanity, constructed a hierarchy, and composed a ritual. We should only weary our readers by describing how he endeavored to introduce *l'Être Suprême* into his philosophy; but suffice it to say, that his god would fall under the Mosaic classification of false deities, for it has no existence "in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth." The strong Christian sentiment in England has restrained many of the modern scientific schools from boldly denying the conventional idea of God. Tyndall, to the surprise of his readers, had the weakness to fall back upon the old Lucretian atheism; and Herbert Spencer would have commanded much more respect had he not very unphilosophically and unnecessarily classed God among the unknowables. The really useful parts of the Spencerian philosophy have suffered from his pronounced doctrine about the Unknown, which is the very admission that his adversaries most desire.

The Spencerian theory of the Unknowable would have been vehemently assailed by every school of mediæval philosophy; and it is a significant evidence of the pusillanimity of modern theological thought, that such a theory has been tacitly accepted, even in orthodox quarters. It looks to us like a poor compromise with pantheism. Theologians, either unable or unwilling to face the great theological difficulties of the day, seems desirous of retreating into the *terra incognita* to which the Spencerian school relegates the Deity. The philosophers who engage in the very useless task of reconciling religion with science, (for there can be no real contradiction in truths) find it very convenient to take refuge in a vague and unsatisfactory idea of God, which is so attenuated that any atheist may accept it. Thus, Professor Le Conte, who is evidently a sincere man, and, as the phrase goes, a learned exposi-



tor of the natural sciences, writes a book which purports to be a defence of Christianity, but which, in effect, is filled with anti-Christian errors. Thus, he uses the word deity (*deitas*) throughout his volume, instead of the word God, which is the proper, philosophical and theological name, and the only one allowable to a Jew or a Christian who believes in one, only God, the real, necessary, and eternal Being. *Deity* is an abstract term, and Prof. Le Conte uses it in such a way as to convey the impression that he does not recognize one, only, personal God. He says, *e. g.*, p. 12: "Theism [is] a belief in God or gods, or in a supernatural *agency* of some kind controlling the phenomena around us." It is evident that such a definition would suit a pantheist, of even the Spinoza stripe, for that philosopher held that Thought or Intelligence is one of the essential modes of the one, only Substance, which he termed God. No where does Prof. Le Conte acknowledge the free-will of God, which is a constitutive element of personality, or as St. Thomas defines it: *Persona est rationalis nature individua substantia et sui juris*. It is not our intelligence alone that constitutes our personality, but as it combines with our free-will. Brutes are not persons, though more or less intelligent, for they have not reason, nor do they act from free-will. Yet, Prof. Le Conte appears to deny freedom of action to the Creator, who is represented throughout the book as subject to his own laws from which He cannot derogate. This reminds one of the Fate to which Jupiter himself is subject, and which Æschylus, in the *Prometheus*, so sublimely sings.

Professor Le Conte's Deity is not the God of Revelation hence his book is *extra rem*. Every philosopher, from Plato to Spencer, whose views of the Deity are not in accord with the theistic doctrine of the Scriptures, might accept the theology of this book; and it certainly would meet with the approbation of Tyndall, whose automatic theory is here, perhaps, unconsciously applied to the Creator himself. As this is a fair type of a large class of books written with the honest and laudable, though mistaken, intention of harmonizing religion and science, it will serve to illustrate our views of the comparative uselessness of this species of theological literature.

Unlike Mr. Joseph Cook, Professor Le Conte is a scientist of no mean abilities, and the crudeness of his theological knowledge is in striking and amusing contrast with the exactness of his science; just as the reverse is the case with Mr. Cook, whose book on Biology is so grossly incorrect, as regards even the primer of science, that a real friend of the reverend gentleman felt it his duty, through the pages of the *New Englander*, to deprecate the popular feeling which has enthusiastically enthroned Mr. Cook as the *Doctor invincibilis* of Christianity. His books being mainly rhetorical, and as such not coming under the conditions of a scientific review, we dismiss them with the remark that enthusiastic oratory against the proved conclusions of physical science cannot shake its arsenal, were even Demosthenes himself to fulmine. The cause of Christianity has suffered far more from ill-advised defenders and professors than from all its secret and open antagonists. Theologians fly into a fury at the least hint of an objection, or even a humble request for explanation. Or, what is worse for them, they listen to sham scientists, (and science, like every other system of truth, has numerous charlatans) and then, instead of throwing the *onus probandi* where it belongs, they hasten to welcome every new theory as a contribution to the glorious cause of revealed truth. Theory after theory explodes, burying in ruins the shaky theological structure reared upon it. Moses is made to square with every geological idea, and to head off a paleontologist who computes the age of the planet by unnumbered billions of years. We have read, at the lowest computation, three hundred different interpretations of the first chapter of Genesis, and we shudder to recall how many explanations of Joshua's command to the sun to stand still. It was with a feeling of relief that we at last came across the lecture of the Rev. Mr. Jasper that "the sun do move" around, in the most positive, if not the most grammatical, style.

How can Prof. Le Conte establish Theism, if he has no clear conception of God? What is this "energy" of which he

talks, but the *anima mundi* of Aristotle? It certainly is not the God of the Bible:

"In *external* nature all laws and all forces are but *modes* of the same omnipresent divine Energy; the force or mode varying according to the varying conditions under which the one energy operates. So, also, in *moral* nature, all moral principles, all laws of church, of state, of society, in so far as they are true principles and laws are but different modes of the one, *omnipresent, Divine, moral energy*; the forms and modes varying according to the conditions under which the one energy operates. Such being the absolute unity of the physical forces of nature, do you not perceive that it is impossible to destroy one force without destroying all? for all are different forms of the same. \* \* \* Deity flows *downward* into the heart of man and reveals himself as the *universal energy*." \*

We are sure that Professor Le Conte would repudiate, with heat, the charge of pantheism, but this is the pure undiluted doctrine of that school. Force, Energy, Being, Substance, Deity—to use his own words—are made identical with the sensible and the supersensible, and consequently they exclude all real distinction between God and the universe. The Professor's Deity is an impersonal energy, vivifying the world and revealing itself in law, harmony and beauty, in a word, it is the Unknowable Force of Herbert Spencer, of whom the Professor is an unconscious disciple, whose system cannot be reconciled with Christian theism. The chapters on the Trinity and the Incarnation show that the author does not know what either means, his Trinity being the ancient heresy of Sabellius—*i. e.*, the Three Divine Persons in the Godhead are not distinct, but only modes, shows, or forms of the divine energy,—and his theory of the Incarnation being, not the assumption by the Word, the Son of God, of our human nature into the Divine Personality, or as it is called by the schoolmen, the hypostatic union, but an influx of the Divine Energy into the Man Jesus, *in an eminent degree*;—the inference being distinctly drawn that all of us share in the oneness of the Divine Nature. We leave the reader to judge whether this defence of christianity merits the name. The strangest fact of all is that, with

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\* *Religion and Science*, pp. 156-8.

few exceptions, the religious press of the country loudly praised the Professor and his book, as eminently orthodox; whereas, the points which we have indicated are not the least of the glaring theological errors and anti-Christian heresies in which the book abounds. The conclusion unwillingly forced upon the reflecting is, that theology must be one of the last accomplishments of the general mind. Were such a book to appear in a Catholic community in defence of theology, it would soon be on the *Index*.

The radical error of so many of the modern apologists of Christianity is the assumption that it, and religion in general, are in a state of positive hostility and contradiction to science. And this error originated with the theologians themselves, many of whom, unworthy of that great name, which the Church deemed sufficiently honorable to apply to the Evangelist St. John himself, have always assailed and annoyed men that devote their attention to the exclusive pursuit of the natural sciences. The Protestant theologians, who delight in ridiculing a few friars of the Middle Ages for supposing that printing was a branch of the black art, and that gunpowder was the invention of the Evil one, have shown themselves to be on even a lower intellectual plane, by their persistent and unwarranted representation of what they call "the atheistic tendencies of modern science." It is high time, one would suppose, that justice should be done to the profound intellectual movements of the ages, which have unfairly been stigmatized as dark, and to acknowledge that we owe to St. Thomas, who was the intellectual soul of the Middle Ages, that very scientific method, which perfected Aristotelianism, and that consummate dialectic which have led to the grandest results of physical and of intellectual knowledge. It was a Protestant\* that was among the first to direct attention to the light and sweetness of mediæval thought, and to disclose the wretched sciolism of bigoted theologians, whose petty dogmatism, more revolting than the claimed infallibility of the Church, discovered nothing in her but the coarse views of the Scarlet Babylon. Protestantism was at no time under the necessity of vituperating the

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\* Maitland : *The Dark Ages*.

Church from which it departed ; and one of the most precious lessons of the modern scientific school is its total reversal of the old methods of argumentation. Indeed, we think that it is often too courteous, for it examines and weighs opinions which strike one as intrinsically absurd ; but who shall say that this caution is not eminently praiseworthy ? Has not nearly every truth had to contend for acceptance from the beginning ?

To show how admirably the scholastic philosophy reconciles the highest reaches of science on the one hand, and the utterances of revealed truth on the other, we subjoin the explanation of St. Thomas. It is worthy of note that no Catholic theologian labors to reconcile any supposed antagonism between reason and faith. It never occurs to him that there can be any essential discrepancy, for he holds that God is the author, both of our natural intelligence and of faith. Gioberti uses a word *sovrintelligenza*, to explain our perception of the supernatural. The theory of the Church is that the two spheres of truth may intersect, but can never come into collision. They proceed from the same divine Author. They are simply two stages in one design, two parts of one uniform whole. According to St. Thomas, nature is the first, the initial, in the Creator's design ; and the Christian order, the *καταγωγέσεως* of St. Paul, is the final or teleological order which fulfils or completes the initial : *gratia supponit naturam*. There can be no antagonism between the two orders. Science is what we can know of the two parts of this one whole by our reason, or natural faculties. Faith is what we know analogically of them in so far as they transcend the reach of reason, through the revelation which is handed down to us by the Church. Nature is supernatural in both its origin and its end, a view which St. Thomas holds to be scientifically demonstrable, and which forms the basis of Dr. O. A. Brownson's admirable *Refutation of Atheism*. God, the supreme Logic, cannot contradict himself, and all his works are in accord. Our discrepant judgments and misinterpretations grow out of the incompleteness of our views. The only reconciliation necessary, is not that of nature and revelation, but that of our interpretations of them.

And it is just here that the Catholic system of authority has a great advantage over the freer Protestant theory of private judgment. The doctrinal authority of the Church teaches its members very definitely what religion is, what revelation contains, and what dogmas are binding; whereas the Protestant can form at best only a general *conspectus* of revealed truth. It is doubtful whether he can fix the limitations of science, or even establish its accordance with revelation, when he is forced to admit that he may err in his ideas of what revelation includes. Whatever he may think about the dogmatic infallibility of the Church, it at least serves to fix definitely the lines of science and religion. This criterion appears to be wanting to Protestant theology. Certainly, the Catholic Church is quite calm in the presence of an enemy which has been represented as fatal to Christianity. The very common ignorance of theology, discoverable in many of our polemical writers against the Church of Rome, represents her as the enemy of science; whereas there is not a single dogmatic decree by any Council of the Church, condemning a merely physical theory, or even attempting to coerce science into the service of theology. People must not suppose that the Spanish Inquisition was the Catholic Church, or that the Pope himself is endowed with scientific infallibility. The extraordinary fact is that the Church has kept aloof from the discussion of physical science, contenting herself with the profound conviction that truths cannot be contradictory. This point is very well illustrated by Mr. W. H. Mallock, in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*, in an article on the *Future of Faith*. Protestants imagine that the Catholic, if he had free scope to reason and to investigate, would find a deep antagonism between science and his faith. But the idea never crosses his mind. He holds the authentic teachings of the Church to be infallible and to rest upon a higher criterion than that which belongs to the varying conclusions of empirical science. What contradicts her dogmatic decision must be false. But he makes no endeavor to harmonize the manifold conflicting theories of science with the details of Scripture, rightly believ-

ing that the two spheres of truth, though not contradicting, are distinct and incommunicable.

The calmness and unity of judgment imparted by this theory are apparent in all the great treatises of Roman Catholic theology. Cardinal Wiseman's book on *Science and Revealed Religion*, is as fair, honest and impartial as the most exacting scientist could ask. Yet the universal Catholic principles of deciding and interpreting all opinions in deference to the Church are apparent throughout, and honestly guide the intellect of the writer. He is sure of his theological ground, which cannot be said of most Protestant controversialists on the subject. Nor does he talk about "harmonizing and reconciling" science and faith, but gives faith's explanation and interpretation of the difficulties that science appears to raise—*appears*, for, with all the theologians of his Church, he denies the supposition that any valid or unexplainable objection can be maintained against Revelation.

The attitude of Catholics toward the Bible is likewise strikingly different from that of Protestants. According to the Roman Church, the Scriptures cannot authenticate themselves *as a divine and inspired revelation*, without the agency of the Church—a view which suggested to Stillingfleet the famous vicious circle, *i. e.*, the Church proving the Bible and the Bible the Church.\* Protestants claim that the internal evidences of inspiration, such as sublimity of style, &c., suffice to prove the Scriptures to be of God. It is unnecessary to say that this opinion is harder to maintain than the Catholic one, vicious circle and all, for modern Rationalistic criticism has hardly left a shred of the Scriptures together. The Catholic smiles secure at the superior tactics of his Church, which has virtually placed the Scriptures beyond reach of criticism, and which cares very little whether St. Paul wrote better Greek than St. Jude.

The broad division by St. Thomas, of all knowledge into natural and supernatural, cuts away at once many of the difficulties that surround the mind in the investigation of

\* Catholic theologians, it is hardly necessary to add, escape the circle by maintaining the existence and living supremacy of the Church, anterior to the delivery of the Written Word. C. F. Kenrick. *Theol. Dog.—De Ecclesia.*

scientific truth. Theology he calls the philosophy of the supernatural world, and science the philosophy of the natural world. In mapping out the province of science he makes it lie in the phenomena which meet the senses. It cannot travel beyond the examination of cause and effect. As John Henry Newman puts it : \*

"The physical philosopher has nothing whatever to do with final causes, and will get into inextricable confusion if he introduces them into his conclusions. He has to look in one definite direction, not in any other. It is said that in some countries when a stranger asks his way, he is at once questioned in turn what place he came from: something like this would be the unseasonableness of a physicist who inquired how the phenomena and the laws of the material world came to be, when his simple task is that of ascertaining what they are."

He then proceeds to quote Macaulay's estimate of Natural Theology : †

"Natural Theology is not a progressive science. That knowledge of our origin and our destiny which we derive from Revelation is indeed of very different clearness and of very different importance. But neither is revealed religion of the nature of a progressive science. In divinity there cannot be a progress analogous to that which is constantly taking place in pharmacy, geology and navigation. A Christian of the fifth century with a Bible, is neither better nor worse situated than a Christian of the nineteenth century with a Bible, candor and natural acuteness being of course equal. \* \* \* As respects natural religion it is not easy to see that a philosopher of the present day is more favorably situated than Thales or Simonides. He has before him just the same evidence of design which the early Greeks had."

Dr. Newman concludes from these and like observations that Theology has nothing to fear from the progress of physical science, even independently of revelation. Theology speaks of things supernatural; and these, by the very nature of the case, research into nature cannot touch. This is the universal method of the great scientists. To represent them as continually attacking religion is grossly unjust. Consciously, or unconsciously, they have followed the great distinctive law of the Thomist scientific system, never meddling with religion,

\* *Idea of a University*, p. 433

† *Review of Ranke*.



never drawing unwarranted conclusions, and always ready to listen to a fair theological explanation. It has been the theologians that at times have driven scientists to desperation. Instead of keeping within their own province of truth, they thrust their crude opinions into the faces of men who honestly and earnestly disclaim any wish or intention to open a controversy with religion. It must be admitted that physical science has shown in many cases, some of them quite recent, that it knows and keeps its place better than theology.

Still, many honest Christians cannot rid themselves of an uneasy consciousness that modern science views them with contempt. They will not rest satisfied with our explanation. They insist upon seeing a Giant Pope and a Giant Despair combined in one huge, amorphous monster, Science, that frightens and assails poor Christian on his way to the Delectable Mountains. They clap their hands in childish glee over the religion of the late Professor Henry, as though to know science were to ignore faith. The inference drawn by many scientific men from this is that few religionists have very strong faith. There is no concealing the fact that there has been a powerful disintegration of religious belief going on for some time in Protestantism, while over against this, we find that Catholicism has reached its acme in the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. Whether the latter Church will now "haste to its setting" after thus, like Wolsey, reaching the full meridian of its dogmatic authority, time alone can tell. It is certain that the Church was never so materially united as it is to-day. We do not believe that there exists in the theological schools of Catholicism even that divergence of opinion which does not conflict with the essential unity of the faith. Gallicanism, Jansenism, and we may add, Old Catholicism, are dying or defunct. It is expected that the philosophical system of St. Thomas will be restored in all its vigor throughout the Church, and we can state on unquestionable authority, that the Society of Jesus, which has long taught philosophy from the text-books of several of its own distinguished sons, has seen fit to abandon them, and substitute in their place the philosophy

of Aquinas. And this has been done under instructions from the Vatican.

The reason of this change is apparent to those who are at all familiar with the philosophical system under review. The Church prefers training her priesthood rather in metaphysics than in physics, believing justly that the latter is powerfully influenced by the former. The vast strides that modern physics have made seem to threaten all merely intellectual science. The mystery of mind trembles before the revelations of matter. The nature of the soul, the origin of ideas, the facts of consciousness, the union of soul and body, the constitution of matter, the reach of chemistry and the bold speculations of the materialistic school, with its promises and its startling performances, and all the questions that lie at the root of being, are subjects of the profound attention of a Church that suffers no such questions to escape her attention, nor, if possible, her solution and its publication. She, therefore, without abandoning the physical outworks, strengthens the citadel of metaphysical science. She imbues the mind of the clergy with the doctrines of St. Thomas, which have the two-fold merit of being eminently philosophical and at the same time intimately related to the ideas of Catholic theology. She curbs the ambition of philosophy to be the queen of the sciences, an eminence reserved for theology; but she knows full well how profound is the influence upon religion of all metaphysical science. This return to St. Thomas may strike the reader as a return to an antiquated system; but as Macaulay says about the proof of the existence of God, philosophy in its widest acceptance, cannot be called a progressive science.\*

\* There is no mistaking the tendency of the times to return to the deductive method in philosophy which declined so rapidly a century or more since under the seductive influences of inductive science. The ebb movement is stronger, we believe, than the learned author of this excellent, though rather partisan, paper is prepared to admit. The atomic, automatic and evolution philosophy of Lucretius, Huxley, and Spencer is too cold and formal to answer all the demands of a living, moving, sympathetic spirit. While this philosophy will doubtless maintain the sphere it occupies, it is manifest to a large class of its adherents that there is ample room in the broad domain of human thought for the use of the method of the Schoolmen—the

The Thomist philosophy has also the merit of a large eclecticism. Prior to Aquinas, the Christian philosophers regarded Aristotle with unfeigned dread and disgust, while they revered Plato, whose philosophy appeared to them to be a sort of adumbration of Christianity. They fancied that they discovered the Word of St. John in the Platonic, *Λόγος*. With deeper vision, Thomas perceived the availability of Aristotle for philosophy; for the Stagyrte does not concern himself much with the supernatural, the very thing to which the saint objected in Plato. Hence, throughout the *Summa*, Aristotle is the philosopher by excellence. Aquinas saw that the religious speculations of Plato were far more dangerous to the Church than were the geographical and the mechanical blunders of Aristotle. It is to the latter that Bacon owed the idea of the inductive method; while modern science owes its emancipation from the yoke of ecclesiasticism, in part, to Aquinas; for no scientist has ever more strenuously contended for perfect freedom of philosophical investigation than this Catholic saint. He certainly illustrates the truth that the most profoundly submissive and religious mind may sweep through the whole domain of science, without detriment to its independence or to its faith.

Another reason for the philosophical return of Catholicism to the feet of the "Angel of the Schools," may be found in the feeble and obsolete, if not dangerous systems of philosophy that have long held sway in the contemporary schools. The emi-

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deductive. And of all writers of modern times, who represent more clearly, perhaps, than any other, this eclectic tendency in philosophy, the late David Friedrich Strauss stands preëminent. Referring to what seems to us the unnatural antagonism between materialism and idealism, he observes, that their devotees endeavor "to construct the universe and life from the same block. In this endeavor one theory starts from above, the other from below; the latter constructs the universe from atoms and atomic forces, the former from ideas and idealistic forces. But if they would fulfil their tasks," continues our author, "the one must lead from its height down to the very lowest circles of nature, and to this end place itself under the control of careful observation; while the other must take into account the higher intellectual and ethical problems."—*The Old Faith and the New*, Vol. II, pp. 19-20.—ED.

nently cautious Jesuits, Liberatore and Ton Giorgi, have escaped censure, but they are miserably crude. The latter is a psychologist of the narrowest kind, and contents himself with the overthrow of other systems without establishing, or even fully announcing his own. He has a most unphilosophical contempt for the German school, which, with all its aberrancies, is far above the common-place systems of English and Italian philosophy, in vigor and range of thought. Rothenflue's, for some time a very general text-book in catholic colleges, was condemned for advocating the Kantian doctrine in several of its least objectionable features. Des Cartes' argument for the existence of God, from our idea of the Infinite, absurd and unprovable as it is, is a great favorite with Catholic philosophers, but never received any countenance from the Holy See, and it was in fact anticipatively condemned by St. Thomas. The argument, if it prove anything, proves idealistic pantheism. Leibnitz, Malebranche and De LaMennais, are also much revered in the Catholic schools, although the three fell into perhaps the grossest of philosophical errors; Leibnitz, with his pre-established harmony; Malebranche, with his occasional causes through which God acts upon us, and LaMennais, with his universal authority as the sole criterion or evidence of truth. There have been many other philosophers in the Church, whose enthusiasm has not always been acceptable to her, notably DeBonald with his theologico-philosophy, and Count DeMaistre, who was more papal than the Pope himself. Dr. Brownson ardently advocated the ideology of Rosmini and of Gioberti, both of whom were *nominatim* condemned by the Holy See, though we believe Brownson refined the condemnation away.

It is, therefore, on the whole, better for the Church to reinstate St. Thomas in her schools, from which indeed his influence never departed. He has all the merits and none of the defects of the philosophers now in vogue. What the effect of his wider and more careful study will have upon Catholic thought we can only speculate. John Stuart Mill believed that logic is all in all, and certainly St. Thomas is dialectics itself. Whatever we may think about the syllogistic

method of argumentation, we hold with Whately, that it is an admirable mental discipline. If religion and science must continue to wage war, through somebody's fault, not their own, assuredly, we should prefer to see the contest conducted in that rigid, old scholastic method of distinctions and subdistinctions, *atque* and *ergo*, increasing in subtlety and heat. In the schools of the Middle Ages, the nominalist and the realist, having exhausted all the kinds of argument that St. Thomas himself could have suggested, would sometimes wind up with an argument certainly unknown to the gentle Saint, the *argumentum ad baculum*. As regards the average disputants in respect of the harmony of religion and science, this sort of argument would seem to be about as convincing as any other.

## ARTICLE III.—MADAME DUDEVANT.

1. *Œuvres Complètes de George Sand*. Tomes 36.  
Nouvelle Edition. Paris: 1869.

IN the year 1804, France added one name to her annual statistics, one small item under the heading of *Births*, of little apparent import then, save to the proud young parents—the name of Amantine Lucille Aurore Dupin. Little did the young mother dream of the genius that was to develop in that tiny brain, or of the high rank that mite of humanity was to take among French novelists. Edmond About called her the “noblest mind of our epoch.” Thackeray likened her “brief, rich, melancholy sentences” to the harmonious chimings of distant bells. J. S. Mill wrote of her: “As a specimen of purely artistic excellence, there is not in all modern literature anything superior to the prose of Madame Sand, whose style acts upon the nervous system like a symphony of Haydn or Mozart.” Mme. Dudevant’s claim to the power of expression, a remarkably exuberant imagination, prolific genius, and untiring industry in an unusual degree, is beyond dispute; that she failed to exercise them in the direction capable of the most good, is, alas! equally apparent.

After the death of Madame Dudevant’s father, while she yet was a little child, she was intrusted to the care of her paternal grandmother. Mme. Dupin, the mother of Aurore, lived for some time after her husband’s death with her mother-in-law. But the two natures were antagonistic. Mme. Dupin, the elder, could never quite forgive the fact, that the birth of her son’s wife was of *le peuple*. The income of the young widow was not sufficient for the maintenance of her two daughters, Caroline and Aurore, the former being older

than the latter, and not by the same father. Though compelled by circumstances to live separate, there ever existed a passionate attachment between mother and daughter.

Mme. Dudevant possessed, as a child, one of those highly strung nervous organizations, capable of the most exquisite joy or intense suffering. Acutely sensitive in her feelings, passionate in her love, especially for her mother, and afterward for her two children, Maurice and Solange, she was gifted with a particularly lively imagination, which she evinced when a very little child, revelling in fairy tales and mythological fancies; and putting faith in good genii, nymphs, dryads, etc. She describes, in her Autobiography, how, when a child, she was confined by her mother between chairs to prevent her touching the fire, for which she had an unconquerable passion; how she would amuse herself all day long composing interminable fairy tales, which she would recite aloud, and how the *dramatis personæ* were principally a good fairy, a gallant prince, and a beautiful princess. "Il y avait peu de " méchants êtres, et jamais de grands malheurs. Tout s'arrangeait sous l'influence d'une pensée riante et optimiste comme " l'enfance." \*

When Aurore was about seventeen, her grandmother died, leaving to her as a *dol*, the greater part of her fortune. In the course of a year she married M. Casimir Dudevant, the son of Col. Dudevant, a very much beloved and respected friend of M. and Mme. Duplessis, a couple who evinced a very warm attachment towards the young girl, regarding themselves as second parents, although her own mother was still living. Mme. Dudevant describes her husband at their first meeting, as "un jeune homme mince, assez élégant, " d'une figure gaie, et une allure militaire."

They lived together eight years, and then they were quietly divorced. During their married life, M. Dudevant was seldom at home, spending the greater portion of his time at Paris. Mme. Dudevant, in her *Histoire*, thus writes of her husband at that time:—"L'être absent, je pourrais presque dire l'in-

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\* *Histoire de ma Vie*, Vol. I, p. 23.

"visible, dont j'avais fait le troisième terme de mon existence,  
 "( Dieu, lui, et moi ) était fatigué de cette aspiration surhumaine  
 "à l'amour sublime. Généreux et tendre, il ne le disait pas ;  
 "mais ses lettres devenaient plus rares, ses expressions plus vives  
 "ou plus froides, selon le sens que je voulais y attacher. Ses  
 "passions avaient besoin d'un autre aliment que l'amitié enthousiaste, et la vie épistolaire. Il avait fait un serment qu'il  
 "m'avait tenu religieusement, et sans lequel j'eusse rompu  
 "avec lui ; mais il ne m'avait pas fait de serment restrictif à  
 "l'égard des joies ou des plaisirs qu'il pourrait rencontrer ailleurs.  
 "Je sentis que je devenais pour lui une chaîne terrible, ou que  
 "je n'étais plus qu'un amusement d'esprit. Je penchai trop  
 "modestement vers cette dernière opinion, et j'ai su plus tard  
 "que je m'étais trompée. Je ne m'en suis que davantage applaudi d'avoir mis fin à la contrainte de son cœur et à l'empêchement de sa destinée. Je l'aimai longtemps encore dans le  
 "silence et l'abattement. Puis je pensai à lui avec calme, avec  
 "reconnaissance, et je n'y pense jamais qu'avec une amitié  
 "sérieuse et une estime fondée."\*

After her separation from her husband, Mme. Dudevant resolved to depend upon her own exertions for her support and that of her children ; but she accepted the fifteen hundred francs' income (about three hundred dollars a year) that her husband allowed her out of her own estates, with her residence at Nohant. She first resorted to translating, but with no success ; then she tried portraits in crayon, with the same result. Trying one occupation after another, she failed in everything, till as a *pis aller*, she resorted to her pen.

Her first successful effort in the literary line was a work sketched by herself, filled out by Jules Sandeau, and published under the pseudonym of "Jules Sand." The novel excited so much interest, that the publishers sent for another, and Mme. Dudevant offered *Indiana*, which she had previously written. Jules Sandeau would not yield his consent to have it published under the same name, as he had written no part of it whatever. The book was accordingly given to the public as the work of

\* *Histoire de ma Vie*, Tome VIII, p. 82.



"George Sand." For sometimes those writers "Sandeau" and "Sand" were considered brothers or cousins. From that period ceased the career of Amantine Lucille Aurore Dudevant, *née* Dupin, and that of George Sand commenced.

*Indiana* has been very generally accepted as the domestic experience of Mme. Dudevant. But the supposition is entirely erroneous. Mme. Dudevant's conjugal relations, according to her own account were not of a particularly happy nature, by reason of uncongeniality between herself and M. Dudevant. There was no similitude, however, between her life and that of *Indiana*. Regarding this matter, Mme Dudevant writes: \*

"On n'a pas manqué de dire qu'*Indiana* était ma personne et mon histoire. Il n'en est rien. J'ai présenté beaucoup de types de femme et je crois que quand on aura lu cet exposé des impressions et des réflexions de ma vie, on verra bien que je ne me suis jamais mise en scène sur des traits féminins; je suis trop peu romanesque pour avoir vu une héroïne de roman dans mon miroir. Je ne me suis jamais trouvée ni assez belle, ni assez aimable, ni assez logique dans l'ensemble de mon caractère et de mes actions pour prêter à la poésie ou l'intérêt; et j'aurais eu beau chercher à embellir ma personne et à dramatiser ma vie, je n'en serais pas venue à bout."

The character of M. Delmare, the husband of the unhappy *Indiana* is admirably painted in a few vigorous touches. "Do you know what in the provinces is called an honest man? He who does not infringe upon his neighbor's field, nor exact from his creditors one cent more than they owe; who raises his hat to every individual who salutes him; who preserves scrupulously the laws of chastity, who does not fire guns, nor stare from the corner of his park. Provided he respects the lives and purses of his fellow-citizens, nothing more is required of him. He may beat his wife, ruin his children, maltreat his servants; that is nobody's concern. Society only regards those things that are injurious to it, but meddles with nothing else. Such was the morality of M. Delmare. He treated all matters of the heart as juvenile and sentimental subtilities." *Indiana*,

\* *Histoire de ma Vie*, Tome VIII. p. 187.

a beautiful Creole from the Isle of Bourbon, was married at the age of nineteen to this colonel, a man twice her age. She is a nervous, delicate creature, weak physically, mentally and morally, and imbued with all the superstitious notions of a Creole. But notwithstanding her extremely weak, nervous organization, she possesses a firm, resolute will, which, when once called forth, is inflexible. She obeys her husband implicitly, questioning none of his commands, and apparently disregarding none of his wishes. But her obedience is "that of a slave who makes a virtue of hatred, and a merit of misfortune." Her manner towards him is a mixture of contemptuous indifference and a haughty submission. She could have completely won the mastery over him by descending to his level and feigning a respect for his prejudices, while secretly despising them. She avoids any demonstration of tenderness on his part, because she could call forth no corresponding sentiment. She would have deemed herself culpable in feigning a love for her husband whom she regarded with contempt, while bestowing it freely on a lover who occupied her every thought.

The *chef-d'œuvre* of the book is undoubtedly the delineation of the character of M. Raymond de Ramière, one of those fair false natures, possessing the happy faculty of ascribing the gravest dereliction from the straight course to certain justifiable motives. "He was neither a fop nor a libertine; he had wit, that is to say, he appreciated at their just value the advantages of birth. He was a man of principle when he reasoned with himself. But his passions often destroyed all his system. Then he was incapable of reflection, or rather avoided the tribunal of his conscience; he committed faults as if against his will, and the man of the morning endeavored to ignore to himself as he was the evening before. Raymond had often the luck of being guilty, but not hated; he was a man of eccentricity, but rather agreeable in general society."

*Indiana* was evidently written with the intention of protesting against that unfortunate practice of *mariages de convenance*, which are generally so unhappy in their results. But the writer pictures so strongly the sufferings of the beautiful Creole, draws so deeply upon the sympathies of the reader in

behalf of the unhappy Indiana, that the novel is apparently one eloquent protest against marriage at all. The book bears witness that it is the work of a master hand, commending itself by its noble style and its sentences so melodiously rounded and full. And yet, in spite of its general power the representation is revolting enough. The tale shows an abnormal state of mind, which could only be satisfactory to a perverted taste. No one excels Mme. Dudevant in beauty of prose expression, or skill in handling her characters, or in placing them in positions to develop consistently their dispositions. This faculty never forsakes her. It is found in all her works, amounting to nearly a hundred volumes.

*L'Homme de Neige*, a tale carried through three volumes, ranks among her best, especially for its exquisite pen pictures. There is a peculiar charm about Mme. Dudevant's scenic descriptions. She makes herself master or mistress of the imagination, and carries it where she will. She spreads before us the ice-clad mountains and frozen lakes of Sweden as they glitter under the beautiful Aurora Borealis; the congealed cascades sparkling and emitting their prismatic colors under the glowing rays of the sun, or the shimmering of the moon, resting upon hill and valley and bathing them in its radiance. The rugged picturesque scenery of the northern land in Summer seems to undergo a transformation "as by the stroke of an enchanter's wand" into the pale, cold beauty of Winter. The book is not marred by any objectionable features. Its tone is high and chaste throughout, like the nature it so admirably describes.

*Consuelo* is undoubtedly the most ambitious of our authoress' novels. In this she has introduced much of the mysticism of the eighteenth century and many historical characters, associating them intimately with her heroine, Consuelo. The character of Albert, Count de Rodulstadt, is one of those peculiarly organized natures that seem capable of grasping in some mysterious manner events both of the past and future. The character is such as almost to defy description; but Mme. Dudevant entered upon this nearly hopeless task with courage and energy and succeeded remarkably well. The author-

ess is as well aware of the shortcomings of *Consuelo* as her critics.

"Le roman n'est pas bien conduit," she writes in the preface. "Il va souvent un peu à l'aventure, a-t-on dit; il manque de proportion. C'est l'opinion de mes amis, et je la crois fondée. Ce défaut, qui ne consiste pas dans un décousu, mais dans une sinuosité exagérée d'événements, a été l'effet de mon infirmité ordinaire,—l'absence de plan. . . . J'avais commencé *Consuelo* avec le projet de ne faire qu'une nouvelle. Ce commencement plut, et on m'engagea à le développer, en me faisant pressentir tout ce que le dix-huitième siècle offrait d'intérêt sous le rapport de l'art, de la philosophie et du merveilleux, trois éléments produits par ce siècle, d'une façon très hétérogène en apparence et dont le bien était cependant curieux et piquant à établir sans trop de fantaisie.

"Dès lors, j'avancai dans mon sujet au jour le jour, lisant beaucoup et produisant aussitôt pour chaque numéro de la *Revue*, (*L'Indépendant*) car, on me priait de ne pas m'interrompre un fragment assez considérable. Je sentais bien que cette manière de travailler n'était pas normale et offrait de grands dangers; ce n'était pas la première fois que je m'y étais laissé entraîner; mais dans un ouvrage d'aussi longue haleine, et appuyé sur tant de réalités historiques, l'entreprise était téméraire. La première condition d'un ouvrage d'art, c'est le temps et la liberté. Je parle ici de la liberté qui consiste à revenir sur ses pas quand on s'aperçoit qu'on a quitté son chemin pour se jeter dans une traverse; je parle du temps qu'il faudrait se réserver pour abandonner les sentiers hasardeux, et retrouver la ligne droite. L'absence de ces deux sécurités, crée à l'artiste une inquiétude fiévreuse, parfois favorable à l'inspiration, parfois périlleuse pour la raison qui, en somme, doit enchaîner le caprice, quelque carrière qui lui soit donnée dans un travail de ce genre. Ma réflexion condamne donc beaucoup cette manière de produire. Qu'on travaille aussi vite qu'on voudra et qu'on pourra, le temps ne fait rien à l'affaire; mais entre la création spontanée et la publication, il faudrait absolument le temps de relire l'ensemble et de l'expurger des longueurs qui sont précisément

“l'effet ordinaire de la précipitation. La fièvre est bonne, mais la conscience de l'artiste a besoin de passer en revue, à tête reposée, avant de les raconter tout haut les songes qui ont charmés sa divagation libre et solitaire.”

It would be an almost endless task,—even if it were desirable at this late day,—to comment separately upon the novels of Mme. Dudevant:—the philosophical reasoning of *Monsieur Sylvestre*; the socialistic doctrines in *Horace* and *Le Compagnon du Tour de France*, and her idea of real nobility in *Le Piccinino*, her pantheistical theories in *Spiridion*. As regards Mme. Dudevant's religious beliefs, *Spiridion* is undoubtedly an exposition of them. In this little volume of scarcely two hundred and fifty pages, she expounds her doctrine with extraordinary eloquence and power. It is by no means new; for, as the preacher hath said: “The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun.” She held opinions in common with many other writers of her time, both French and foreign, but there is some originality in the manner in which she handles her subject here. She proceeds to show in her narrative how the Jewish religion accomplished its purpose in preparing the way for Christianity; that it was intended for one people to the exclusion of all others; that it gave to the intelligence neither satisfaction in the present, nor certainty in the future, and did not recognize the noble need of love in the heart of man; while it offered as a rule of conduct only a barbaric justice. Such a religion could not be that of great minds, and could not be an emanation from the God of truth. In regard to Christ, she makes Alexis say, (for it is through this monk she conveys her ideas) that all his studies made him preserve the highest veneration and the purest enthusiasm for the crucified one, although he could not recognize him as more the son of God than Pythagoras; that Saint Paul did not seem to him more inspired than Plato; nor Socrates less worthy to redeem the faults of humankind than Jesus of Nazareth.

“Bref, en lisant les réformistes, j'avais cessé d'être catho-

“lique; en lisant les philosophes, je cessai d’être chrétien. Je  
“gardai pour toute religion une croyance pleine de désir et  
“d’espoir en la Divinité, le sentiment inébranlable du juste et  
“de l’injuste, un grand respect pour toutes les religions et pour  
“toutes les philosophies, l’amour du bien et le besoin du vrai.”  
—p. 10.

“The catholic religion,” continues Alexis, “imagines itself to be the beginning and end of the human race. It was for this faith alone that the world was created, that innumerable generations have passed on the face of the earth as vain shadows, and have fallen into the eternal night, in order that their damnation should serve as an example and precept. It was for this faith alone that God descended on earth in human form. It was for the glory and salvation of the catholic that the abysses of perdition are being incessantly replenished, in order that the Supreme Judge should see and compare, and that the catholic raised in the splendors of the *Très-Haut*, might rejoice and triumph in Heaven at the eternal wailing of those that it could not subdue and direct on earth. The catholic claims to have neither father nor brothers in the history of the human race; he isolates himself, and entertains a lofty contempt for all that is not with him. Outside of the church there is no salvation; outside of Genesis there is no science. There is no medium for the catholic; he must either remain catholic, or become sceptical, his religion must be the only true one, or all religions are false.”

Mme. Dudevant depicts not, as one having drawn upon imagination, but rather from bitter experience, the painful struggles in casting off the faith of one’s fathers and childhood, the tearing one’s self asunder from cherished beliefs, and finding in science a God too vast for human realization. “Oh! better the oracles of the Jews that spoke to Moses on Mount Sinai; rather the Spirit of God under the form of a sacred dove, or the Son of God who became a man like unto myself! These terrestrial gods were accessible to me. Tender or menacing, they would listen and respond to me. The wrath and vengeance of the sombre Jehovah frightened me less than that impassible silence and the icy equity of my new master!”

The progress of Alexis towards this new religion, which is to be the culmination of Christianity, is described in a very skilful manner. Immersed in his scientific studies, he is sometimes content, and sometimes on the brink of despair. He has lost his faith and found nothing in return. By degrees he is brought to the true idea of religion. He declares himself no Christian, whether Protestant or Catholic; no philosopher, like Voltaire, Helvetius or Diderot; no Socialist, like Rousseau and the men of the French Convention; and neither pagan nor atheist. We have, he cries, the only truth, the only one worthy of the Divinity! We believe in the Divinity, that is to say, we know it and wish it; we hope in it, that is to say, we desire it and work to possess it; we love it, that is to say, we feel it and possess it virtually; and God himself is a sublime trinity of which our life is but a feeble reflection. Faith with man is science with God; hope in man is power in God; charity, that is to say piety, virtue, in man is love, that is to say, production, preservation, and eternal progression with God. Thus God knows us and loves us; it is he who has revealed unto us the knowledge we have of him; it is he who commands in us the need we have of him; and it is he who inspires us with the love that burns in us for him; and one of the great proofs of God and his attributes, is man and his instincts.

*Father* Alexis accepts as externally divine, the ideas of Revelation—of the divinity and immortality, and the precepts of virtue. Man plucks from Heaven all his knowledge of the divine; and this knowledge of sublime truth is a compact—a marriage between the human intelligence, which searches, aspires and demands, and divine intelligence, which, in turn, searches the heart of man, aspires to be known of it and to reign in it. “We venerate, then, the masters by whatsoever name one choose to call them, heroes, demi-gods, philosophers, saints, prophets, and we bow before the fathers and teachers of humanity. We adore in man informed by high science and a lofty nature, the splendid reflection of the Divinity. Oh, the time will come when new altars will be raised unto the Christ more worthy of him, in recognizing his true greatness

that of having been verily the son of the woman, and the Saviour, that is to say, the Friend of Humanity, the Prophet of the Ideal!" The reign of the Father has been finished; the reign of the Son is at its end, and the reign of the Holy Spirit is at hand. Passages are quoted from the Gospels to show that this reign had been predicted. St. John in his first chapter writes of the existence of this Spirit from the beginning, under the name of the divine *Logos*. Christ refers to the coming of the "reign" in his conversation with a Samaritan: "L'heure vient que vous n'adorez plus le père ni à Jérusalem, ni sur cette montagne, mais que vous l'adorez en esprit et en vérité."

Mme. Dudevant evidently believed in the immortality of the spirit, but not in the manner generally accepted. "Are not, she asks, all the *chef-d'œuvres* of science and art that affect us to tears and quicken the heart, monuments to cover the dead? The track of a great destiny, is it effaced by death? Is it not still more brilliant across the fleeting centuries? Does it not in the spirit and the heart of the living fill posterity forever with its zeal and light. Plato and Christ, are they not always present in the midst of us? They think and feel by millions of souls, they speak and act by millions of bodies. Is not this a sublime resurrection of men and events which have merited to escape death and oblivion? And this resurrection, is it not the fact of the power of the past that longs to find the present, and that of the present that goes to seek the past? The materialistic philosopher has pronounced all power crushed by death, forever; the dead have no more power among us than that which it pleases us to give them by sympathy of spirit and imitation. But more advanced ideas must restore to illustrious men an immortality more complete, and present in union both this might of the dead and the power of the living, thus forming an invincible link between remote generations. Philosophers have been too eager after nothingness; logic has shut to us the entrance into Heaven, and they have refused us immortality on earth! These exist, however, in a manner so striking, that one is tempted to believe that the dead are born again in the living,



and to believe in a perpetual engendering of souls which have not obeyed the laws of matter nor the ties of blood."

"Sometimes," said Alexis, "I have asked of myself if I was not Spiridion in reality, modified in a new existence by the difference of a century posterior to his. But as this thought was too presumptuous to be wholly true, I said to myself that he could be me without ceasing to be himself, the same as in the physical order, a man reproduces the form, features, and inclinations of his ancestors, making them to live again in his person, while preserving his own identity. And this led me to believe that there are for us two immortalities; one which is of the world and which transmits our ideas and sentiments to humanity by our works and our labors; the other, which records itself in a better world by our merits and our sufferings, and which exerts a providential power over the men and things in this world. It is thus that I would admit without presumption that Spiridion lives in me, by the sentiment of duty and the love of truth which having filled his life and is at the bottom of mine, by a sort of divinity that was the reward of his trouble in his life."

Mme. Dudevant conceives the Christian religion to be a continuation and modification of the Pythagorean and Platonic philosophies, and the essence of which is eternal truth—progressive truth in the sense that it is yet enveloped in dense clouds, and that it is for the human intelligence to tear away these veils one by one, until the last is rent. She thinks that the beauty and grandeur of the universe are accessible to human science; that they proclaim the wisdom, order, and science, omnipotent of the Creator; that the necessity men feel to form themselves into societies, and to establish relations of sympathy, of a common religion, and for mutual protection, proves in the universal system the spirit of sovereign justice; that the continual reaching forth of the soul towards the ideal proves the infinite love of the Father, manifested to each soul in the sanctuary of the conscience. She concludes with appointing to man three kinds of duty: "the first relating to external nature—the duty of self-instruction in the sciences, in order to perfect the physical world around him; the second,

affecting social life—the duty of respecting or establishing institutions liberally accepted by the human family and favorable to its development; the third, devoted to the interior life of the individual—the duty of perfecting one's self in view of the divine perfection, and of searching incessantly for the ways of truth, wisdom and virtue."

In the beginning of *Spiridion* we are informed of the existence of the manuscript containing the principles of the new religion of the Holy Spirit. The precious parchment was buried with its author, Spiridion, awaiting him who would read with an understanding spirit the lines Spiridion commanded should share his tomb.

Angel, the disciple of Alexis, recovers the MS. In it Christ is made to appear in a vision to Spiridion and to say that of the four gospels the most divine is that of St. John. He further tells him that as in the past, he (Spiridion) was Christian, in the future he must be of the school of St. John. We are further bidden to seek no more the absolute truth in the application of the Gospel, but in the development of revelation of all humanity anterior to us. The dogma of the Trinity is the eternal religion. The true comprehension of the dogma is eternally progressive—"Nous passerons éternellement peut-être par ces trois phases de manifestation—de l'activité, de l'amour et de la science; qui sont les trois principes de notre essence, même puisque ce sont les trois principes divins que reçoit chaque homme venant dans ce monde à titre de *fils de Dieu*. Et plus nous arriverons à nous manifester simultanément sous ces trois faces de notre humanité, plus nous approcherons de la perfection divine. Hommes de l'avenir! c'est à vous qu'il est réservé de réaliser cette prophétie, si Dieu est en vous. Ce sera l'œuvre d'une nouvelle révélation, d'une nouvelle religion, d'une nouvelle société, d'une nouvelle humanité. Cette religion n'abjurera pas l'esprit du Christianisme, mais elle en dépouillera les formes. Elle sera au Christianisme ce que la fille est à la mère, lorsque l'une penche vers la tombe et que l'autre est au plein de la vie. Cette religion, fille de l'Evangile, ne reniera point sa mère; ce que la mère n'aurait pas com-

"pris, elle l'expliquera; ce que sa mère n'aura pas osé, elle l'osera; ce que sa mère n'aura fait qu'entreprendre, elle l'achèvera."

We experience a disappointment when, at last, the mysterious scroll is unrolled. We have been led to believe this to be the culminating point of the book. But it falls far short of our expectations. The manuscript is brief and contains only an epitome of what has been fully set forth and expounded earlier in the narrative of Alexis.

There are weak points in the philosophy of Mme. Dudevant—and whose philosophy is not open to the charge of defects? There are also strong points of undeniable truth in it. Touching her religious belief we have nothing to say. Each one must investigate it for himself and hold fast to whatever he may find that is good. We may not accept the opinions of others; but to condemn them is simply egotism, unless they should be diametrically opposed to the development of what good there is in us. The better way is to accept truth in whatever form, garb, or way it may come to us, and act up to its principles regardless of consequences.

The character of Mme. Dudevant must be considered in its three aspects, that of woman, novelist and teacher, if we would arrive at a just estimation of it. Like all geniuses, her natural disposition was peculiar, but amid certain surroundings it could not but have developed a remarkably fine character. A judicious training would have modified its singularities. Her moral attributes were not, however, subjected to the proper discipline. Her mother was of an ill-balanced mind, passionate, tender, jealous, idolatrous, by turns; and her grand-mother did not possess the necessary sympathetic nature to understand the workings of such a finely strung organization as that of Mme. Dudevant. Both were entirely unfitted for the task—and *task* it was—to direct the expanding of her young mind. It could not be said she had the moral training of the kind adapted to her wants.

Like Harriet Martineau, she was intensely religious as a child, and even after she had attained her maturity. The depths of her emotional nature were easily stirred; but, like

Miss Martineau, she found the religion of her time and country entirely inadequate to the needs she felt. Both attempted to fill the void, but each in her own way; Mme. Dudevant, by constructing a new faith of her own; Miss Martineau, by rejecting all faiths, recognizing no Supreme Being, save as manifested in the inscrutable phenomenal powers exhibited in nature. Both were passionate lovers of the beautiful, especially in nature, and recognized the Divine in the principle animating all things. Many ideas similar to those of the Positivist, M. Auguste Comte, are discernible in the writings of both, though neither followed him to the extreme; and finally, both rejected the theory of other immortality than that existing in the remembrance of mankind. They believed that,—

"To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die!"

Not a breath of suspicion ever touched the private life of Miss Martineau; while the character of Mme. Dudevant has, not without reason, served as a target for the darts of calumny. That Mme. Dudevant erred in the manner of which she has been accused, could never be proved in a court of law, though every influence was brought to bear by her husband to substantiate his charges in order to defame her character. Despite the despicable means he used to accomplish his object, there was nothing the court could recognize, and Mme. Dudevant was granted the divorce she sought with the custody of her two children, and a large portion of her patrimonial estates.

She was much beloved by her friends, in which circle was included many of the brightest lights of the literary world, and won their respect by her unusual display of intellectual power.

In personal appearance she was very "ordinary." Sainte-Beuve thus describes her, on their first meeting: "*Je vis en entrant une jeune femme aux beaux yeux, au beau front, aux cheveux noirs un peu courts, vêtue d'une sorte de robe de chambre sombre, de plus simple.*"—Dickens, who met her in 1857 at the house of Mme. Viardot, gives his impressions: "I

suppose it to be impossible to imagine anybody more unlike my preconceptions than the illustrious Sand. Just the kind of woman you might suppose to be the queen's monthly nurse, chubby, matronly, swarthy, black-eyed. Nothing of the blue stocking about her, except a little final way of settling all your opinions with hers, which I take to have been acquired in the country where she lives, and in the dominion of a small circle. A singularly ordinary woman in appearance and manner."

As a novelist Mme. Dudevant stands preëminent. She was true to nature in her delineation of character. Her power of invention was almost unlimited. She possessed the happy faculty of presenting the good and beautiful in an alluring manner, and notwithstanding the alleged immorality of her books and life, she never causes vice to assume an atrocious form. The power of Mme. Dudevant's writings lies in their perfect simplicity. Her art is so consummate as to veil the fact of its existence. A good artist is a true interpreter of nature, thus exhibiting art in its highest form. Mme. Dudevant did not choose many of her principal characters from the class most calculated to win our admiration; but, she undoubtedly, depicts society as it existed in Paris. With the exception of a few of her best works, her novels are not such as the head of a family would care to place in his library for family reading, but the few excepted are entirely free from any blot or blemish. She fascinates one by inventive genius and the diversified manner in which she develops her characters.

As a teacher, Mme. Dudevant decidedly failed, and this, as one of her own sex and one of her admirers, we must set down as our opinion. She has written much with apparently little purpose, save that of gaining a livelihood. Even her best works show a lack of system and absence of plan. If she had written less she would have written better; but she allowed herself too little time to mature her conceptions. Her novels contain no moral teaching such as to stimulate one to noble actions, or to work for the benefit of humanity, or to raise oneself to that degree of moral excellence, whence he may be an aid to others. She ruthlessly pulls down an old established edifice, and seeks to rear one in its place of a more imposing

front. Whatever the weaknesses of the old superstructure may be, the new one totters to its base. The religion of Mme. Dudevant will never supersede the religion of Jesus of Nazareth.

Man is the creature of his environment. What Mme. Dudevant's genius might have been, had the associations of her childhood been different, or more in keeping with her higher needs and aspirations, it is not difficult to conjecture.

## ART. IV.—CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

1. *The Southern States since the War.* By ROBERT SOMERS. London and New York: 1871.
2. *The Prostrate State: South Carolina under Negro Government.* By JAMES S. PIKE. New York: 1874.
3. *Report of the Joint Select Committee to inquire into the Condition of Affairs in the Late Insurrectionary States.* Washington: 1872.

## I.

It would be hard to imagine a subject possessed of deeper interest, not only to all patriotic Americans, but to the enlightened friends of self-government throughout the civilized world, than the present condition and prospects of the Southern States of the American Union.

To the foreign and impartial observer, engaged in philosophic speculations upon social and political questions, the Southern States have afforded for the last thirteen years, a singular, and from a purely scientific point of view, fortunate opportunity of inspecting at his leisure the destruction of one form of social organization and the birth of another; the convulsive throes of a system *in articulo mortis*, the first feeble dawn of a new development evolved from the ruins of the old, followed by the slow and painful but steady advance of the stricken communities towards rehabilitation. Here, at least, he has been saved the labor of groping his way through obscure and musty records in the painful endeavor to revivify the dry-bones of long-buried generations, and bring the dead past "into this breathing world," as a visible and tangible reality,—an attempt rewarded in the great mass of instances with a very

scant measure of success. Here, has gone on the whole process of dissolution and revivification,—a spectacle, the intense and absorbing interest of which, to the social scientist, it would be difficult to exaggerate.

While such are the feelings with which the States of the late Confederacy might naturally be viewed by an impartial philosopher, could the existence of such a passionless being be conceived, the sentiment which they will excite in the breasts of enlightened Americans must of necessity assume a far more personal and intimate character, varying of course in its nature and intensity as it may be modified by countless differences, individual and local.

It is, however from the first point of view, so far as is practicable under the circumstances that we propose to consider the subject,—a subject which, to be dealt with as befits the interests involved, should be approached in a spirit philosophical, earnest and fearless.

The extent of the Southern States, the variety of their productions, their numerous and striking natural advantages, not less than the character of their inhabitants, indicate with a clearness not to be mistaken the great part which they are destined to play in the history, not only of the country, but of the world. It is of the deepest moment then to all thoughtful observers to comprehend the condition and the needs of their people. It is, indeed, the more necessary that a thorough investigation of this subject should now be made, inasmuch as the domestic institutions of the South which may be said to have well nigh closed it to foreign immigration, had also the effect of shrouding it in an obscurity, through which it was almost impossible to discern its real features. Hence arose an amount of error and misconception, the deplorable consequences of which it would be difficult to overrate.

In order to arrive at any just conception of the present condition and prospects of these States, it will be necessary to go back to a period immediately succeeding the close of the late war, and examine briefly their situation at that time, and then to estimate, as nearly as may be, the advance or retrogression which has since taken place.



The situation as we find it, at that period, presents features with few parallels in history. The people of the South stood face to face not only with all the calamities incident to a prolonged, devastating war, the result of which to them had been the utter exhaustion of their material resources; but with the complete destruction of a social system to which they had been habituated for generations, and which had interwoven itself with every fibre of their nature, and every detail of their lives. Not only were their actual losses incalculable, but their most cherished hopes, their fondest aspirations, their most deeply rooted convictions were all involved in one common ruin.

The shock was so fearful, that for a moment the whole community reeled and staggered as an individual stricken by some sudden and crushing blow. They were stunned, breathless, unable at first to comprehend the extent of their disaster.

Then came the reaction, the slow awakening to life and sensation again, and with it the fierce and bitter agony of a thousand wounds. Returning consciousness revealed a prospect sufficiently appalling to cause men who had faced suffering and death in their most fearful shapes with unshrinking nerve to pause and falter. To the most sanguine, it might well have seemed the height of unreason, not to despair. As was well said by an eminent statesman of Virginia, in the dark days that followed, public and private calamities alike pressed so heavily on the people of the South that the springs of life lost all their elasticity. There was no spot on which the wearied and aching eye could rest with hope. As to the fearful extent of the losses sustained, the most succinct statement of facts will give the clearest idea, yet this is exceedingly difficult to arrive at so various are the figures given, and so large the proportion of loss impossible to estimate in figures at all. Without attempting, however, at this stage of our inquiry, an even approximate summary of the ruin wrought by the war, we assume as facts disputed by none, an enormous destruction of property and shrinkage of values at the South.

The crash of private fortunes, inevitable, at all events, under such circumstances, was rendered far more general by

the deeply rooted and wide-spread prevalence of the credit system throughout the entire South. The great majority of large or even considerable land-owners were, at the beginning of the war, in debt in some cases, to an extent that would have entailed embarrassment and loss had their property remained intact, but oftener, to such an amount only as could easily have been borne and liquidated had no national calamity supervened. But now they were involved in ruin, and ruin in an intensified and aggravated shape. The life of a great landed proprietor in the South had been one possessed of peculiar advantages, ease, leisure, independence, dignity, the opportunity of wide-spread influence and usefulness. A thousand links impossible to untwine bound him to the soil, to his homestead, and his dependants. The abrupt severance of all these could not but be attended with acute suffering. On the other hand, many of the efforts made to prevent this disruption and to alleviate the evils of the situation had no other effect than to prolong and intensify the agony they could not relieve. The sooner, indeed, that the crash which could not be avoided came and was over, the better for all parties. Then a new departure could have been taken, and such among the sufferers as had the capacity to do so could the sooner have accommodated themselves to their altered condition and begin life anew. As it was, nothing social, material or political was settled. No one knew what to anticipate, or would have been surprised at anything that a day brought forth. From this cause sprung a host of confused and exaggerated hopes and fears, injurious alike to the debtor and the creditor class.

Necessarily this state of things affected in the most marked manner the upper strata of society. It was very difficult for the opulent land and slave-owner, the man of easy and long-established fortune and position, to realize at once the change that had taken place in his situation; and it was yet more difficult for him to accommodate himself practically to it when such realization was at length forced upon him. Hard as it would have been for him, even under the strongest external pressure, to recognize and act upon these facts, and

to reduce his mode of living within the new and circumscribed limits of his fortune, it was as certain as anything in the future could be, that he would not do it, so long as the pressure was indefinitely postponed, and the sword, however certain to fall at last, for the time suspended. Moreover, however sincere and earnest his intention to retrench unsparingly, and live strictly within his means, it was well-nigh impossible, even for a man of close and accurate business habits, (which few among the wealthy Southern planters were) to estimate with approximate correctness the proportion of property lost to that which remained. In addition to the actual destruction occasioned by war, the shrinkage of values incident to so abnormal a condition, and varying as it did according to time and locality, in a manner that defied estimate or explanation, reduced the most painstaking calculator to a state of hopeless bewilderment. He might know his liabilities, indeed, with somewhat more of certainty, but the extent of his resources to meet them it was almost impossible for him to estimate. And so the best founded hopes and most reasonable calculations often proved mistaken.

Meanwhile, under the influence of all these different causes, the force of rooted habit, despondency on the one hand, and extravagant and unreasonable hopefulness, on the other, many went on from day to day, constantly involving themselves more and more deeply, and rendering certain the ruin which at best it would have required the greatest effort and self-denial to avert. Deceived themselves, they often unconsciously and with the most perfectly innocent intentions, deceived others.

As a matter of course the largest property-holders, those for example excluded from the benefit of the President's Amnesty Proclamation, were affected to the greatest extent by the causes of which we have just spoken. As a class they were more deeply involved, and as a class, also, they had peculiar difficulties in the way of retrenchment such as were unknown to their neighbors of narrower means and plainer habits of life. Notable among these was the host of domestic retainers who had formed in the days of slavery an invariable

and, as it seemed, indispensable part of every large landed proprietor's household. Accustomed to a life of ease,—in many cases on the most insufficient grounds, to an almost complete exemption from labor of every sort, a large number of them especially among the elderly and infirm insisted, in a manner which their former owners found it almost impossible to resist, on retaining as pensioners the position they could no longer occupy as slaves. In return for this they performed in some cases services, well-nigh nominal, and which had at any rate in the altered condition of things, much better have been dispensed with, in others no services whatever. Yet burdensome as the expense was felt to be and intolerable as the pressure gradually became, the promptings of humanity forbade the planter to turn these hereditary dependants adrift, while it was difficult for him to realize that their rations or perquisites could make any appreciable difference in his yearly expenditure. Such was the natural result of the kindly profusion, the lordly carelessness of his old life. The lesson it was indispensable that he should learn in his altered condition was only to be taught him by many years of painful experience.

While this description applies in its entirety only to the class of large land-owners, yet they were by no means the sole sufferers. As a rule all property holders, however small, felt the effects of the shock. Even among the thrifty few who had escaped indebtedness and laid by from their annual income to an extent more or less considerable, the odds were large that their investment, whether in the shape of a loan or a purchase, was either entirely lost or very greatly impaired in value. Thus throughout the proprietary classes there was a state of extreme material depression, counteracted, it is true, in some localities and in certain kinds of business, by delusive signs of prosperity, inspiring false and feverish hopes which could only end in disappointment and deeper despondency.

While such was the financial condition of the Southern people, of the political, it is hard indeed to give any adequate idea. In no community, perhaps, that has ever existed since the "*fière démocratie*" of Athens, has political interest and information been so deep and so widely diffused as among the

whites of the South. If they could not in Burke's famous phrase be said to have been "rocked and dandled into legislators," yet the atmosphere in which they grew up was intensely political.

The first conversations to which a clever and inquisitive Southern boy listened were most probably political discussions; the first events outside of the domestic circle in which he took an interest were canvasses and elections; his first plunge into the world beyond the enclosure of his father's plantation was most likely to be into the county court-house, on some occasion when rival orators were to debate the exciting issues of the day. Long before he had a vote himself, he was in the habit of taking an interest in, of witnessing and even in a certain sense of assisting at political conflicts. The intellect, the energy, the ambition of the community were drawn irresistibly in this direction. Years of excited debate, of agitation and conflict had strung the minds of the Southern people to the highest possible tension. All culminated in the mighty outburst of energy and enthusiasm with which the war was inaugurated.

They entered upon it full of confidence in themselves, of faith in their cause, of exultant anticipation of the benefits to flow from putting into practice their cherished political theories. There could not be a greater or more baseless error than the notion that the mass of the Southern people were dragged blindfold into the war by their leaders. Not only is this entirely at variance—as all who were in a position to observe for themselves will recollect—with the facts of the case at the beginning of the conflict, but it is proved to absolute demonstration by their almost unanimous course at the period of reconstruction. That there were individual exceptions is not denied, and it is perfectly well-known that certain localities were not in sympathy with the movement, but, as a general rule, whatever may have been its merits, which we are not now discussing, right or wrong, wise or unwise, there can be no doubt that the great body of the Southern people embraced the cause of secession with the utmost zeal and ardor. We have paused upon this point because a correct appreciation of the facts in

the case is necessary to a thorough comprehension of the condition and temper of the Southern people at the period of which we are treating.

But to resume: Failure came, bringing with it the complete disappointment of all these hopes and aspirations. Not only were the efforts of the South to achieve independence foiled, but the political creed to which her people were most warmly and earnestly attached, which had been handed down to them by their fathers, from generation to generation, was proscribed and placed under the ban, while the opposite doctrine was everywhere asserted and enforced by bayonet and bullet.

Then came the inevitable reaction at which no thoughtful observer will be at all astonished. It was proportioned to the intensity of the previous excitement and to the character of the people among whom it took place. It would not adequately describe the situation to say that they were dissatisfied, fatigued, listless, despondent. They were all this indeed, but they were something more. From the whole subject of politics they turned away not only with weariness but with disgust and loathing; they shrank from it as one shrinks from a rough touch upon some exquisitely sensitive nerve; they experienced not only discouragement but despair; they had lost all political hope and with it all political faith and interest. To them the worst having happened, their all having been staked and lost, there seemed nothing any longer either to dread or look forward to in the sphere of public affairs.

Hence completely diverted from the channel in which they had previously been accustomed to flow, their energies were turned with feverish eagerness to pursuits hitherto comparatively neglected, to the development of their material resources, the restoration of their private fortunes, the escape, at least, from immediate ruin, and in time, if possible, the accumulation of wealth. Thus among the class whose task it had so lately been to lead society and to govern the State, there was a general disposition to withdraw from all connection with politics and to devote themselves to the pressing exigencies of their private affairs. Undoubtedly this rule had its exceptions

and varied in its application with varying localities, but in an article like the present, we are compelled to confine ourselves to the broader and more salient features of the situation.

From this absorption, natural and excusable, nay perhaps necessary and judicious for a certain period, but as a permanent rule of conduct, neither wise nor practicable, the Southern communities were roused as it were by an earthquake. The remedy was sufficiently violent in its nature, but it effectually did the work which perhaps no gentler means would have done. The danger which awakened the South from her political lethargy was no less than the threat of Africanization, the forcible subjection of the Caucasian race to the rule of the African.

This is not the proper place, nor have we any design to enter here upon a discussion of the Reconstruction Laws, as they are called. We speak simply of the facts and of the effects which followed. Neither is it our purpose to give a detailed account of the struggle that ensued. We would note in passing, however, that one proof of the truth of the remark hazarded above as to the probable inadequacy of gentler means to rouse the Southern people from their lethargy, may be found in the fact, that even with this danger before their eyes, so deep was their depression, so almost unconquerable their languor, that it was only after long delay and great difficulty that they could be roused to the necessary effort. In most cases the interval had been long enough to fasten upon them, the most hideous travesties of constitutional government that the world has ever seen.

Throughout the period during which this ascendancy existed, the most extraordinary spectacle ever beheld in the political world was presented to the eye of the observer. However impartial and dispassionate he might be, nay, however strong his hostility to the once dominant race at the South, it was impossible not to be struck with perfect amazement at the marvellous and utterly unparalleled scene. We invite any of our readers who may be incredulous on the subject to glance at the mass of evidence presented in the work of Mr. Pike, a work which, can hardly be suspected of having been conceived in a spirit

unduly favorable to the people of the late Confederacy. Electors who did not know how to vote; legislators profoundly ignorant of the whole theory and practice of legislation; presiding officers without the faintest idea of parliamentary rules; judges utterly unacquainted with law; financiers ignorant of the first principles of political economy; it was hard to say whether the spectacle was best suited to excite laughter or tears. The correlative nature of taxation and representation was not only entirely ignored, but the rule founded upon it was systematically reversed, while the first principles of individual freedom, and of constitutional, indeed of civilized, government of any kind were trampled under foot. The various officers of the government, legislative, executive and judicial were utterly destitute of any "evidence of permanent common interest with, and attachment to, the community." In the halls of legislation of more than one State at the South in the last half of the nineteenth century, a barbarous and almost unintelligible jargon had succeeded to the language of Chatham and of Washington. When these singular law-makers engaged in debate, the most extraordinary scenes ensued. For the dignity, the courtesy, the careful self-restraint of grave deliberative assemblies, was substituted an indecent and shameless interchange of epithets and accusations, the probable correctness of which was, according to the old maxim of law, no excuse for their utterance.

We do not propose to dwell upon these details taken from the evidence offered by numerous witnesses in full sympathy with the political party to which these orators belonged. It was evident from the first that such a state of things could not be of long duration. Either Anglo-Saxon civilization would speedily reassert itself and regain its lost ascendancy, or it would be completely submerged in African barbarism. The contest was sharp and bitter, and the result for a time seemed doubtful. Then the almost foundered ship righted itself though sorely strained and shaken in every timber. The victory was assured, but not without fearful suffering and incalculable loss.

In this stern wrestle for existence victory was secured to the whites of the South by the invincible energy of an



imperial race. The contest may now be regarded as finally settled. The spectacle of "barbarism overwhelming civilization by physical force," of "the slave rioting in the halls of his master and putting that master under his feet," to borrow the energetic language of the author of *The Prostrate State*, will not again be presented.

During the deep political lethargy that immediately followed the close of the war, the Southern people had to a great extent lost interest in partisan politics. At first all parties were equally indifferent to them. The whole subject of politics had become utterly distasteful and repulsive. Afterwards, while in the agonies of a struggle for self-preservation, all other questions, however important in themselves, sank by comparison into insignificance. What signified to them the tariff, the currency, the measures adopted in regard to the public debt, the foreign or domestic policy of the government when it was a matter of grave doubt whether they would not have to choose between exile on the one hand, and ruin, accompanied by intolerable degradation on the other?

For these reasons but little interest was taken at the South in the purely political questions that divided parties. Wholly absorbed in the effort to preserve their imperilled civilization, they were little disposed to take any active part in Federal affairs, and felt but a languid interest in the success or defeat of any party, except in so far as it affected their own local position and prospects.

In the course, however, of their efforts to escape the calamities that menaced them, it became evident that the character of the Federal administration was a most important factor in the solution of the problem. Practically, indeed, upon this the decision, at least for a time hung, suspended. On this account, more than from any strong attachment to party, or any ambition to regain influence in the general government, the Southern people once more began slowly to resume their interest in Federal politics and to renew their hereditary habits of political activity. It was a course dictated not by choice but by necessity, adopted not from ambition but in self-defence, and it culminated in that combined and mighty

effort, the result of which was the "Solid South" so much dwelt upon in the late Presidential contest.

Doubtless the whites of the Southern States entered into this struggle with great zeal and unanimity; but that the interest with which it inspired them was rather reflected from its anticipated effect upon their local affairs than really germane to the question nominally at issue, is strongly indicated by their course during the long and trying interval of suspense, and their conduct since the final decision of the great "contested election case." This has not proceeded from any want of clear and strong conviction on their part, but from the fact that the question of local self-government was one of so much nearer and more vital concern to them, that the apparently larger issue was entirely overshadowed by it. Whatever else resulted from the political conflict of the Centennial year, the restoration of home rule and the predominant influence of the Caucasian race in the Southern States were at least secured.

After this preliminary sketch let us glance at the present political status and tendencies of the South, before taking up the subject of its material and social condition.

In the first place, then, with the restoration of self-government there begins to appear, a spirit of greater political hopefulness. Ten years ago the almost universal feeling would have been fitly expressed by the sentence erroneously attributed to Francis I after the disaster of Pavia, but now, applicable as it is still felt to be in a large measure, to those actively engaged in life at the commencement of the war. There is a growing feeling that "despair of the Commonwealth," whether admissible or not for individuals, is impracticable for a whole people, and that though war and revolution may have made shipwreck of the prosperity and happiness of one generation, yet others in countless procession are to succeed, before whom if they use their opportunities and capacities wisely, there may yet lie a powerful and glorious future. The generation now passing away, with whatever of fortitude and patience they may bear their heavy trials, with whatever of resolution they may set themselves to the endurance of new burdens and the perform-

ance of new duties, have experienced too bitter a disappointment, ever to regain their buoyancy and elasticity of spirit.

In the thirteen years, however, that have elapsed since the conflict of arms was ended, a new generation has been gradually coming forward on the stage, a generation which, no matter how loyal to the faith, or proud of the deeds of their fathers, can not in the nature of things feel the events of the recent past as keenly as those who lived and acted and suffered in the midst of them.

Hence arise some notable phenomena in the present political condition of the Southern States. Up to a certain point and on practical matters the white inhabitants are fully and cordially agreed. On other points there is a line of separation faint and irregularly drawn, yet discernible by the close observer. On the one side, there is constantly a mournful, yet proud and longing look cast back upon the past; on the other is a doubtful and hesitating, yet withal eager glance towards the future, sometimes leavened with presumption, seldom, it must be acknowledged tempered by study, reflection and training. But too often also are seen the usual accompaniments of this spirit, a want of due regard for experience and tried capacity, an arrogant levity and hasty conclusiveness utterly at war with sound statesmanship, and an eager desire rather to secure the honors and advantages of political position than fitly to discharge its duties.

The explanation of this is not far to seek. It may be regarded as the mingled result of the natural reaction from that high-strung condition of public sentiment which preceded the war, the increased appetite for office consequent on widespread private ruin, and the insufficient opportunities for culture afforded since the beginning of the late conflict. Just here lies, in our judgment, one of the most threatening dangers to the South and through the South to the country. There is a rage, a mania, what is called in the cant of the day a "craze" in that region just at present on the subject of being practical. "Let us be practical," is the constant cry; "Down with theorists and their abstractions. Let us have done with them and look only to what will pay. Let us build up our material

interests." Now all this to a certain extent, and understood in a certain sense, may be very well. By all means let us build up our material interests; no advice could be sounder than that. And to that end by all means let us have practical politics or rather practical statesmanship. But in the first place let us define what we mean, do not let us be the dupes of phrases. There can be no practical statesmanship without sound theories, the result of careful study and meditation. There can be no wise action not based on well-considered abstractions. The great art of the man of action is so to adapt sound principles to constantly varying circumstances as to secure the largest measure of good practically attainable; but without those principles or abstractions, as it is now the fashion contemptuously to call them, he is like a mariner without his compass, he can not be a practical statesman or indeed a statesman at all. It is by what are termed abstractions that the world is governed at last, and if by being practical is meant confining all the aims of life to the standard of material prosperity, there is death at once to all high statesmanship, culture, or philosophy,—death in a word, to all elevation of tone, national or individual.

Let us consider for a moment the misfortune which this may prove to the whole country. On two of the most important issues which could be presented in the entire field of politics, the position of the South would naturally be on the side of decentralization and of free trade. These are not sectional questions but belong eminently to the people of the whole Union; nay more, they are of incalculable moment in their bearing on the destinies of our race. It is manifestly unfit that they should be discussed otherwise than in the broadest and most liberal spirit. The South, then, we say, from many causes, would naturally stand firmly on the side of a commerce as free as the financial necessities of the government would permit, and in favor of the most complete decentralization, compatible with the great ends for which the Federal Government was originally instituted.

Of course, there would naturally arise, even among equally honest and able men, differences of opinion as to where these

limits should be fixed, but the general principle is a plain one, and in our judgment no greater benefits could be conferred by any American statesmen on his country and the world than by securing the largest practicable amount of local independence and striking the iron shackles of protection from the limbs of trade.

It is beneath the baneful shadow of centralization that the twin monsters of corruption and bureaucracy grow up to sap the life of a people. Hence comes the worst of political diseases, a feverish and unnatural activity at the centre, the paralysis of death at the extremities, a paternal government and a dwarfed and dependent people. The history of continental Europe is mournfully full of instances which illustrate this. Effort after effort made there in behalf of free-government are but so many stages in the long and hitherto unsuccessful struggle waged against this radical vice. It would be easy to show that the objections, fatal even in the case of compact and homogeneous nations extending over a comparatively small territory, would apply with ten-fold force to a country of the immense extent and varied interests of the United States. It would seem madness indeed in the face of the teachings, alike of reason and experience, of the highest authorities on the science of government, and of the solemnly pronounced verdict of the Fathers of the Republic, wantonly to throw away the advantages which nature and circumstances have given us, and which other nations, in their efforts to establish free institutions, are painfully and laborously striving to create. And yet, contrary to the interests, the traditions and the sober convictions of the South, there may be heard within its limits the cry for centralization, as practical, the denunciation of doctrines as old as the Anglo-Saxon race, nay, as freedom itself, on the charge of being theories and abstractions, which stand in the way of material development.

In like manner, there begins to be heard in certain portions of the South an ominous whisper not yet loud enough to attract much attention, but which is nevertheless worthy of notice, in favor of the obsolete prejudices of protection. Strange, indeed, it would seem that this error should arise

in such a quarter, in the face, not only of all sound views of political economy, but of the traditions and influences of the past. Yet a little reflection will dissipate any feeling of surprise and suggest the true explanation of both these unfortunate and dangerous tendencies. It may be found in the circumstances that followed the close of the war, the disfranchisement and proscription of the natural leaders of public opinion, the trained political element in the Southern States, and the consequent coming forward of an inexperienced and unprepared class to occupy, not fill, their places, when these on the restoration of self-government were once more thrown open to the ambition of aspirants. This element was, indeed, not through any fault of its own, but from the very necessity of the case unfit for the task imposed upon it. The distractions incident to a state of war, the political languor that succeeded, and the fierce struggle for existence which so peremptorily demanded whatever of ability and energy they possessed, were effectual preventives of the thorough and careful study, the comprehensive culture and the statesmanlike training so desirable for those to whom is intrusted the task of legislating for the happiness and grandeur of nations. It would have been wonderful indeed, if under these circumstances, the men who took the lead in public affairs in the newly reconstructed States had been, as a general rule, versed in the history and principles of government or in the laws of political economy.

We have pointed out these dangers, as they seem to us, partly arising from the inevitable effect of circumstances, partly from that hasty and impatient spirit, characteristic of nations as well as individuals, when undergoing severe trials, which prompts them to turn away from tried and trusty counselors, from rules and principles often tested and never found wanting, to rest their hopes of relief upon incompetent advisers, upon new and specious perhaps, but generally inefficient remedies.

But clearly as we perceive these facts, and grave as we consider their character and tendency, it is in no despondent spirit that we regard them. The cure for false and shallow

theories hastily adopted in the midst of general languor and disgust, may be looked for in the renewal of healthy political interest and activity, while the remedy for insufficient information and lack of comprehensiveness of view is to be found in the closer and more patient study and the higher culture which this renewal is calculated to produce. Already, if we do not deceive ourselves, the reaction has begun. In some localities, at least, a disposition is manifested to make tried ability and statesmanship available in the councils of the state and the country, and to recognize the fact that while the truly practical statesman will constantly modify the application of theories according to the varying character of events, he does not abandon his faith in the teachings of reason and experience, nor contemptuously scout all principles of government and legislation as the fantastic dreams of visionary enthusiasts.

It would be a fact ominous, indeed of evil to the whole country should the South in defiance alike of the dictates of sound economical science, and of her own real interests abandon the doctrines of free trade to which the traditions of her greatest names so strongly attach her, for the mischievous and oppressive follies of protection. It would be a still darker day, should she renounce that love of local independence, that rooted attachment to individual freedom so characteristic of our ancestors from the remote period when we can first trace the obscure beginnings of their greatness in the distant cradle of the English race.

These evils, are rocks ahead which it behoves us to guard against, but there is another and more hopeful aspect of the case.

Should the South in the great struggle, which is inevitable in this country, be found on the side of free-trade against protection, of local self-rule against centralization, of constitutional government against absolutism in any form, her influence will be felt with redoubled force. In the first place, by the introduction of the whole negro element of her population into the basis of representation, her relative political strength has been materially increased. In the next, her

altered condition since the abolition of slavery, whatever its other effects, has had one of incalculable importance. It has not only removed the barrier which in such large measure divided her from the rest of the civilized world; but it has secured a fairer hearing for her political theories, by divorcing them entirely from all connection or suspicion of connection with an institution to which the general sentiment of mankind was so strongly hostile. If the South opposes protective tariffs and advocates a strict adherence to the constitutional chart and a watchful jealousy of governmental encroachments from whatever quarter, these doctrines will now stand upon their own merits. At all events they can not be referred in in any way, directly or indirectly, to the institution of slavery or the influence of slave-holders. Hence we may anticipate that in the future the South will not only be more freely acted on by outside influences, but that she will also act herself more freely and with greater force on the outside world.

It will thus, if we mistake not, be made manifest that the connection of the social and political theories advocated at the South, with the institution of slavery was much slighter than has generally been supposed, that it is erroneous to regard it as the chief element even in the late conflict, in which it was on the contrary merely an incident.

We are led by a natural transition from this to consider the negro as a distinctive element in Southern society, but our limits warn us that we must for the present forbear.

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## ART. V.—EDUCATION AND THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT.

1. *Histoire de la Civilisation en France*: Par M. GUIZOT. Paris.
2. *Unterrichtswesen in Frankreich*. VON HAHN. Breslau: 1848.
3. *Reports on Education*. By JOHN EATON, Commissioner of Education. Washington: 1876.

EVERY reader of the higher periodical literature knows that one of the most frequently recurring themes of discussion is the conflict between Science and Religion. Some men, it is true, in spite of all this, would persuade us that there is no conflict; that this antagonism is only apparent and not real; and that the reason why science and religion seem to be at swords' points is the wrong-headedness of those who put themselves forward as champions of what they mistake for truth. We shall not stop here to inquire whether such a conflict exists, but shall take its existence for granted; and not only that it exists now but that it has existed with more or less intensity from the beginning of recorded history.\*

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\* It will be observed that the authors of this and the second article of the current Number, are at variance in respect of the relation of science and religion. One declares that they are in conflict; the other denies it. It seems strange that there should exist a conflict of opinion between two authors equally learned, on so simple a subject. And yet, the difference between them is more apparent than real. The author of *The Relation of Science to Scholastic Philosophy* rightly holds that there can be no conflict between two or more distinct spheres or departments of truths. The author of this article as rightly holds that there is a conflict on those subjects and proves it by existing facts in regard to the unfriendly attitude of scientists and theologians. But it will appear sufficiently obvious to any

We purpose, then, to inquire into the reasons of such a conflict, the existence of which, real or imaginary, is obvious enough. Parties cannot be hostile to each other unless they come into relations that will provoke hostility; nor can an actual conflict take place unless they are close to each other. The question then may be put: Is there any necessary contact of culture with religion? Is there any reason why they should be thrown so close together as to be ever ready to commence hostilities? or to be in a state of actual hostilities? As nothing takes place without a cause, this too must have one. In our own country where the true friends of sound education are so few,—where the indifferent and hostile are so numerous and powerful,—everything that contributes to a better understanding between all parties ought to be eagerly welcomed. There is reason to believe that the friends of science have not sufficiently considered this historical connection; or have not made due allowance for the assistance and support the Church has given to literary culture, at least in its beginnings.

To what extent evolution may prevail in the realm of animated nature is a question upon which the most eminent naturalists are divided; but no thoughtful man can deny that its influence is far reaching upon the body politic, of which every stage is but the natural consequent of some condition immediately preceding. There is no more incontestible truth than that society does not advance *per saltum*, but regularly from stage to stage. Where sudden and sweeping changes seem to have taken place, they are always transient, unless they are the result of a long period of preparation. It is perhaps not too much to say that all human society is in a state of progression; it is certainly true so far as that part of it is concerned which comes under consideration in this article. Thoughtful men will not complain that this progress is not more rapid, for they are the last persons to find

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one that the truths of science cannot be at variance with the truths of religion, and hence that the real conflict, to which the author refers, is between narrow-minded men on the one hand, and bigoted-minded men on the other. It is a human conflict, having for its occasion the myths of conceited men, and by no means the incongruity of divine truth.—Ed.

fault with the inevitable. This advancement cannot be accelerated by violent and unnatural measures. The attempt to do so would most likely result in disaster, certainly in disappointment. A republican government forced upon a people ceases to be republican, ceases to be what it professes. An ethical creed imposed upon a people who have not been educated up to an intelligent comprehension of its teachings speedily degenerates in their hands; while a religion that is kindly disposed toward immorality becomes moral in the practice of the naturally virtuous. The tadpole becomes a frog no faster than the laws of nature push it forward; neither does society make enduring progress except in conformity to the laws of social organization. In fact, the law may not be as inflexible in one case as in the other; but in principle it holds equally good in both. What are called reforms are therefore only possible in a condition of society where the need of them is felt; and reformers are often compelled to educate the community up to a comprehension of the changes they propose. Take as an illustration the belief in witchcraft, not long ago so common, but now very uncommon. We look in vain for any immediate cause of its disappearance. Society has simply outgrown it. During the prevalence of this delusion, book after book was written to confute it, that would now convince almost anybody of its absurdity, but which in its time had almost no influence. Its death was owing to the increase of general intelligence, and nobody can tell just when it took place. Some years ago, the majority of Americans were greatly elated over the progress of republican government in Spain. To those who had not closely studied the state of public opinion it seemed impossible that, with the brilliant Castellar to lead the advance, a reactionary government could ever again be established. Yet Spain is not a republic to-day, because of the scarcity of republicans among her citizens. There are articles in the creed of every Church that nobody believes and yet to which every member subscribes. No one has the courage to propose their omission. The most thoughtful men are deterred from proposing innovations by the feeling of reverence which

is entertained for the past—a feeling of gratitude and respect for the bridge that has carried multitudes safely over. We see therefore,—or at least we ought to see,—that the true educator is not he who attacks a prevalent belief, or denounces a particular condition of society; but he who labors for the spread of general intelligence. It is only the broad sunlight that dispels the darkness.

Having now briefly stated some principles to be kept in view in our study of a particular phase of intellectual progress, we purpose to trace rapidly the history of the relation of religion to mental culture, with the intention of discovering how far the backward state of our higher education, the meager encouragement given to the pursuit of pure science or knowledge for its own sake, is chargeable to the Church. Few persons competent to judge will deny that, considered absolutely, or indeed in comparison, with what has been done in the foremost countries of Europe, the Church has done this work poorly; but she seems to have done a work that would otherwise not have been done. We shall most carefully avoid the standpoint of a partisan, and let the facts bear their own testimony. As we cannot wholly conceal our dissent from the course pursued by orthodox people, whether heathen or christian, in regard to scientific investigation, we are in little danger of saying too much in their favor.

The word religion as here used, and as generally accepted, may be briefly defined as, The habit of mind with which men regard their relation to supernatural powers and to a future life.\* A man therefore who does not believe in the reality of either, may be denominated a man without a religion. Education is usually understood to mean, That degree of intellectual culture and training in the use of his faculties which one man can communicate to another. It implies not only

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\* The author is not strictly scientific and, therefore, not strictly correct in his definition of religion. It seems to us that religion consists in the exercise of the emotional powers or faculties of the mind upon their proper object—the Supreme, personal or impersonal. The devout man is a religious man though he be as sinful as David, or as atheistical as Marcus Aurelius.—Ed.

instruction in the use of the mental powers, but also the furnishment of a certain amount of intellectual capital, which in union with the former shall yield further increase of itself. The highest intellectual achievements are only indirectly the result of education; just as the millions a man may gain are the result of a few thousands with which he began business. A man who starts out in life with a good education is just as likely to achieve greatness as the man who begins business with a few thousands is to become a millionaire.

As Hahn truly remarks, institutions must not simply be regarded as existing, but also as a production of gradual growth. We cannot, therefore, rightly comprehend any of these without also considering their past history. The religious affairs of nations and their highest average culture have been controlled by the same party, or have at least been closely allied interests since the first dim twilight of history enables us to discern anything. Everywhere that records exist, the priest and the priestess are the first figures that emerge from the darkness. The sacerdotal party, the embodiment of conservatism, has not as a general thing been hostile to progress; it has only striven to keep progress in a course of its own directing. The ancient Greek with all his wonderful intellectual endowments was intensely religious. The great debt of modern society to him has been incurred largely because he was influenced by this sentiment in a marked degree. The sculptor, the painter, the poet, all these put forth their highest efforts, less for the glory of their art than for that of the gods. We do not deny that an inborn national impulse was an important, but it was not the most important. The cities of Greece with their splendid temples, offer abundant evidence of the zeal of their inhabitants in the cause of religion. The book with which every Greek became first familiar and which remained the favorite of his whole after-life, was not a book of instruction in art or science, but it was a book containing an account of the dealings of the gods with men,—a religious book. Do what he would, his first care was to seek the favor of the gods; nor was the most unimportant act of his life without its significance to them, in his opinion. Religion

grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. Herodotus, the most indefatigable investigator of ancient times, was exceedingly careful in all things to keep on the "good side" of the gods; yet his religious scruples did not deter him from prosecuting his researches, even if they now and then prevented his communicating them to others. Though the religion of the Greeks had little or no influence upon their morality, it had an immense influence upon their social and political organization;\* and the increase of infidelity kept pace with the decline of public spirit. Even if we reserve the statement the facts remain the same. As soon as man comes to believe that no being higher than his fellow man is to be benefited by what he does he becomes short-sighted and selfish to the last degree.

The ancient Roman was equally religious. In popular tradition his City was founded under religious auspices; in point of fact every city, every household was inaugurated with propitiatory rites. The very word (inaugurate) that we still use to designate a like ceremony, bears living testimony to the truth of this statement. The State or City was less a community of men belonging to the same tribe, than of men practising the same religious rites: they were first co-religionists, next Athenians or Romans. The chief men of the State knew how to perform the rites of their superstition as well as they knew

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\* Curtius, after stating that it was not in accordance with the nature of the Greeks to view in contrast the state and religion as they most intimately pervaded each other, says: "The priestly colleges took good care not to endanger their influence on public affairs by exaggerated pretensions; and in compensation for this moderation were very properly entrusted with the settlement of ordinances which in no wise interfered with the inner development of the single States, but rather established a beneficent harmony among the numerous cities and States, a harmony which, had the common order of the Divine will been neglected, could only have been attained to in a very difficult and utterly imperfect manner by means of a multiplicity of special compacts."—*Hist. of Greece*, Vol. II, p. 25.

In the nature of the case there is nothing in Christianity with its multi-form minor difference of creed which would in any way interfere with the healthy and natural development of a State. The influence of national character and advancement is always quite as great upon religion as vice versa.

anything,—for the majority of men have always thought and still think it more important to possess the favor of the immortals than of mortals.

The plainest dictates of prudence and human reason have frequently been, and are still, disregarded at the imagined beck of the gods,—of course with the most disastrous results. Nobody doubts that the Athenian democracy received its death-blow from the religious scruples of one of its generals. Yet in both Greece and Rome, religion was the conservator of the State, and both general and soldiers forgot their accustomed bravery when the omens were unfavorable. It is true as a general principle that the period of a nation's greatest power is when the religious sentiment is most fervid. The more one examines the case, the stronger becomes the conviction that the religious sentiment, though at times a destructive force, is natural and universal—a sort of inborn faculty. In its generally beneficent influence and its occasional destructiveness, it may be compared to fire or water. It cannot be explained any more than the growth of the hair or nails. The fierce warriors who dwelt in the forests of Germany would not endure punishment at the hands of their equals; it could only be inflicted by a priest acting by direction of a god.\* The Israelites often reluctantly obeyed Moses, and sometimes even rebelled against his authority, though every one of his commands was prefaced with, "Thus saith the Lord." If man is the creature of an all-wise and all-powerful Creator, the religious sentiment was implanted for wise reasons; if he is the product of evolution, the instinct of self-preservation must have led him to cherish it so assiduously. From this dilemma there is no escape. Perhaps, when our posterity shall have become a race of atheists or positivists, it will be clear to them why we have been obliged to pass through the religious stage,—a stage in which exist so many conflicting and apparently irreconcilable interests, all equally a part of ourselves. For the present we must be content to receive it as an ultimate fact in the history of the human mind, that no force influences us more powerfully than the religious.

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\* See Tacitus' *German*, Chap. VII.

It needs but a few words to remind the reader that the preceding statements regarding the Greeks and Romans are equally true of the Eastern nations. Among these the religious sentiment was, if possible, still more intense. In Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Chaldea, Palestine, all literary culture was in the hands of those charged with the care of religion, and science cultivated chiefly or entirely for its sake. The priest was likewise poet, law-giver and historian.

When, then, a religion largely imbued with the spirit of Judaism became prevalent in Europe, nothing was more natural than that the clergy should become for a time the sole depositories of political and literary influence. The interests of education were placed in their charge, because from the very nature of the then social organization it could not be otherwise. Many a time did the rude warriors of the Middle Ages boast that they could not write, because the training to the use of the battle-axe had left no time to be devoted to such monkish employment. During several centuries the Christian clergy returned a full equivalent for the power entrusted to them, and the people were not dissatisfied with priestly rule. In Western Europe monkish life was by no means contemplative and ascetic merely; it was active and social in a large measure. In France, from the sixth to the eighth century, secular literature no longer exists;\* and the same is true of all Southern Europe. The clergy alone study and write, chiefly in the interests of religion. They study and teach rhetoric, grammar, dialectics, astronomy, etc., solely for the sake of the benefits that accrue therefrom to the Church. When Karl the Great sought men to take charge of the schools he proposed to establish, he could find no suitable persons except clergymen; and there is no reason to believe that he was prejudiced in their favor, or against laymen. It is a trite and true statement that history is chiefly based upon records kept by priests. Modern culture is founded almost exclusively upon the laborious accumulation of the mediæval Church. We can not but look with retrospective regret upon the meagreness of these records; but the Church is hardly more responsible for

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\* *Vide* Hahn and Guizot.



it, than for the shortcomings of our Civil Service. We have cause for congratulation that so much has been saved out of convulsions so extremely unfavorable to literature and literary pursuits. Had not even secular literature been invested with a kind of sacredness in the eyes of laymen, it would most likely have perished more completely than it did. This sanctity attached thereto, because of the attention given to it by the clergy, and it was not their fault that for many centuries those who held the temporal power thought even the rudiments of a literary education unworthy of their regard.

When we look into the origin of the educational institutions of Europe, those that still exist, no less than those that have passed away, we find that they have nearly all been founded in the interests of religion. We have not complete statistics at command, but all the evidence goes to show that not one university founded before the end of the eighteenth century, but was established avowedly for the glory of God and the Church. This is true not only of Catholic, but also of Protestant universities. What the Church founded and fostered was of course expected and conducted to promote her interests. Society was so imbued with the religious idea that no organization could come into existence or flourish that did not share this all-pervading sentiment.

Such being the condition of things in Europe, it was of necessity transplanted hither when this country was first settled by Europeans. The Puritans, who gave our educational institutions their representative character, were men who had come to America solely for the sake of their religion. It was hardly less a part of themselves than was the religion of a Greek, a Roman or a Jew, part of himself. Yet they were men of a certain grade of culture and desired that their descendants should not be behind in this regard. They founded schools and colleges; but it was as certain as the operation of a natural law could make it, that the interests of religion would be first cared for in them. The largest number of our colleges were founded by Protestants; but the sanction of the Church was considered no less essential to their success than was that of the Pope to the first European

universities. They were founded directly by religious denominations, or indirectly for them, by men who were first church members, and next, as well as secondarily, patrons of learning. Among the founders of our government were a few conspicuous men of rationalistic proclivities; but the impress they made upon our literary institutions was very slight. [It had been better for the country had it been greater.] The student of our history is frequently reminded that these men seldom insisted upon a recognition of their peculiar views, believing it better to yield to the sentiment of the majority for the purpose of promoting harmony. Nearly all American college presidents have been clergymen, chosen to labor in their places for the good of the Church; and they were true to their trust in proportion to the zeal displayed in her cause. Even when sincerely desirous of promoting science for its own sake, they seldom had the necessary means at disposal after the Church that had the first claim had received her share. The large sums of money that have been given during the year 1878, whether wisely or not, to our colleges, have been obtained in a large measure through clerical influence; and the givers would in most cases have felt themselves aggrieved if their gifts had not been used directly or indirectly in the cause of the Church. How necessary to success clerical influence is believed to be, may be known from the fact that many of our State colleges are presided over by clergymen. As non-church members largely out-number church members, and as the State is in no sense a religious corporation, here would seem to be an opportunity for gaining popularity by ignoring the Church,—this hindrance to profound scholarship, as is often claimed. Or is intelligence still so largely confined to the Christian ministry, that the outside world is forced to turn to her for presidents and professors? No;—but the American people are still so religious that no institution professedly non-religious, can with reason expect a large measure of patronage.

But, granting for the sake of argument that the Church was, and is still, mistaking her calling in founding and fostering educational institutions,—for as we have seen they could

not be otherwise than religious, because there is in the nature of the case a conflict between science and dogma, what would we have had in place of these institutions? What else can we say, but that religious denominations have furnished all the systematic higher education obtainable in this country, except such as was strictly professional? The few institutions of recent date founded by State legislatures or by private liberality, however influential they may yet become, cannot be taken into account. There are a few State schools of long standing, but their influence has been limited and their efficiency somewhat spasmodic. Exposed too often to the tender mercies of contending political parties, they have led an existence enfeebled by alternation, neglect and over-attention. When teachers obtain positions as pay for political service done, or to be done, education fares far worse than it does at the hands of the Church. The Church has pretty universally a feeling that she can do that for which she was instituted by encouraging the highest order of a certain kind of literary ability, compared to which efficiency in ordinary politics is a mere nothing. Not long ago a professor in a non-sectarian university remarked to the writer of this article, that in his experience denominational influence was less mischievous than political; for it always pulled in the same direction and one could easily meet it or keep along with the current, which was not the case in politics.\*

Admitting the highest claim that can be made for State colleges on just grounds, they do not turn out a higher order of scholarship than do those of the Church. Eighteen State universities, whose statistics are before me, had, by the last report of the Commissioner of Education, an average of

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\* Several months after the above was written, the *Nation*, No. 649, contained the following: "None of the State universities so-called, are successful in the highest and best sense of the word. Some of them are the mere playthings of politicians, and, as a general rule, the more ignorant a politician is the more he has to say about the university. In all of them the pay of the professor is scanty, the interference of the incompetent constant, and the humiliations frequent and deep."—No one would say that the above was written in the interest of sectarian colleges.

one hundred and twenty-one students; when twenty sectarian colleges had an average of two hundred and twenty-two students, or nearly twice as many. Popularity alone is not a safe test of the character of a college; but we have abundant opportunities of knowing that sectarian influence, though often narrow, is much wholesomer than political influence. Nobody is so ready to sneer at the advantages of science as the average politician, and nobody so prone to pay the student meagrely and grudgingly for that which does not benefit "the party." I need not cite instances; for who does not know that even our Congressmen seldom think of the earnest and devoted student, except to ridicule his pursuits?

Perhaps we can get light upon this question by looking at it from another point of view. It might be supposed, if we had educational institutions freed from both ecclesiastical and political control, the highest efficiency would be reached. We have these in most of our law and medical colleges; but we will speak here only of the latter; certainly no kind of knowledge and skill tells more directly upon the community than that possessed by the physician. It would seem that a bungler could not avoid speedy detection and disgrace. It would seem that no set of men could be more useful to the community and to themselves than a medical faculty which should grant diplomas only to thoroughly competent physicians. But what are the facts in the case? Nearly all our medical colleges are mere shams, ranking far below our literary institutions. A rustic who can not so much as write a legible hand, or comprehend English of a higher than the third or fourth reader grade, is turned loose upon society, armed with a diploma signed by a number of highly *honorable* men, certifying that the bearer is competent to deal with the delicate issues of human life and death. These men soon find their level in spite of their diplomas; for they can not sustain themselves in the large cities where they come into competition with the better informed. In the small towns and rural districts, however, the character of medical practice is such that a patient generally fares far better under the care of a nurse, who follows only the dictates of common-sense and the lessons

of a little experience, than in the hands of a "regularly educated physician." Time and again the attention of the public is called in various ways to this flagrant abuse, and—there the matter rests. Verily, the world wants to be deceived; occasionally we meet with a protest against incompetent physicians; but the medical colleges go on grinding out their annual grist all the same.

Those who blame the Church for the backward condition of our higher education, look almost entirely at one side of the question. Take away what she has done and what is there left? Even if the objector shows what would have been a wiser course, it is only evidence of the ease with which men prophesy after the event. It would be easy to reform the drunkard if he would cease drinking; it would be easy to build up great institutions in the place of our little ones, if only the means were forth-coming. But the terrible *if* is the malignant spirit that is continually in the way. The Church is as little satisfied with the world as the Utopian philosophers are; but she does more than simply point out defects; she honestly, even if sometimes mistakenly, tries to make it better. If she can not get much, she does the best she can with little. The religious denominations of this country, owing to a lack of means, have never been able to do half what their representatives have desired and planned. The question has not been "how much do we want?" but, "how much can we get?" The fact that the gifts to denominational institutions during the last fifteen or twenty years have almost if not altogether equalled those of the preceding years of the century, argues that no dissatisfaction has been awakened with the manner in which these gifts have been employed. The leaders have kept as far in advance of the rank and file as was prudent. But what has the State done? We may see by comparing these facts, that in our country, society when organized into a religious denomination, represents a much higher average of intelligence than when organized into a political party or into a corporation for private interests. Our educators have done wisely then by casting in their lot with the Church rather than with the State.

We do not deny that the outlook for the ambitious student is a gloomy one. Little has been done and little is likely to be done, to judge from present prospects, for the encouragement of original investigation. But I deny that the Church is as much to blame as the body politic. Taking into consideration the small number of church members as compared with our entire population, the Protestant Church has been our strongest organized educational agency. The chief reason why she has been so much found fault with, is that she has always been a conspicuous advocate of education. It is always and only the active party that makes mistakes, the let-alone party never does.

Religious denominations represent organized activity operating in certain directions. This force is weak or powerful in proportion to the interest members take in the objects presented to their attention; and what depends almost entirely upon material resources, can only flourish as these shall be forth-coming. Great intelligence or profound scholarship are essentially aristocratic in tendency. In a country so democratic as ours these must necessarily, for a long time to come, receive but little encouragement from the general public. Our average intelligence is not high, although it is almost universally admitted that in natural cleverness we are not surpassed by any people. When the common man sends his son to college, he expects him to learn that which shall have a practical value, and cares very little for anything else. He has tolerated Greek and Latin because they are a legacy that had a value in the eyes of the givers, and not for the value discoverable by him in these languages. Culture for its own sake is a something that very few persons are able to appreciate, least of all those who do not possess it. The average church-member is in intelligence only the average American, and it is not the fault of his church relation that he looks with comparative indifference upon the cause of higher education. The opposition that the representatives of denominational institutions generally make to men of unsound views, though in a sense deplorable, is no unnatural phenomenon. A college founded by a church, supported chiefly by and for that church,

can not be expected to introduce into itself influences counter to its material and spiritual interests. Exactly the same motives lead political parties to fill offices in their gift by men from among themselves, though their opponents may oftentimes possess the best material; yet, only very recently does it seem to have occurred to a few persons that such a course ought to be abandoned. Is a board of trustees blameworthy if they refuse to introduce into a college elements that will decrease its patronage, or perhaps endanger its existence? In this, purely a business transaction, laics are fully as conservative as theologians. If men were by nature desirous of one another's welfare, we can easily see how the progress of the human race might be much more rapid than it is. But history is a continuous chain of evidence to man's indolence, jealousy and subservience to other base passions, which must be subdued or kept in check by some counter force more powerful than these, before he will apply himself to mental culture, or any other equally intangible enjoyment. Dissatisfaction with the powers that be has been the feeling of the majority from time immemorial because they have hindered sensuous gratification. Least and last of all, then, will men in the natural course of events, concern themselves about that which will chiefly benefit posterity. That restraint by penalty is essential to the existence of society, men admit in common who agree in nothing else; and Voltaire and Bishop Butler equally concede the necessity of an assured, or real future judgment.

The pursuit of knowledge for the sake of knowing, can not flourish except among a highly civilized people; and it has been demonstrated that as yet there has appeared no more patient and lasting civilizing agency than Christianity. Man, by the structure of his mental constitution, must be a religious (or superstitious) being. We hear the fact deplored because of the obstructions it throws in the way of his progress. This may be the case; man's religious sentiment may be an encumbrance to him; but so is his body, and progress is regulated no less by the needs of the one than the other. It is well known that in France during the last century, a number of self-styled philosophers arose, who, intentionally or otherwise,

almost entirely undermined the belief in the truths of Christianity among their countrymen. The fear of future punishment, and with it, respect for temporal and ecclesiastical authority was well-nigh eradicated. If the Church has been a bar to progress, this emancipated nation should have manifested a solicitude for literary culture and learned men, such as never had been witnessed before. But they found less favor than under the ascendancy of the Church; and after she had ceased to make martyrs to science, the party that had freed itself entirely from the restraints of all religion, executed men for daring to know more than their neighbors.

Religious communities may do little for science; but if we may judge from past examples, irreligious ones will do still less.

What has been said above is in no sense intended as an apology for the Church; nothing is more healthful for her than that her shortcomings and the way of improvement be pointed out. But we must never lose sight of the fact that man is first a human being, afterwards, and exceptionally, a student of nature. After the *man* has enjoyed those refining influences which have gradually weaned him from the love of what is gross, he may look with some degree of contempt upon the unilluminated; but he should not forget that what yields him pleasure may yield none to his neighbor, and that what is perfectly clear to him may be impenetrably obscure to his fellow.

Even if we are destined to be a race of atheists when we shall have reached the acme of civilization, our debt to Christianity will be none the less; it will have been the scaffolding by which alone the structure could be reared.

In conclusion, it will be in order to ask and answer the question: What is the prospect for the higher and highest education in our country? That we are making some progress must be conceded; but the rate is slow. In the harangue of most Fourth of July and Commencement orators, we are getting along with tremendous rapidity, while the other nations of the earth are either gnashing their teeth with impotent rage or gazing at us in stupid amazement. But to



an unprejudiced observer, and particularly to the scholar, there are many drawbacks visible. From present indications, the government will not for, at least, a hundred years to come do anything worth mentioning for the encouragement, directly or indirectly, of original research. Our legislators do not vote money to aid enterprises that will not pay at once. They regard knowledge as a luxury and impose a heavy duty on foreign books. The earnest student has little time to devote to money-making; and in order, it would seem to interfere as much as possible with his pursuits, our government compels him to pay two prices for every book he gets from abroad. The "effete monarchies of Europe" of which we hear a good deal, have not yet learned this source of revenue. When a clamor for retrenchment arises, both State and Federal legislators usually begin the work by cutting down professors' salaries, and reducing or entirely withdrawing appropriations, (where such have been granted) for collecting statistics and making scientific observations; but their own salaries go up, and constituents, in general, approve the acts of their representatives.

The sums of money raised by the various denominations would, if judiciously applied, do much good; but their policy is rather to diffuse knowledge than to deepen it. Every synod, conference and diocese is clamorous for its own college or university. As soon as a few thousand dollars are raised the institution is set agoing. We have a few excellent colleges; but they are still a good way from being real universities. Certain kind of instruction they furnish perhaps of as good quality as can be had anywhere, but, owing to lack of means, at such a high price as to be practically out of reach of many who would best profit thereby. Public opinion is against the student who devotes himself steadily to a single department. The professor (or Jack) of all arts and sciences is our favorite character. Teachers are generally obliged to teach so much of one thing, or a little of so many things, that they have time for nothing else. The friends of culture do not claim that college professors, or in fact anybody, ought to be paid for doing nothing, or next to nothing, as is too often

the case with the English university Fellows; but they do claim that those who manifest special talent ought to be allowed some time for creating knowledge, so to speak, and should not be compelled to devote all their energies to imparting the knowledge accumulated in the years gone by. The pay of these men, small as it generally is, would in most cases be sufficient if they were completely beyond the reach of heresy-smellers and intriguing politicians. But the lack of intelligent encouragement for the student who devotes himself unflinchingly to a single line of investigation, and who is not willing to put his hand or head to anything else, is the most serious drawback; for it is only through such devotion that the highest excellence can be attained. It will be a long time till our leaders of public opinion shall have learned that there is something higher and nobler than wealth and political influence. It will be equally long till the religious denominations of the land shall have become convinced that one real university is more to be desired than a hundred that are so only in name. Until then the true friends of knowledge must "learn to labor and to wait."

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## ART. VI.—LIBRARIES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

1. *Special Report of the Bureau of Education.* By JOHN EATON. Washington: 1876.

THE custom of forming libraries is a very old one. It began with the desire of kings and leaders of men to save their memories from the oblivion that fell upon the lives of common people. The first books were of stone, an easily found and permanent sort of material, older by generations and ages than parchment and paper; and the writing-styles or pens for making the hard words of antiquity were first of flint and subsequently of metal. The earliest books were of granite or gypsum. The "Sibylline leaves" were no doubt, written on this last, or on slate; and there were "sermons in stones" long before the time of the philosophic duke in *As You Like It*. The inventor of letters—Nebo, or Thoth, or Seth, or Saf, or Enoch, or Hermes, or Fenius Farsah, or Cadmus, or Hercules Ogmius, or Yah—wrote on the rock; the Hebrew Deity having inscribed with his own hand the first exemplar of the Ten Commandments.

Some recorders have supposed that the first writing was traced on a softer material, *i. e.*, the bark of trees; and it is the general belief that the Latin word for book, *liber*, and our word, "library," have been derived from that root. A few words on this ancient mistake may not unappropriately preface what we have to say about books; some of the encyclopedists having set us the example.

*Liber* and "library" had their origin in an ancient term for speech, as in the Sanskrit *lipi* (writing), which had its root in the still more ancient word *lip*, or *lib*, or *gilp*, signifying "mouth." The gypsies used the term *lav* for speech, as may be learned from George Borrow or Mr. Leland, and the

early Kelts of the British Isles wrote it *clepe* (to "say") and *gilp*—a "saying" or report. *Liber*—the Irish *leobar*—meant "utterance." The bark of a tree is therefore not at all wanted in modern philology. The Latins seldom or never used the word *librarium* to express a collection of books, preferring the Greek *bibliotheca*—a term preferred also by the Latin races of Europe, and even by the Germans. The word *byblos*, it may be observed, has been derived from an Egyptian reed. But it drew its simpler meaning from the matrix of all speech—the mouth and signified "speech" in all ancient languages; being visible in *Pali*, *Pehlvi*, *Popul-vuh*—this last a most interesting instance, coming as it does from the Guatemalan ground of Central America. "*Babble*," a long descended and venerable part of speech, lies at the root of the Legend of the Euphrates, which sets forth the confusion of languages in Mesopotamia. Again, our term "book," has carried a false label for a thousand years, during which learned men have derived it from a beech-tree. It is simply the Keltic *baugh* or *boe*, "word," (the Greek *bagma*) formed on a primitive term for "mouth," which in Italy was written *hoc* or *bocca*, and elsewhere, *poc* or *mug*. Language was at first the most simple, direct and logical science of the human race. But civilization in the course of time, fell into its misleading habits of mystification and fantasy, and twisted its vocabulary into a thousand shapes of metaphor, sorcery and general bewilderment.

The antique word, "library," (however spelled) meant simply "writing." And when the first penman began to furrow his meaning with a stone on another stone he was getting up a *bibliotheca*, as the Latin writers termed it. He was a man of Assyria or Asia Minor, according to the best evidence of antiquity; and a king, that is, a self-willed man of leisure, longing to leave, along with his body, some record of himself for those who should come after. He wrote on stones and slabs, and, to secure his biography, arranged these in the solid walls of his palace. Many evidences of such a purpose on the part of those ancient scribes may be found in the works of Botta, Layard and others, who have excavated the ruins of

Nineveh, one of the very oldest *baliks* or cities in the world, situated on that earliest ground of history and of human language. Pliny, following the most ancient traditions, believed that letters originated in Assyria; while he added that, according to Aulus Gellius and others, they first came from Egypt; and, according to others, from Syria. The modern explorers of the Euphrates region, have discovered the very earliest style of writing words, that is, the wedge-formed, and also the cruciform and mallet-headed,—shapes that must have been employed long prior to the use of the fanciful Egyptian fashion called the ideographic, or hieroglyphic. This last was at first thought to represent ideas in a figurative way; but it is really accompanied and kept together by alphabetic words, in the earliest style. Those Assyrian wedges or strokes were the forerunners of the strokes called “runes” in Western Europe. Botta says they were used throughout all Western Asia. He and other orientalists have traced their resemblance to the strokes and lines of the Zend and the Sanskrit; and it is very evident that they were represented—as, indeed, they still are—in the writing of the Chinese. In truth, the first Assyrian choice of those letter-shapes seems to have been as logical and full of purpose as the original artifice of speech itself. The crosses and the mallet-heads so widely adopted as the first writing-signs, must have originated in one very general idea. They never could have grown out of the wild fancies of men or the fantastic scrolleries of the human hand; nor were they the parings or leavings of the animal shapes to be found in the Egyptian hieroglyphics, as the learned Bunsen and, indeed, almost all other Egyptologists and Orientalists have led us to suppose.

Those written signs for the Assyrian words spoken in the early ages of the world were, in fact, and beyond reasonable doubt, shaped after the most familiar, simple, irrefutable, sacrosanct and execrated symbol of antiquity, and, indeed, of all the world, up to the open day in which we live, *i. e.*, after the thing we call a “cross.” And of this phonetical cross it must be further observed that it is the most ancient of human words for “speech,” traceable through ten thousand variations—

a truth which, with other considerations, would forever fix its alphabetical character in the minds of the early tribes of man. The wedge or *cuneus* was only another shape of the "cross," and the Assyrians called it sacred; so sacred that they represented it on their altars. The fact may be verified by any one who may have an opportunity of seeing the *Caillon Michaux*, preserved in the National Museum at Paris. This curious, *i. e.*, cruciform, origin of chirography or hand-writing has never been set forth in our language, or in any other. The proofs of it need not be stated here; but they are strong enough to disconcert all the philological notions and speech-theories of our time.

The first libraries, then, belonged to the Assyrian inventors of those wedges, mallets or crosses—men who wrote on rocks *in situ*, obelisks, Egyptian slabs, pillars, walls, coffins, bricks, cylinders, clay-tablets, etc., at Nimroud, Kalah, Shergat, Khorsabad, Birs Nimroud, and other notable sites of that riverine ground, and who set the fashions for those who made cuneiform inscriptions at Behistun, Murghab, Persepolis, Lake Van and Nahr el Kall, in Syria. The first librarians of that region were kings and priests, the chiefs of the cultured class. The kings would be most anxious to have their achievements remembered. Herodotus tells us how Darius erected two pillars on the Bosphorus, on which were written the names of those tribes that constituted his armament; and another in Thrace, to tell a similar story. The raising of those pillars was one of the oldest of the literary fashions. Each pillar was a book in the shape of the sacred wedge already alluded to. Those ancient steles or obelisks were usually inscribed like that named from Cleopatra, and recently carried from Alexandria to London. Josephus tells how Seth, in the first ages of the world, raised two pillars in "the land of Seriad," and wrote upon them the knowledge of things then possessed by the human race.\* Those royal librarians presided over a

\* *Antiq. Jud.*, b. I. c. III. It may be noted that Seriad meant "writing," in the Semetic dialects, and that it has the same meaning as plainly in the Keltic. A "Pillar of Seriad" would mean, "An inscribed pillar." Indeed the word *seriad* lies embedded in one of the most notable couplets of "Piers Ploughman"—a fact of which the Rev. W. Skeat, recent editor of that work, is of course, completely unaware.

numerous collection of inscribed slabs at Nineveh and clay-tablets at Babylon. At the latter place the late George Smith, of the British Museum, discovered a vast library of such tablets, some of which he translated. \* Jules Oppert recently published a Tablet of Sardanapalus V who lived B. C. 650, and who had a very enlightened wish to raise the intellectual standard of his subjects. The royal scribe declares:

"Palace of Sardanapalus, king of the world,† ruler of Assyria, to whom the god Nebo ‡ and the goddess Ourmit have given ears to hear and eyes to see that which is the basis of good government. They have revealed to the kings, my predecessors, the art of writing. The manifestation of the god, Nebo, of the god of supreme intellect, I have written on tablets, and have put it in order, and have placed it in the midst of my palace for the instruction of my subjects."

We have quoted this as the very best of those writings that have come down to us from the dim antiquity of the Euphrates and the Tigris; conveying as it does such a good idea of social amelioration, so modern in its expression and so unlike the generality of those oriental documents, which, to say the truth, are barbarous and barren enough in their general tenor. King Sardanapalus V certainly meant a public library for the use of the people, and in his own palace too, — a piece of democracy highly creditable to a man of his birth and surroundings. Nothing to be found on the stones of Behistun or Persepolis is at all equal in archaic importance to this simple allocution on the subject of popular education in Assyria. The reader will, no doubt, have noticed the king's very significant assertion that Nebo and Ourmit enabled his predecessors to invent the art of writing with letters. His opinion is much more emphatic than that of Pliny, tending as it does to attach the origin of letters, and, probably, of

\* *History of Assurbanipal*, translated by Geo. Smith, London: 1871.

† In justice to king Sardanapalus it may be noted that all ancient words for "world" meant "tribes" and "people," and that in all probability the writer of the document merely meant he was "chief of his nation," according to the Keltic formula with which our readers may be familiar.

‡ The king's divinities of literature were chosen with a good deal of judgment since both Nebo and Ourmit carried in their names the signification of "speech" and "science."

speech, to that fertile alluvion of "the Rivers." This king, who has been identified with Assurbanipal by the later Assyriologists, seems to have been the most enlightened of his race. By his order, a vast collection of inscribed clay tablets was made and properly arranged by the writers, after the manner of a library, in a suitable apartment of his palace. Most of them were copies of older records, and the place in which they were kept would have in some respects the character of a Registry-office for the kingdom, as well as a library. The collection included histories, religious treatises, law-essays and codes, deeds of the sale of property, &c.; and Sir Henry Rawlinson asserts that the amount of such remains, already brought to light in Assyria, is greater than the number of inscriptions discovered in Egypt; a statement that may give some idea of the literary genius and general intelligence of those ancient masters of Mesopotamia, and thus strengthen the belief, long entertained, that speech was first devised in that region. As regards this belief, we may quote the opinion of M. Renan, who is a fair judge of the traditions and history of language.

"It may be asserted," he says, "that all Asia, as far as the Punjab, received the cursive alphabet of the Arameans; just as all Europe, to its Western verge, received it from the Phœnicians; that is to say, from one end of the world to the other, alphabetic writing has been the gift of the Semitic race."

The ancient Egyptians inherited the fashion of libraries along with alphabet of wedge-like letters, from the meditative kings, priests and other literary craftsmen of Assyria. The first use of these in the "Canal-country"—for, all the names of Egypt have that meaning; a *cruce* which the Sphinx has hitherto been able to conceal from the Œdipuses of literature—has been dated about 3,000 B. C., and, no doubt, they would be known on the Nile, soon after their origin on the Tigris. The oldest Egyptian writings are in the character called "cursive," formed of lines and junctions. This style is also named "hieratic," and is distinct from the "hieroglyphic" which has been commonly regarded as the earliest; but is evidently a modern system in comparison with the other, the cuniform.

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\* *De l'Origine du Language*, Paris: 1858.



The Greeks, Herodotus and others, who ignorantly twisted foreign words into shapes that could carry a Greek meaning, have greatly misled modern ideas in this matter. They said *hieroglyph* meant "sacred writing." But this word had the simple meaning of "writing letters;" holding in all the oldest languages the term *ere*, or *rec* or *worc*, which, however spelled, had the meaning of "word" and "writing," as in our terms "reckon," "record," "work"—this last, notably enough, signifying "book" in all Keltic speech. *Glyf*, *gylf*, or *lav*, had the kindred meaning of "word" or "sign." "Hieratic" is another term, meaning simply "writing," and it holds a word, *gerraité*, signifying "letters" in all oldest languages and being a shape of the term "word" itself. That notion of "sacred," we repeat, is a blunder of archaic literature; and philology must get rid of it. It may be farther noted that the Chinese, whose forms of language are the oldest in the world, offer evidence on that subject of the early "wedges" of Assyria. They have a legend to the effect that the Tortoise which held up the world, carried on its back an inscription in "tadpole shaped letters." That "tortoise" is a much older authority than any of the cartularies of Thebes.

In Egypt, also, the kings were the first professors and protectors of letters, and their libraries were the walls of their palaces, and subsequently the penetralia of their huge pyramids, the apartments of which were hung round with history, as with a tapestry, for the information of posterity and the preservation of their own memory. In this respect the old Egyptian architecture might be considered the complement of its old literature; and the architecture and the literature were both natural appeals against oblivion,—the fate from which the human instincts have been always recoiling. In those early days there were royal roads to literature, and the oldest library in the world—to employ the term in its modern acceptation—was that of the king of Ozymandias, whose date as fixed by the chronologers, is 1400 B. C. The library situated at Thebes, has been named the Ramesseon; and the Greeks have told us that the motto over its entrance was, *Psychea latreion*, i. e. the "Dispensary of the Soul," a false gloss,

very probably, on the genuine Egyptian words. *Beasc* in all old languages, meant "speech," and "science," and *iatrieion* would be an early shape of *atrium*, a "hall;" hence it might be concluded that the Egyptian inscription really meant "Hall of Science"—or "Book Room,"—an explanation not sufficiently dignified perhaps to suit the Hellenic imagination. In this library of Ozymandyas, the books seem to have been made of parchment, linen or prepared papyrus, written on with a reed or paint brush—an improvement on the stone and clay fashions of Assyria. The keepers of those Egyptian libraries marked them in a very appropriate way. The door-posts of the Ozymandian Library exhibited the figures of Thoth, the God, and Saf, the Goddess, personages whose names, in most ancient and some modern languages, had the significancy of *thought* and *sap-ience*.

Another grand library at Memphis was called the "Temple of Ptha," a title really meaning "House of Knowledge," since *budha* has had always the Hindoo and Keltic signification of "book" and "science." These facts show that those old Egyptians had a strong sense of the niceties and felicities of speech, and they also suggest the contemptuous ignorance of the Greeks who did not, and would not, learn anything about them. It is very possible, indeed, that the Egyptian priests of their day were in the mood to impose on their people and on strangers with the jargon of supernaturalism, rather than explain any of the simple truths of thought and language from which grew the literature and the social art of Egypt. In all ages of the world and in all countries, the supernaturalisms and sorceries have bewildered and retarded the advance of the human intellect and hindered the enlightenment which always attends the efforts of man's reason when it is not grossly imposed upon, or intimidated.

But the Egyptian MSS. are not all of the sacerdotal character. Many of them now in the British and other Museums, refer, in an interesting way, to the affairs of everyday life, showing that they were meant for a large circle of common readers; their themes being romantic, satirical and even comic. It is rather hard to fancy an ancient Egyptian

saying very funny things and keeping a large Nilotic audience in a roar of laughter; and yet he must have "unbent" sometimes. The German Brugsch discovered the Romance of Setna in the out-of-the-way grave of a Coptic monk, who was probably as fond of that forbidden literature as St. Jerome was of Cicero and Horace, in his own sinful day, according to his remorseful confession. The discoverer has given a translation of it, which may be read in the *Revue Archæologique* for 1867. The heroic tale of *Pentaur*, which suggests the great Arab epic *Antar*, and which is now in the British Museum, recites the achievements of Rameses II against the Kheta. This story has been called the "Egyptian Iliad," and it gives countenance to the ancient report of the Greeks, disbelieved by modern scholars, that the Hellenic Homer procured his epic facts from Egypt. Other Egyptian *papyri* contains the narratives of kings, and some of them record the doings of great leaders and functionaries. An individual of the latter class has left a sort of autobiography; and it contains some touches of nature that give it quite a modern air. Under the Twelfth Dynasty, a certain (or uncertain) dignitary, whose name has been lost, wrote as follows,\* on a paper discovered by Lepsius and quoted by Baron Bunsen:—

"I honored my prince. I went to bring the brass to the town of Coptos, with the noble Lord Governor of the district, Osorteson, the living. I brought my troops in peace. I did all that I was ordered. I was an excellent person, very beloved, a ruler beloved in his Department. I passed the end of my life as Governor of the Speos Artemidos. All the work of the palace was carried on by me. I was made Superintendent of water-carriers at the tanks of the Speos Artemidos. Three thousand oxen with their calves I ordered there; milch cows for the palace every year. I took all the produce to the palace. Nothing was detained by me from its altar. I worked the Speos Artemidos throughout, with many laborers. I injured no little child. I oppressed no widow. I detained for it no fisherman nor any keeper of flocks. There was no pauper in my days. No one starved in my time. When years of famine came, I ploughed the enclosed land of the Speos Artemidos to its boundaries North and South, feeding its inhabitants, making its food. I made the widow like a woman with a husband. I did not prefer the elder

\* *Egypt's place in Universal History.* By Baron Bunsen. Vol. V.

to the younger in all I did. The Nile was making a rich inundation; producing all things."

This dignitary should have left us his name. It would be a consolation to his spirit, now in *Amenti* or Elysium—for the Egyptians believed in a future life—to know that it is remembered with commendation so far beyond the boundaries of his native country, and in an age so remote.

But the greatest library of Egypt was of later date. This was the Library of Alexandria, born of the traditions of Thebes and Memphis, and originated by Ptolemy Soter, who, 390 B. C., meditated a collection which should contain translations into Greek from the native Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Hebrew and other tongues. Concerning this Greek sovereign it may be observed that while the epithet *Soter* has been interpreted "Saviour" or "Preserver" by all the learned of the world since his day, it can be found in the Egyptian, Chaldean, Hebrew, Arabic, Assyrian and Irish languages with the plain meaning of "writer," "book-maker" or "man of science." And Ptolemy Soter had a good right to bear such an appellation, since he was the historian of the wars of Alexander the Great—in a work that has perished—the correspondent and patron of all the most famous writers and artists of his age, and the grandest literary king on record. He was a man of the most enlarged ideas; and his son, Ptolemy Philadelphus, who came after him, carried them out. Philadelphus established his Museum in the temple of Serapis at Alexandria. Succeeding Ptolemies increased the collection, procuring for it manuscripts of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides* and other great writers of Greece. Old writers declare that the number of volumes was about 700,000—an exaggeration growing, no doubt, out of the custom of giving the name of volume to the chapters comprising any work. In the time of *Cæsar*, after the Romans had taken possession of Lower Egypt, (50 B. C.) the grand Library, then housed in the Brucheion building, suffered from fire and lost a great number of books. Subsequently *Mark Anthony*, to gratify *Cleopatra*, repaired that loss by the large collection of parchment literature which he had taken away from *Attalus*, King of *Pergamus*. This was a

gift prized by the Enchantress who had learned to speak ten languages and who probably played upon her thick-headed triumvir at times with the jargon of her native hieroglyphics, on occasions something like those so truly divined by the dramatic genius of William Shakespeare :

That time—oh times !  
I laughed him out of patience, and at night  
I laughed him into patience, and next morn  
Ere the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed,  
Then put my tires and mantle on him, whilst  
I wore his sword, Philippan !

The queen, no doubt, took pleasure in the reconstruction of her library ; and it continued to flourish long after her day, nourishing the genius of many renowned writers—of Callimachus, Lycophron and Apollonius Rhodius, the poets ; Eratosthenes, who measured the size of the earth ; of Apollonius of Perga, who invented conic sections ; of Hipparchus, who made a list of the stars ; of Euclid, the geometrician ; of Manetho, the astrologer ; of Dionysus, author of a geographical poem ; of Aratus, author of an astronomical poem, and of Nicander, a writer on medicine. Under its early auspices the Hebrew Scriptures and a number of Apocryphal books were translated into Greek, and it produced several treatises on Anatomy and editions of the Homeric poems. It had its Catechetical School of theology to which belonged Origen and Clemens ; its School of the Gnostics, those early Rosicrucians who studied the sorceries of astrology and religion, and its School of the Platonists which produced Plotinus, Proclus and others. It also gave birth to the rival sects of Arians and Trinitarians, whose terrible controversies brought it to the brink of destruction. In A. D. 339, the Trinitarians, led by the orthodox Archbishop of Alexandria, an adherent of Athanasius, assaulted and set fire to that temple of learning, which had been a stronghold of Arian literature. The force of this argument was irresistible and the Arians never recovered from it. Nor did the old library. Yet it lingered on for a few centuries longer, till about the year 638, when the Mohammedan Kalif Amrou turned out the few keepers

that still haunted its mouldy apartments, and closed its doors. It was reported by the Christians that he burned a good many of the old manuscripts; and there is no reason to believe that he behaved in that respect with more lenity than was exhibited by the Alexandrian Archbishop already alluded to, or had any more compunction in the business than Count Gilles, the Crusader, felt in the twelfth century, when, having taken the city of Tripoli, in Syria, from the Saracens, he burned the grand Arabic library of that place including its choice collection of Korans, with a conscientious respect for his own religion, very meritorious in his day and generation.

Going back to the Hebrews, preëminently a "people of the book," we find that they too had libraries. The writing of books was a very ancient Jewish custom. Job, in his discontent, wishes that his enemy might write a book, meaning probably, to sit down and "review" it for the benefit of his neighbors; and he also wishes that he could write his own story with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever. Esdras (Second Book) speaks of the library of Nehemiah, which contained a number of prophetic writings and a good many pieces of poetry, epistles, &c. In later and Roman times there was a University at Tiberias. The Jews were always addicted to parables, songs, psalms, sermons, litanies, prophecies, interpretations, glosses, grammatical niceties, puns and conundrums. The only people that could match them in these curious literary respects were the Irish of the Middle Ages. The Jewish Rabbis have stated that men of their profession could give "seventy meanings for every verse in the Bible." But that need not be such a boast. Christian commentators have done as much, and can do so still. Nearly all the old Hebrew writings—those of the Bible excepted—were destroyed; perhaps by the learned Jews themselves. Herod burned a great number of them, says Eusebius. He was acquainted with the literature of Greece; and the comparison might have provoked him to commit so flagrant an act. During their subsequent rebellions against the Romans, the Jews had no desire to gather another library.

The Greeks do not seem to have had any great libraries

like those of the Assyrian kings and the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Egypt. Literature was anciently the resource and pretensions of kings and priests in the large monarchies; and the Greeks were too free in their ideas and the matter-of-fact life and industry of their small tribal circles, to spend their time on word-craft and "writing with a pen." Still, they loved fighting, and next to it the stories and songs of battles; and in time they had their inscribed stones and their parchments, written with the Pelasgian letters, which had come across the Ægean and the Strait, and which they called *Delatids* or *Del-tids*, an ancient word which had the signification of "speech." It was one of their kings—about the last of them—who first gathered a library in Greece, as one of the necessary luxuries of royal state. This was the father of Hippias and Hipparchus, Pisistratus, who was said to have ordered the popular heroic songs or ballads of Greece to be collected and cast into a connected narrative by the learned men of the capital; a story which seems probable enough to those who know what a disjointed piece of work, in several places, the *Iliad* is. The Athenians, helped by the beloved assassins, Harmodius and Aristogeiton, turned out the royal family; but they kept the library. We are told it was subsequently taken away by Xerxes when he had subdued Northern Greece, and afterwards brought back by Nicator, to be again captured and carried to Rome by Scylla. It must have been a library highly prized by the *Peripatetic* school of writers; for we are told it was once more restored to Athens by the excellent and literary emperor, Hadrian. Strabo speaks of another Greek library formed by the philosopher Aristotle, who was the tutor of Alexander the Great, and whose teachings helped to break the spell which had kept the Greek intellect apart from the nations, and gave it that splendid cosmopolitic range, which extended from Bactria and the Indus to the cataracts of the Nile. Tradition says that Aristotle's library passed into the keeping of Apellicon of Cos, and from him into the possession of the Romans.

The Romans, after they had become masters of all Italy, felt themselves at leisure to think of large libraries. In 165

B. C., Paulus Emilius having overthrown Perseus, king of Macedon, brought away his library as a trophy. Sylla when he defeated Mithridates, the erudite king of Pontus,

Who had so many languages in store  
That fame alone can speak of him in more,

transferred his cherished manuscripts to the banks of the Tiber. This treatment failing to conciliate the feelings of the Pontian, Lucullus was forced to defeat him again and carry away the remainder of the library. This Lucullus was the first to make a free library in Rome, within the walls of his own palace, where his clients and friends had full liberty to examine and read the parchments and *papyri* of which it consisted. In those days, as in most others, the sword prepared the way for the pen, and literature "took the goods the gods provided," without caring how they had come by it. Julius Cæsar, that commanding genius who—to use the phrase of Tacitus—was the *summus auctorum* of his day, and who would have been the greatest historical writer of Rome if he had not chosen to be its greatest soldier, was meditating a grand public library in his own style of achievement when the republican leaders destroyed him in the Senate Chamber. But his idea was carried out by Augustus, who formed two such libraries, the Octavian and the Palatine. This last held its treasure for ages, till the time of Pope Gregory the Great (A. D. 600) who, being disgusted by its large amount of Pagan literature, demolished it. Tiberius, whose character, long under a cloud of obloquy, has been rather effectively vindicated by some recent writers of Germany and England, established another great library in the Temple of Apollo; and subsequently, Vespasian formed another in the Temple of Peace; thus utilizing in a very commendable way those monuments of a superstition which the Romans had begun to regard with an enlightened contempt, or to forget altogether. But the grandest Roman library on ancient record was the Ulpian, founded by the Emperor Ulpian Trajanus on the Viminal Hill. In Trajan's days (A. D. 98) the Roman empire had its greatest extent, and the Roman libraries their greatest dimensions and splendor. From that period, both gradually declined together. After the re-



moval of the chief seat of empire to Byzantium, Constantine and his successors, Julian and Theodosius, formed a library which existed for centuries in the midst of the controversies and contests which long continued to be the most luxuriant growth on the sacred soil of Christianity; the turmoil, for instance, of the Homoöusians and the Homoiousians who shook the civilized world with their difference of a diphthong, to say nothing of a hundred other causes of polemical strife. The "especial pens" of the churchmen were very busy in those days, and the library shelves were crowded with their essays. At the same time, those shelves held a great many fragments of Pagan literature; and these, in the seventh century, provoked the emperor, Leo III, to burn the collection. Succeeding emperors revived it, in a partial way, and for centuries it was regarded as the successor and substitute of the Alexandrian. In 1453, when Mohammed II took possession of Istanbul—as the Turks and other Asiatics had already been in the habit of naming it for ages—and scattered the collection, the last of the great classic and Christian libraries came to an end.

Then came what have been called the dark ages. But they were rather favorable than otherwise to the cause of literature and genuine mental progress. The Greek and Latin tongues had exercised a strong influence over human thought and by the help of religion—"sacred Religion, mother of Form and Fear"—had smothered or kept in the back-ground the ethnic dialects which had more or less preserved the original ideas and truths of men and things. The decadence of the Roman empires left those dialects free to assert themselves, especially in Europe, and bring out by degrees into the light of modern days, a mass of curious information which really held more of the genuine ancients of mankind than those imperial tongues that had repressed them so long. The elegancies of the classic tongues were also impoverishments, producing and perpetuating a multitude of fallacies, which it must be the business of the ruder and more vulgar vocabularies to detect. A thousand proofs of this might be quoted, if they were not somewhat out of place here. A few may be

touched on in a passing way. And first for the Greek terminology: *Areopagus* did not mean "Hill of Mars." It was originally *Werp-aig*, presenting the Semitic, Pelasgian, and Keltic *arf, erp, verb* (speech) and the Greek or Mexican *oig* or *huac* (house). *Areopagus* meant simply "House of Parliament." *Ostracism* had nothing to do with shells. It meant "sentence-pronouncing;" the word *ostrā* meaning "speech" in all the old languages, and modern as well, showing itself in our word "satire." In Latin the false glosses are as numerous as in Greek. *Itē ad plures* did not mean, "he went to the majority" *i. e.*, the dead. It simply meant, "he went to the lower place," *i. e.*, Hades, or the Pit. *Flere*, in Etruscan, meant the "earth" and the "grave," and was the origin of our word, *floor*, a very ancient term for "ground," and also for dust, or "flour." Again, the *Columna Rostrata* of Duillius, at Rome, did not signify "beaked-column," as if it had been ornamented with ships' prows taken in a naval battle from the Carthaginians. It meant merely, "inscribed column," since it carried an archaic inscription concerning the same engagement. The cultured Romans of Cicero's time did not understand the vulgar word *orasta*, which meant "speech" or "writing," and still means the same in the gypsy vocabulary, as well as in all the oldest dialects. The terms *Lingua Rustica*—meaning an old Spanish dialect,—held the word *orasta*, and was misinterpreted "rural-speech." It meant simply "language-idiom"—*rustica* having nothing to do with "country-folk." A hundred such instances, connected with the Latin language and literature, suggest themselves. But they must be passed by—all save one; the *crux* of the Roman *Capitol*. The old Latin word mongers have instructed us that it had its name from the skull of one Tulus dug up on its renowned site; and Niebuhr has had nothing to say against the legend of the *Caput-Toli*. But that ancient word—pronounced *Ceapdal* in Irish—meant "Council," simply; and was subsequently represented by the *Capitoul* of Toulouse, signifying the same thing—a parliament or council of state. It is not at all to be regretted that the Greek and Roman languages did not overpower and silence the other linguistical

growths of the world; and, for the rest, the dark season of the Middle Ages has had its own value. Night has enabled men to learn many things which they would never have found out in the daytime.

During the Middle Ages, the European libraries were formed, or, at least, prepared in the monasteries (*i. e.*, places of learning) where the brotherhoods, working with pens, ink and parchments, compiled books, under the direction of their foremen, the Priors and Abbots. Every monastery was a publishing house. For a long time the monks wrote, or published Latin books. But then, people everywhere, in Italy, France, Germany, Spain, England and Ireland, used their ancestral forms of speech, and, in process of time, their bards devised a wild and attractive literature *volitans per ora virum*, which was found worthy to be produced in the books of the monkish colleges—so named in Keltic speech from the business of writing and teaching carried on in them; \* and not as our old teachers would have us believe, from a Latin word meaning “binding together,” or “associating.” During the so-called dark ages, there were no great libraries in Europe—Constantinople excepted—though many kings in Italy, Germany and France, made manuscript collections. Charlemagne—no doubt on the suggestion of Alcuin and other Keltic writers frequenting his court—gathered a number of the Frankish songs and legends—namely on themes of war and knightly championship—which were then floating about in the wild society of his empire, transmitted from several tribes and their troubadours both of the East and West. The Latin writer, Priscus, who lived in the fifth century, and resided for some time at the military court or camp of Attila, says that formidable chieftain encouraged a following of minstrels who sang of love and battles in the brave, barbaric style of the period. Jornandes, in the sixth century, speaks of the Gothic story-

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\* There are several proofs of this to be found in the words of the old world. But there is one in the new, which the philologists will thank us for noticing. It is the Peruvian, *culcu* or *quelcu*, which signifies “letters” or “writing;” surely one of the most interesting little facts in the science of language.

tellers and romancers; and Eginhard, in the ninth, tells how Charlemagne loved that sort of popular literature, and, as has been observed, ordered his book men to write down and arrange as much of it as possible. Under such encouragement of the kings of men, were no doubt preserved many of those tales subsequently woven into the epoeë of the Nibelungen Lied and other narratives of that character. But it was not till after the invention of printing that great libraries began to be formed in the European kingdoms—those of Italy, Germany and France being more considerable than any others. The history and character of these have been the themes for a thousand books; but, in this place, they can only be alluded to in a general way, and as regards the most important of them.

France is much in advance of other nations in the number of her libraries, the chief of which were founded in her largest towns by her kings and bishops, and perpetuated and increased by the lively genius of her people—always a thoughtful and stirring people, and not at all so dull and slavish in their wooden shoes, as the English traditions would have us believe.\* The great library of Paris—once the Royal and Imperial, and now again the National—is the chief of the six large collections of the Arsenal, Ste. Geneviève, Mazarine, Sorbonne, the Institute and the City, and the noblest gathering of books and manuscripts in the world, containing at present over two millions of books. To this there is free access, and

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\* Along with the library facts may be remembered many others indicating the French love of literature. French ministers of State were in the habit of employing or encouraging travellers to bring home something that might increase the wealth of libraries and museums. In 1675, Colbert sent Antoine Galland to the East and rewarded him for bringing back a translation of the *Alif Laila* or "Thousand and One Nights." When Bonaparte led an army into Egypt, in 1798, a corps of *savans* went with the forces, one of these being Denon, who subsequently published his grand work on the antiquities of the country. In later times, when the French government sent a force to Syria, Ernest Renan was sent with it to gather what he could in the way of inscriptions and linguistics. The English government, as a general rule, never troubled themselves with such side issues, or gave any encouragement to those disposed to follow them out. "They managed these things better in France," beyond doubt.

it is regulated after those orderly methods of arrangement so peculiar to the French. Next to it ranks the library of the British Museum, with about one million three hundred thousand volumes, and manuscripts in proportion. It was originated in 1754 by an Irish gentleman, Dr. Sir Hans Sloane, who bequeathed his very valuable library and museum to the English nation, for about one-quarter of its value; thus founding an institution which is now the great glory of the city of London. It was established at Montague House; and the three last Georges, together with a great number of public spirited noblemen and gentlemen were proud to contribute to its resources and advancement. The other chief libraries of the United Kingdom—those of Edinburgh, Dublin, Oxford and Cambridge hold large and valuable collections. The Imperial library of St. Petersburg is not much behind that of the British Museum, containing over a million of books, with seventy-five thousand manuscripts. The libraries of Germany are numerous and some of them splendid. That of Munich, which, if it were for this reason alone, has a right to “wave all her banners,” amounts to over nine hundred thousand. All the great cities of Italy are furnished with libraries, historic in their renown and guarantees of the intellectual *renaissance* which has already begun to brighten the general aspect of the country. The amounts and contents of these are too ample to be noted in a brief article.

The Vatican library is the first in Italy. Situated within the circuit of the Leonine City—the diminished appanage of the Papacy in our days,—it vies in interest and splendor with the other glory of that narrow Borgo—the Cathedral of St. Peter. United with the Museum, it is in itself a little world of literature and art, with its wonders of architecture, sculpture, and paintings, its halls, galleries, corridors and vestibules. It preserves some of the most valuable manuscripts of the Middle Ages, including a great number on the Asiatic languages. The books in the library are thought to amount to over one hundred thousand, with twenty-five thousand in manuscripts. But that beautiful institution has its defects. It is not what the great libraries of other capitals have become. It

is not, and has not been properly accessible to the people at large, or indeed to the foreign visitors at Rome. The German, Von Raumer, in 1839, complained of the exclusiveness of its guardians; and Mr. Laing, the traveller, called it (1842) a tomb in which much treasure lay buried. Still later, Sir George Heard styled it a mine, on account of the difficulty of coming at its contents. It is to be hoped Leo XIII will make "a new departure" in this respect, and convert the Vatican library into what a Catholic institution ought to be.

Rome has other libraries containing about forty thousand manuscripts and about half a million of books. These, being under municipal government, will, no doubt, become available in a popular way. The Vatican also will change its rules; for the Church was originally a singularly democratic institution, and it is now in some respects reverting to its earlier conditions. For the rest, it can hardly fall in the way of liberality below the level of Japan, a country arranging itself anew with great alacrity, after the fashions of European and American thought. The Mikado recently resolved on a great public library in his capital of Tokio, where the public may have access to its books and manuscripts in the Chinese, Japanese and Christian languages. This library, supported by the state, was opened last year, under the superintendence of Hon. David Murray, LL. D., an American, placed at the head of the *Mombusho*, or Educational Department of the government; and it has now over twelve thousand volumes of all sorts. In its own way, and as a curiosity of Oriental literature, this little library may be considered as important as that of the British Museum or the Vatican.

Glancing at the record and synopsis of the European libraries to be found in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* one must be struck with a noteworthy fact, belonging to the comparative publicity of great book-collections. The writer of the article on *Libraries* is honest enough to show that the English are among the least liberal people in the world as regards the management of libraries. In the columns of his Synopsis, we see how these are guarded by proprietorships and restrictions, while the statistics of other countries stand

in praiseworthy contrasts. The list of the French libraries shows, running down the column, the words "Free access"—two luminous little evidences of the spirit and philosophy of "*La belle France*," the leader on so many roadways of progress. The English record looks dull and insular in comparison; and not alone with France. In the columns of the other nationalities—German, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, &c., those two words light up the record, indicating that the claims of the people in matters of literature are recognized in most countries, even though their school-systems may be in a backward condition compared with our own. The customs of England have been unfavorable to that liberality which shares, so to speak, the treasures of the State with the commonalty. But a change has come over that country in this respect. It began about twenty-five years ago, when free libraries were inaugurated on the broadest and most democratic basis. The cities of Manchester and Liverpool led the way in this excellent movement, nearly about the same time, 1850-1852; and their free libraries, sustained by municipal aid, gifts, bequests, &c., have prospered from the beginning. The example was subsequently followed in other cities and towns—Birmingham, Sheffield, Oxford, &c. These institutions lend books freely to all local residents as well as provide rooms where the people may sit and read and study. The experience of this "loaning," has been very gratifying. At Liverpool, only twenty-five books were lost from a number of over 300,000 volumes lent in two years. At Manchester, the loss on 335,000 books lent, amounted to about twenty-five shillings. This represents the average experience of those English libraries; and it shows that the practice of trusting in the better instincts and honesty of the people at large is as safe as it is just and generous.

In our own country, the growth of libraries keeps pace with the diffusion of social science and the advancement of liberal ideas. The oldest public library of America is that of Harvard College, founded in 1638. That of Yale was founded by Berkley the bishop of Cloyne. In 1700, the Rev. John Sharpe and the citizens of the little city of New York origin-

ated a City Library subsequently designated the Society Library, still flourishing. New Hampshire was the first to found a State Library, in 1773. The excellent Historical Library of New York dates from 1804. In New York and Boston, collections called Mercantile Libraries were begun in 1820; and Philadelphia followed the example in 1821. Cincinnati had hers in 1835; and that of San Francisco was opened in 1853. About thirty years ago, Mr. J. J. Astor, having made a large fortune—or having it made for him by the industrial growth and social agglomeration of the good city of New York—resolved to devote part of it to the service of the students and literary men of the community. This noble institution was opened in 1852; and it has since then continued to supply, as a library of reference, a want generally felt by the scholars and writers of the city and State. Perhaps it might have been able to do this more effectually, if it had been less popular; that is, if it had not accommodated the crowd of those coming to its tables for the mere purpose of reading the common works of popular authors. These visitors, occupying room and the attention of the librarians, probably left the management less able to carry out the main idea of the founder, who meant that literary men should find at the Astor Library what they would not be likely to find elsewhere in the city or the country. The result of the popularity we speak of is that the number of its general readers needs more room; people find themselves sitting too close together, face to face, at little tables—large enough to support a couple of books—and otherwise unable to take notes to any purpose. The alcoves, no doubt, offer their snug harbors; but the open central space under the dome light is the fittest for work in such a library. Altogether the library space is too small for the number of its frequenters; and this is a defect which can only increase with the increase of readers and of books. The number of these last is about one hundred and eighty-five thousand, while the additions to it are continual.

The other great popular library of New York, the Mercantile, is also paying the natural penalty of its own magnitude in the want of space. It has, just now, about one hundred



and ninety-two thousand volumes; and its collection is increasing at the rate of about eight thousand books per annum. The Clinton Hall quarters that have answered its purpose for the last quarter of a century, cannot do so much longer. The Brooklyn Library, founded in 1861, has recently adjusted itself in its fine building in Montague Street; but, no doubt, at its present rate of increase this also, at no distant day, will need more room. This library has at present upwards of fifty-two thousand volumes. Another of the Brooklyn libraries, the Long Island Historical Library, less rapid in its growth, contains a number of valuable histories and biographies, especially of men and things in America, and a very interesting cabinet of shells, fossils, minerals and other curious objects connected with Long Island, particularly, belonging to the domain of natural science and the arts. An agreeable feature of this institution is its system of lectures delivered by gentlemen of note and ability, and freely open to all the members. This library also suffers the fate of a somewhat confined space; and its managers, we hear, are prepared to shift its quarters to a locality which will give it more room to increase and multiply its resources and attractions, and enable it to keep pace with the rapid growth of Brooklyn.

We have now to consider the most interesting library of all—the Free City Library of Boston, which has led the way in this patriotic innovation, as it once did in the days of Dorchester Heights and Bunker Hill. The library, from which all residents of Boston can freely take out books, is sustained by a municipal tax and the gifts and bequests of liberal men, like Mr. Joshua Bates, Mr. Ticknor, Mr. Winthrop, Edward Everett and others who generously helped to found it in 1853. The institution has been strengthened by contributions of books from local libraries, such as the East Boston, the Mattepan, the Dorchester and the Milton, and along with the central library in Boylston Street some eight or nine branches—those of East Boston, South Boston, Roxbury, Charlestown, Brighton, Dorchester, South End, Jamaica Plain, Lower Mills, &c. The number of books thus placed at the service of the people is over three hundred and forty-eight

thousand ; of which the city has purchased one hundred and seventy-five thousand, four hundred and twenty-five ; and for the last twenty-five years the actual cost to the tax-payers of this magnificent collection has been only \$191,072 !

The details of this most valuable of all American libraries are very interesting ; but our space will not allow us to discuss them. It is the principle that constitutes its value as an example for the whole country—that of supplementing the defective learning of the people's earlier years by an instruction which shall continue during the best part of their lives. The school-boy of seven years, on the average, (and it is a large average,) is ridiculously inadequate to supply the mental needs of the man during his long years of labor. The change made by those free libraries is a moral as well as a mental revolution, inasmuch as it departs from the old policy of social government—that of distrust and restriction,—and appeals to the most honorable feelings of a man's nature. We mean the lending of books freely to the people of the community, on the simple condition that they shall be brought back again. The moralists of the shrewd La Rochefoucauld school used to say, "Treat every man as a possible rogue in your commerce with society." The new philosophy advises us to treat every man as an honest fellow and hope for the best. The difference is a significant one. Men in straits are found to be more anxious to discharge their debts of honor than the debts of business. Perhaps the ministers of religion have been making a mistake for ages in denouncing the innate baseness and rascality of the race ; and perhaps the dread machinery of the law and its prestige are not so happy in their results as society has a right to expect. In all probability people should rely on one another a little more and give up a good many of their mutual distrusts and antagonisms in order to get along a little more smoothly in this world. That free library principle is worthy of all praise and imitation ; and the country should be grateful to Boston for such an admirable example.

Indeed, the example has been followed for years in other places. Under the law of 1851, the people of one hundred and twenty-six towns and villages in Massachusetts have estab-

lished free libraries. The citizens of other States have begun to follow the same beneficent fashion. In 1870, Cincinnati founded its excellent public library, aided by free gifts and permanently sustained by a city tax. It contains at present about eighty thousand volumes with a regular yearly increase of its books and readers, and must be altogether regarded as the most honorable ornament of the beautiful city of Ohio. That of Chicago comes next in time, having been opened in 1872 and brought to its present state of efficiency by a number of enlightened citizens, and especially by a gentleman to whom American literature and American literary men are so much indebted for his *Index of Periodical Literature* published several years ago—William Frederick Poole. The Chicago free library has about fifty-eight thousand volumes. Its rise in 1871 is rather memorable, connected, as it has been, with the great fire of that year and its consequences. The city libraries perished in the conflagration—a fact that appealed to the sympathies of English-speaking people everywhere, and brought from the sister libraries of the other States contributions that amounted on the whole to about seven thousand volumes. Similar gifts came from England also. The University of Oxford sent all the translations of the University Press—about two hundred and fifty volumes;—the British Museum sent its own publications; the Master of the Rolls sent a recently published series of the *Chronicles and Memorials of England in the Middle Ages*, and Queen Victoria sent some remembrances, one of which was the *Life of the Prince Consort*, with a friendly autograph on the title page.

The results of this great innovation in literature are encouraging in many ways, and especially in the fact that the loss in unreturned books is trifling,—showing that the public conscience is cultivated as well as the public intellect. Of the Chicago library Mr. Poole says: “We lose very few books—so few that the loss is hardly appreciable.” Of three hundred and fifty-four thousand, five hundred and six volumes borrowed, only one hundred and ninety-seven were “not accounted for”—one hundred and thirty-six of these being records and juvenile books—“most of which,” he adds, “will yet turn up.”

"One-fifth of the amount we receive for fines will pay for all the books we lose." The Report of the Boston Library for 1877-78, says:

"The losses of the Library in books not recovered from borrowers still show the Central Library as the principal sufferer. The Roxbury Library has no volume missing from its circulation of one hundred and forty-six thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine volumes,—the largest circulation from a single library without loss yet known to our experience. The total issues of the branches were five hundred and ninety-three thousand two hundred and two, and there are missing only ten volumes, being one for each fifty-nine thousand three hundred and twenty-two circulated. Owing to the more changeable population of the city proper its record is not so satisfactory, one hundred and nineteen volumes not having been returned from a delivery of five hundred and forty-seven thousand three hundred and fifty volumes, or one out of every four thousand six hundred,—a somewhat larger proportion of loss for the central departments than recent years have indicated.

These facts are highly interesting in a moral as well as an intellectual point of view. Another great and good fact is to be noted. These people's libraries are open to them on the first day of the week, and they are also open during the evening when the hard-working lovers of literature have the opportunity of visiting them. These centres of popular instruction are dealing very quietly and happily with the rather worthless conventions of society. For the rest they will be found to coöperate with the churchmen in the work of benefiting the general public. Bishop Cheney said, on one occasion, that of five hundred and forty thousand persons in the city of Chicago, only fifty thousand are in the habit of going to church on Sunday. In the business of reaching that somewhat careless majority, the public library will be found one of the most effective in that energetic and prosperous community.

We must cut short our observations on this very attractive theme of the modern free libraries, now gradually springing up all over the States—the happy "communism" of literature; and bring our thoughts back again to New York. Our capital city should have its Free Library; the want of it being one of those faults which time will yet rectify. Meantime, it is notably countenanced by that other great or greatest metropolis, London

—a place so remarkably distanced, in this respect, by Liverpool and Manchester. But it is only a question of time, in both these instances—the necessary vastness of such undertakings being naturally the cause of hesitation or delay. The Free Library of New York is in a state of gestation; and, were the citizens so disposed, the “great birth” might come next year. The two excellent libraries—the Astor and the Mercantile could be united under a popular management like that of the Boylston Street Library of Boston, sustained mainly by a city tax, and arranged on the same system of circulation and study. In this way both libraries would, to begin with, meet the pressing demand for a change of quarters. No doubt men are attached to their own little circles of action and industry, and love best to preserve the names and conditions to which they are accustomed, fearing to lose themselves in any enlargement of things. At the same time, the conditions of endowment—as in the case of the Astor Library—would seem to present some difficulty. But the honor of endowment may remain for ever distinct, as in the cases of Bates Hall, the Bowdich Library, the Ticknor Library, &c., in the Boston Institution. The Astor Library would, in the same way, form a grand section of the Free-Library of New York, preserving forever the name of its founder, and also the distinctive character which makes it at present the *decus et tutamen*, so to speak, of the literary community; and it would, no doubt, be surrounded in time by the ornamental setting of other names and gifts, all enhancing and not at all obscuring its own original distinctness and brilliancy. If we are to have “communism” in our fitful age and generation of the world, let it come to us in some such beautiful shape, and in this way indicate some of the safer and happier directions in which that overpowering principle may and must inevitably march onward in human society. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished; and the hundred arguments that could be advanced in favor of it will occur to every man of culture in the community.

A similar sort of coalition would be of advantage to Brooklyn also. Many good reasons might be quoted in favor of it;

and as an achievement it would be as honorably distinctive of the city as the Great Bridge, as well as the more necessary, because of the existence of that same wonderful structure. The Long Island Historic Library means to enlarge its space; and the Brooklyn Library must shortly think of doing something similar; while the union of both would be a great increase of power and prosperity to the combination, leaving at the same time, to the smaller library the name and distinction which, no doubt, recommend it to its highly intelligent body of supporters, who could have their well-furnished Historic Hall, as much at their especial command as it is at present. Of course, as in all other cases, people are and will be partial to their proprietorships in these literary matters; but the great Free Library must come in Brooklyn; and when it does, it will tend to throw all detached and inferior libraries into the shade; since what belongs to the people must henceforward meet the new requirements and tests of worth and aristocracy (in the radical sense of the word) more completely than anything else in the line of culture and general science. In this respect, the rights of laborious industry will gradually and most certainly vindicate themselves in spite of delays, mistakes, failures or other obstructions, inevitable in the natural progress of society.

For the rest, the future Free Library of New York will be large enough to cover the conditions of this metropolitan region and the *congeries* of cities and towns about it, viz.: Brooklyn, Long Island City, Westchester, Hempstead, Jersey City, Hoboken, Castleton and other places within the great circle of the locality. It would be a central library with its adjuncts to which its resources could circulate; and, in this way a rich assemblage of valuable works beyond the struggling or straggling means of their libraries could be provided for the needs of the most learned scholars and students, on the principle already at work in English, French and other European institutions, and also in Boston. In such cases, union would be, and is, strength and light to a degree impossible without it, always ensuring an economy grateful to the tax-paying community. There need be but one Free Library in every city,

standing to its sub-libraries in the relation of a University to its Colleges. The economic principle of the age is "Centralization," and the enlarged scale of things, made necessary by increase of population and of means to ends, and it is fated to overflow and occupy the spaces hitherto held by distinct industries. It would be as full of good results in the case of libraries as it is found to be in every department of human management and production, whether of selling dry goods or making railroads.

Some of our great cities are called Cities of Churches. They will yet be called, also, Cities of Libraries; and these last be as well attended as the former, not one day in seven only, but every day in the week, and all the year round.

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## ART. VII.—PRESENT ASPECTS OF SOCIALISM.

1. *An Inquiry into the Principles of Right and Government.* By P. J. PROUDHON.
2. *Fathers and Children, or Nihilists and Nihilism.* By J. S. TOURGENIEFF.
3. *Les Misérables.* Par VICTOR HUGO.

"WITHIN fifty years," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "all Europe will be either Cossack or Republican." Of all the great leader's daring prophesies, this is at once the most startling, and the most completely fulfilled. By the words "Cossack" and "Republican" he symbolized the two opposing forces which are actually dividing Europe at the present moment; on one hand that union of hard absolutism with gigantic military strength which is the leading characteristic of Russia, and in a lesser degree of Germany likewise,—on the other, the growing activity of the laboring class, and its constant tendency upward toward free thought, recognized political influence, and independent legislation.

It is a striking proof how utterly this great movement has been misunderstood that many really intelligent and otherwise well-informed writers persist in treating it wholly as a phenomenon of the day. Some, indeed, condescend to date it back to the French Revolution; but the majority are content to speak of it as a result of the convulsion of 1848; while not a few ascribe it, in common with all the other troubles of Europe, to the rise of Prince Bismarck, who would seem to have inherited the post of scapegoat formerly held by the first Napoleon:

Who with an earthquake ravaged the Caraccas,  
And raised the price of dry-goods and tobaccos;  
Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise,  
Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies.



A greater mistake could hardly have been made. It is only of late, indeed, for obvious reasons, that what we call socialism has asserted itself so prominently as to take rank among distinct political forces; but, beneath the surface, the same tendency has always been there. Far back in the dawn of history, it figures among the earliest civilized communities established in Europe. To the ancient Spartans—perhaps the most complete specimen of an aristocratic oligarchy which has ever existed,—the “Helot question” was quite as troublesome as that of Chartism to England, or that of the Negro to America. The war waged against Rome by Spartacus and his fellow slaves was a socialist movement of the grandest order, and had it succeeded, would have changed the history of the world. The same may be said of the career of the Gracchi. The struggle of the Roman plebeians against the nobles lasted for two centuries, ending at length in the complete triumph of the latter. The members of the early Christian church were socialists in the fullest as well as the purest sense, that of community without communism; and all succeeding combinations of the kind, monasteries, working brotherhoods, model villages, phalansteries, the commercial “guilds” of the Middle Ages, the Hanseatic League, the Swiss Federation, the Paraguayan “Kingdom of Heaven” (which certainly merited its name in the earlier years of its existence) have been merely so many tentatives, more or less imperfect, in the same direction.

The growth of nations is like that of men; both reach maturity slowly, and with the aid of continual support. All the ancient forms of government—monarchy, hierarchy, dictatorship, the feudal system, the “patriarchal” rule of the Arab and the Tartar—are merely the leading strings of the world’s childhood, which its maturity has outgrown. The history of modern times is a history of two opposite errors—the one striving to keep the world in leading strings after the due time, which is what we call despotism; the other attempting to tear them off prematurely, which is what we call red republicanism. To strike the balance between these two extremes has been the endeavor of the best and wisest socialists in all ages; and if they have failed, the causes of their failure are such as it may be not amiss to examine in detail.

The threefold government imaged by Greek poets in their Olympic heaven, symbolizes accurately, though unconsciously, the three successive forms of rule through which every community must pass. First comes the sway of several powerful chiefs, alternately supporting and opposing each other, like the lesser gods of Homer; then follows the overmastering rule of a single despot, answering to the supreme will of Jove; and last and mightiest of all—like the shadowy, but overwhelming power which the Greeks called *Anagké* (Necessity)—the will of the people. To turn this colossal force in the right direction, to purify and exalt it into a reasoning power, to fit it for leading itself instead of being blindly led by others, is the aim of all true popular reformers; and could this but be achieved, one might well hope to realize the glorious vision with which Victor Hugo—himself a noble specimen of advanced liberalism in its purest form—makes his young republican hero comfort the doomed defenders of the last barricade:

“From the political point of view there is but one principle, the sovereignty of man over himself. The common right is nothing but the protection of all radiating over the right of each. This once established, there will be no more fear of conquest, invasion, usurpation, armed rivalry of nations, interruption of civilization by royal marriages and the birth of hereditary tyrannies, dismemberment by the collapse of dynasties, or the combat of two religions. There will be no more danger of famine, beggary, prostitution through destiny, misery through stoppage of work, the scaffold, the sword, the battlefield, and all the brigandage of events. We shall be uneventfully happy, and the soul will gravitate around truth like the earth around the sun. Brothers, the man who dies here dies in the radiance of the future, and we shall enter a tomb filled with the dawn.” \*

But the same eloquent pen which has depicted this splendid Utopia, has told us why it cannot yet be realized; and the whole passage displays such a thorough knowledge of the subject, and of human nature itself, as to be well worth quoting entire:

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\* *Les Misérables*, Part V, chap. iv.

"The Utopia which grows impatient, nearly always arrives too soon. Progress has its marches, but it has its halts likewise. The momentary life of individuals offers at times a resistance to the eternal life of the human race. The mass is against the impetus of the heroes. The heavy multitudes, fragile from their very heaviness, fear adventures—and there is always adventure in the ideal."

These words, though spoken of France in 1832, are an absolute photograph of Eastern Europe, and more especially of Russia, at the present day. Among a population of which only nine per cent. can read, and who neither know nor care what passes in the world of politics, the existence of free public opinion, or indeed of any opinion at all, can hardly be expected; and hence, while no country contains such violent republicans as Russia, no government is more absolutely secure. Upon that tremendous passivity, the utmost efforts of the "nihilist" agitators fall like a pellet upon the hide of an elephant. In fact, it is not from the working class that the ranks of Russian nihilism\* are recruited, but from the great universities, which, irritated rather than cowed by the severe measures directed against them, have more than once broken out in *émeutes* not to be quelled without bloodshed. Sergi Netchaieff, the ringleader of the plot of 1871, was an ex-professor of the Moscow university. His colleague, Bakounin, belonged to the same class; and their chosen adherents were almost uniformly drawn from among the students of St. Petersburg, Dorpat, or Kazan. But the "people" whom the plot aimed at stirring up, received the news of its failure and its leader's arrest, either with utter indifference, or with a passing "Serve him right for plotting against Father Alexander Nikolaievitch." Yet no one can assert that the Russian peasantry are too well off to have any motive for disaffection.

The average rate of wages in Russia is as follows: Laborers by the day, 37½ kopecks (25 cents) per diem; by the month, 23 kop. (15 c.); by the season, 17 kop. (12 c.); in harvest

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\* This name, invented by the novelist Tourgenieff, is applied to the extremists who aim merely at the overthrow of the present *régime*, without proposing any definite substitute.

time, 75 kop. (50 c.), and for this pittance the field-hands labor from 12 to 15 (sometimes 16) hours a day!

But even sufferings like these are powerless against the combined influence of ignorance and established custom. The troubles and privations which among races less patient and more energetic, produced the English Chartists and the American "strikers," are accepted by the Russian Mujik as necessary conditions of life; and his whole creed is summed up in one sentence: "What is good enough for our fathers is good enough for us." At the village of Ostashkovo, a man once pointed out to us a group of sallow, low-browed peasants slouching past in their tattered sheepskins, and said emphatically: "On those men rests the whole Russian Empire, and one shake of their shoulders would tumble it to ruin; but they bear it, because they're *too ignorant to know that they are ill off*." The last sentence summarizes the whole modern history of Russia; nor was it uttered without authority, the speaker being no other than Bakounin himself.

So much, then, for Russia. In educated and self-helpful Germany, on the other hand, we find, as might be expected, an entirely opposite phase of the question, *viz.*, the obstruction of popular regeneration, not by apathy, but by over-energy. As the North Germans of the sixteenth century rebelled against the supremacy of Rome, their descendants are now rebelling against that of Berlin. The common-sense of the nation revolts against a system which makes the whole land one monster barrack,\* and sends the workers and supporters of the country like sheep to the slaughter, that Austria may be humbled at Sadowa, and France at Sedan. The triumphal arches of the Unter den Linden, the captured standards that adorn Charlottenburg and Potsdam, are little comfort to the Hanoverian or Wurtemburger who has lost his only son in the wars, or has expended all his little savings in purchasing a substitute for himself.

Hence comes combination, or what we know of its trans-

\* This idea has been very happily rendered by a recent cartoon of Germany as a church turned into a magazine, and Bismarck, in clerical robes, serving out ammunition.

lated name of socialism—and in a much higher form, as might be expected, than in backward, apathetic Russia. Here, instead of midnight meetings in lonely places, emissaries disguised as peddlers or pilgrims, incendiary placards mysteriously pasted on walls and door-posts, revolutionary pamphlets secretly disseminated, we find all the minutiae of a regular and well-organized system. Certain houses in every large town are known as the rallying points of the socialist “circles,” and thither goes every neophyte who wishes to join the cause. Every year, confidential agents, sent forth by the chiefs of the brotherhood, visit the different clubs and receive the report of their presidents. The German Socialists have their own newspapers, their own officers, their own libraries, their own passwords and countersigns, their own tribunals; † and in very many parts of Germany they can poll a sufficient number of votes to turn the scale of any local election. The strength of an association against which even the inflexible Bismarck has been fain to seek support from his too bitterest enemies, France and the Papacy, can hardly be overrated; and this ever-growing force must sooner or later effect its purpose. But then steps in human impatience, and whispers: “Why waste years in attempting what can be done in a moment by one determined man? While you scheme and diplomatize, your brethren perish; better that one life be forfeited for all, than all for one.” Misguided enthusiasm broods over the gloomy suggestion, and the result is a Hoedel or a Nobel.

Here, then, we have two of the obstacles which retard the great consummation—over-haste on one side, and over-apathy on the other. But it would be well if these were the sole or even the chief hindrances with which the movement has to contend. Three other hindrances, of far greater magnitude, remain to be noticed; and in order to deal with them befittingly, it is well to examine the question of socialism in its broadest and most general aspect.

Socialism then is, as its name implies, combination—the union of a number of men for mutual support and mutual advancement. Of the countless forms in which it has put

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† As was the case with their predecessors of the “Vehme Gericht.”

itself forward during the present century, one and all are distinctly traceable to three great original theorists of the revolutionary period. The first of these was François Noël Babeuf, who, in his short life of thirty-three years, (1764-97,) established for himself an imperishable renown, and drew after him a host of enthusiastic followers, many of whom figured prominently in the great political convulsion which was the closing scene of their leader's life. His system, now widely known under its French name of *Babouvisme*, may be said to have pushed the socialistic theory to its extreme. "No distinction," he was wont to say, "should be acknowledged by the community, save those arising from age or sex." He advocated the giving to all men alike of the same education, the same physical exercises, and even the same kind of food; while he carried the doctrine of "community of property" to its utmost limit, admitting no reservation whatever.

His equally famous contemporary, St. Simon, who survived him until 1825, made no claim to rank as the founder of a distinct socialist school; but the hints on this subject, scattered through his works, were so numerous and so weighty, that his disciples found little difficulty in constructing a "Simonian system" from them, after his death. The system in question, however, was little more than a modified Babouvism, wanting only a few of his predecessor's more daring speculations. The chief distinction between the latter's system and his own was his toleration of personal ownership during the lifetime of the proprietor; but he was careful to make this limitation as clear as possible. "At the owner's death," he wrote, "all property should at once lapse to the State, and every man should make his start in life unaided by any external advantages, relying solely upon whatever ability nature may have given him."

Last and greatest of these was Fourier, (1772-1837,) whose scheme, though differing widely from those of his forerunners in its minor details, aimed with equal earnestness at the same final results. Unlike the generality of French philosophers, he aimed at converting the world little by little, instead of by a *coup de main*, and projected a model community which,

while large enough for its success to point the moral which he desired to teach, should yet be small enough to be easily organized and governed. His plan was to form a "phalanstery" containing 1,800 persons of both sexes, whose individual qualities and capacities should be carefully watched, in order that both their labors and their amusements might be adapted thereto. In the success of this project he had the fullest confidence; and for those who have witnessed the utter failure of all the attempts made to carry it out,\* there is something very touching in the simple, child-like hopefulness of the old man's prediction, that "once established, all France, all Europe, yea, the whole world, will flow to it and become like it."

The truth is, that, in common with many other philosophers, the great theorist allowed his imagination to carry him away, and thus blinded many observers to the wisdom which he really possessed. Canon Kingsley was probably not altogether wrong in pithily defining him as "a very clever old gentleman, but unfortunately for himself and the world, as mad as a March hare." In fact, it is difficult to read with gravity some of Fourier's benevolent suggestions—as for instance, the famous proposal to decorate and array in gay dresses, on State occasions, all chimney-sweeps, sewer-men and street-cleaners of every kind, as a set-off against the unsavory work which they are compelled to perform; a project supported (as if it were not sufficiently astounding in itself) by a reference to the gaudy hues of garbage-eating insects! But through all the absurdities into which his over active fancy betrayed him, the old man's innate benevolence shines at every turn.

It is certainly no easy matter to divine at first sight how such preaching and such preachers can have anything in common with the formidable power which shakes nations and overturns thrones, the Anathema Marantha of Russian police inspectors and German bureaucrats. But, in reality, the explanation is very simple. Man has a fatal proneness to limitation; and every day shows us the future sacrificed to the present, and the sea of human progress compressed into the

\* Two Phalansteries were founded in Brazil, and a third at Condé-de-Vègres, near Versailles—all equally unsuccessful.



conduit-pipe of some political faction. But the crime brings its own punishment along with it. The moment socialism takes the form of republicanism—in other words, the moment the universal narrows itself into the particular—it awakens the hostility of every conservative within its reach. Party spirit opposes as a political question what it would have applauded as a broad general principle, and the great battle of the world's future degenerates into a mere scramble for present power.

But, although the German socialists are undeniably chargeable with this error, it would be unjust to lay the whole, or even the chief blame of it upon themselves. However it may suit Prince Bismarck and his colleagues to treat the movement merely as an audacious act of high treason, it is really the natural and inevitable consequence of Germany's home policy during the last thirty years. The great convulsion of 1848 startled the government from its well-meant, but unskilful endeavors to promote the development of popular liberty; and the reaction toward despotism which then set in, is still in progress. This, in its turn, has produced the organized opposition which we call socialism, but which is rather the republican principle revolting against the military tyranny which has always characterized the country of Frederick the Great, and is now under the congenial rule of "the man of blood and iron," fast approaching its apogee.

The motive which has dictated the latter's attempted conciliation of the church party is patent at a glance. The clerical element in Germany is to serve as a weapon for the destruction of the dreaded socialists, and then to be itself destroyed as soon as a fair occasion shall offer. But how would it be if the Church were to retaliate its great opponent's manœuvre upon himself by forming an alliance with the socialists, and proclaiming the crusade of citizenship against military rule? A league between Rome and republicanism would certainly be a startling portent; but our age has witnessed even stranger phenomena than that. In the course of its long struggle with the secular powers of the world, the Church of Rome has more than once crushed autocratic tyranny as well as republican freedom; and Prince Bismarck's



now world-famous declaration that he will "never go to Canossa," shows how constantly present to his mind is the unwelcome example of another German despot as formidable as himself, whom a Papal sentence humbled to the very dust in the face of all Europe.\*

Such is the first of the three great perils to which we have already adverted ; but, formidable as it is, it sinks into nothingness compared with the second, viz.: the disgrace brought upon socialism and its leaders by the ruffians who join its ranks unasked, for their own evil purposes. Such has been, from the beginning of time, the fate of every bold innovation ; and the epitaph of many a noble enterprise may be found in the too true saying of a famous thinker : " Great movements, like great armies, are wont to attract many very unworthy camp-followers." Side by side with the gallant crusaders who hewed their way to the Holy Sepulchre through all the hosts of Syria, were the cowardly miscreants who tortured captives and outraged helpless women. The atrocities of the " peasant war " and the Anabaptist rising stained the skirts of the Reformation. History has recorded the hideous details that filled up the half-completed outline bequeathed to posterity by that most single-hearted of all heroes, Ignatius Loyola. Among the followers of the noblest man of his time, Patrick Sarsfield, of Limerick, lurked many a traitor who had betrayed England and Ireland by turns, faithful to nothing save his own brutal instincts of outrage and murder. The cause of French liberty enlisted alike Vergniaud and Marat ; and the army which freed Spain from the tyranny of Napoleon, contained the butchers of Badajoz as well as the heroes of Salamanca.

So, too, with socialism. Behind the heroes who, barefooted and in rags, mount guard over crown jewels,† come the shop-riflers, the pétroleuses, the killers of their creditors, the

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\* Henry IV, of Germany, who, being excommunicated by Gregory VII, in 1077, was compelled to earn his pardon by sitting for three days at the gate of the Pope's lodging in the fortress of Canossa, barefooted and clad in coarse linen.

† This actually occurred in 1848, and is mentioned by more than one French historian

destroyers of libraries and monuments. To some men, or rather brutes, the pure and lofty theories of universal reform—the perfect liberty, the equal right, the free distribution of wealth—read only as a welcome license for their favorite occupation of violence and rapine. Like brigands, they hover around the great battlefield of humanity, waiting till the turmoil and confusion which are the inevitable concomitants of every great innovation shall enable them to plunge in unheeded, and gratify their evil inclinations at will, under the mask of a pretended zeal for the sacred cause which they dishonor. In this way are produced such phenomena as the *noyades* of 1793, the multiplied horrors of 1848, the Paris Commune of 1871, the Pittsburg riots of 1877; and then, as might be expected, the lookers-on lay to the charge of the great cause itself all the excesses of its hideous camp-followers, and ask tauntingly: “Are these the fruits of your boasted reform?” Hence it was that Victor Hugo who, visionary as he has been called, has all the keen insight of a true poet into everything connected with his favorite system, wrote so pointedly, eighteen years ago: “The first cry of an enlightened and progressive crowd is ‘Death to the robbers!’ for progress is always honest, and the Ideal and the Absolute do not steal pocket-handkerchiefs.”

This is true enough; for every popular movement which is not absolutely lawless, must feel the responsibility of abrogating established rules, and the necessity of being doubly vigilant in repressing the crimes which seek the concealment of its advancing shadow. In 1792, before the stern justice of the French people had degenerated into the wretched license of the Parisian mob, the very men who had guillotined the nobles hanged without mercy those who dared to plunder the effects of the dead. The English Chartists, of the famous “Tenth of April,” volunteered to guard London themselves, without the aid of either policeman or soldier, against the riot which was expected to follow in the train of the “monster petition.” History has recorded that one of the barricade-chiefs of June, 1832, catching an insurgent in the act of breaking into a house, and shooting a servant who tried to op-

pose his entrance, blew out the ruffian's brains with his own pistol, saying as he did so: "Insurrection must have its discipline, and assassination is even more of a crime here than elsewhere, for we stand here as priests of the Republic, and are bound to do nothing which may bring disgrace upon our struggle." Such instances are worth recording. As the embryo forces of socialism gather strength and substance, its great fundamental rule of "equal justice to all" will develop itself in proportion, and the triumph of the system will be the triumph of the principle likewise.

But it is this very theory of "equal justice" which is the great stumbling-block of the present generation; and here it is that the third and last of the great perils which beset the cause of popular reform, makes itself apparent. "Instead of universal peace," says Thomas Carlyle, in the most trenchant of his terrible sermons upon modern society, "we are living in a state of universal war, under certain recognized rules of battle called 'the laws of trade.'"<sup>\*</sup> This is only too true. Of all the evils which have afflicted the modern world, not one has wrought deeper or more lasting mischief than the evil theory of a "natural hostility" between employers and employed. This doctrine, as absurd and flimsy as it is pernicious, has changed a relation, which was intended to be one of mutual help and benefit, into absolute civil war. The employer suspects the employee as a rebel, the employee hates the employer as a tyrant; and thus two brave and intelligent men, each thoroughly sincere from his own point of view, go down to their graves hating and reviling each other, and bequeathing a legacy of ill-will to those who come after, only through the want of a chance of knowing each other better.

It once happened to us to cross the Atlantic with the chief of an English Trades-Union, as intelligent and agreeable a companion as it was ever our good fortune to meet. The most peaceable philanthropist would have found nothing to blame, and a great deal to praise, in the details with which he furnished us. The watchful care of the society over its sick and distressed members—its bountiful provision for all who were

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<sup>\*</sup> *Past and Present*, chap. v.

out of work, or otherwise straitened in any way—the admirable completeness of its organization, which left no detail uncared for, however seemingly unimportant—were all worthy of high commendation. But, excellent as the system was, nothing could be more one-sided. To this man, practical, honest, and even thoroughly humane as he appeared to be, the suggestion that the employers had rights of their own as well as the employed, was evidently as monstrous and unheard of as an appeal for some consideration toward the demon upon whom he trampled, would have been to Guido's St. Michael. *His* idea of the "equal justice" theory was probably that of equal justice to all working men, and none at all to their employers. From first to last, one phrase was constantly in his mouth: "Coercion's the thing for the masters; there's nothing to be done without it." Alas, that the facts of history should justify the assertion!

At first sight, it might well appear strange that any one should talk of freedom and coercion in the same breath, or that men who are striving gallantly for their own rights should be eager to trample upon those of others. But such inconsistencies are not confined to any one class; they belong to every rank and every age, and will do so till men shall learn to see themselves with the eyes of others. An absolute ruler, habituated to implicit obedience, thinks it an unheard of presumption that a few men among his people should dare to call their souls their own instead of his. The people, on the other hand, consider it intolerable that their king should presume to govern the realm of his fathers, instead of leaving it to itself. The manufacturer who finds the mill, in which he has embarked all his capital, not paying him as it ought, thinks it very hard that his men cannot be brought to submit quietly to a reduction of wages; while the men, already sorely put to it to feed their families, receive the suggestion with a growl, and mutter curses over their beer on "the purse-proud tyrant who seeks the blood of the poor." Charles I, while clinging to his own prerogative, never thought that he was trampling upon that of all England. Louis XIV, jealous of the slightest deviation from the formal etiquette which he had established, saw no inconsistency in forbidding

thousands of his subjects to worship God after their own fashion. The Terrorists of 1793, while denouncing the cruelties of the aristocrats, perpetrated tenfold greater cruelties themselves; and the Luddite frame-breakers of 1810 would have been greatly astonished had any one told them that they were committing the very crime which they anathematized, *viz.*: taking the bread out of the mouths of struggling men. "The eye of the husbandman," says the wise Eastern proverb, "sees nothing but cornfields; that of fishermen nothing but nets."

But although there are undoubtedly faults on both sides, nothing can be more unjust than the assertion so frequently heard from men who ought to know better, that socialism is merely the apotheosis of riot; that no concession can ever satisfy the masses; and that the equality aimed at by the "man of the people" is not the raising of himself to the level of the upper class, but the dragging of it down to his own. One or two familiar instances, it must be admitted, have done only too much to bear out this heartless theory; but to lay it down as a general and incontrovertable law is as absurd as it is unfair. There is in the heart of every intelligent working man an instinct of fair-play as strong as that of any human being, provided it do but get free scope. In what way it is prevented from doing so, a few words will suffice to show.

Let us suppose the case of a man who, working hard for many hours every day, has hitherto contrived to maintain himself and his family, or, in his own phrase, to "rub along somehow,"—accepting, with the stubborn courage of his class, occasional hardships and privations as "all in the day's work." All at once there comes a bad season. A sudden tightness in the money-market, a stagnation of trade, an influx of competition from some unexpected quarter, or any other of the countless chances which rule the labor market, adds the one straw which turns the scale against him. Wages are reduced, and his own labor will maintain him no longer. Feeling overmatched, he naturally appeals to society for redress. Society surveys him through its eye-glass, and answers placidly: "My good friend, what you say is perfectly correct, but

you must not be in too great a hurry. Just wait a little while, till we have leisure to attend to you, and you shall have all you want." But how is he to wait? As he would say to himself: "Its all very well for men with money in both pockets to talk of waiting; but we who live from hand to mouth must keep moving on or be crushed." This is fatally true. Nothing is easier than for a man in perfect comfort to preach resignation to one in agonies of pain; but it is not quite so easy for the sufferer to obey the prescription. No one who has felt them can ever forget the slow tortures of such an existence—growing privation, frantic and useless effort, broken rest, gnawing hunger, anxiety gradually darkening into despair, &c.,—more intolerable than all, the dull, hopeless sense of having everything against you, and being slowly crushed by the injustice of circumstances. Nor is the power of contrast lacking to make the agony complete. On one side are gaily-dressed pleasure-seekers, handsome carriages and horses, lighted windows, well-spread tables, costly ornaments, all the appliances of wealth and luxury; on the other, a cheerless home, an empty cupboard, a fireless hearth, a pale, sickly wife, a brood of famishing, hollow-eyed children. Between two such antitheses, it is little wonder if at length, when some noisy agitator (who cares nothing what may become of the working man when once *he* has made his profit out of him) raises the cry of "Down with the bondholders!" the combative element in the desperate man's blood should bestir itself in earnest, and should, like Dryden's ferocious hero, feel that it is,

"Better to fight and perish, than be still."

Not without reason did Canon Kingsley—himself among the keenest critics as well as the warmest friends of the laboring class, remark so pointedly that "any man who, in spite of his utmost exertions, has been for one whole day without anything to eat, must have learned thereby many things of which he had never dreamed before"—a sentence in which lies the secret of many a grim historical tragedy.

The fact is—and it cannot be repeated too often or too

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\* *Alton Locke*, chap. xix.

emphatically—that almost all socialistic theories of the present day, however sincere and well-intentioned, oscillate between the two opposing errors of treating human beings, with human virtues and vices, either as Cherubim or as cattle. Some wish to play Hercules in the stable of Augeas, and sweep away with one rush the accumulated evils of centuries. Others, loftier and less practical, plan an ideal structure of the Platonic school, vast, splendid, admirable in its beauty and symmetry, but remote and unattainable as a poet's dream.

But for these and other evils of the kind, there is one sovereign remedy—education. “The spelling-book,” said a great Italian reformer, “is a surer weapon than the poniard.” Every man who learns to read for himself, and to think for himself, is one more pillar struck away from the stronghold of darkness and despotism, one more stone fitted into the rising structure of progress and freedom. Free thought, free speech, clear judgment, intelligent criticism, are more fatal to oppression than forests of pikes or trains of heavy artillery. The semi-barbarous *Mujiks* of Russia, the brute-like *Fellaheen* of Egypt, the illiterate *contadini* of Italy, the superstitious peasantry of Spain—these are the tools with which despotism loves to work. But let crowned injustice raise its head in such centres of thought as Amsterdam, Edinburgh, London, Dublin, Boston—and instantly there arises a “William the Silent” to destroy the armies of Spain; a John Knox to denounce the “godless nobles;” an Oliver Cromwell to quench tyranny in its own blood; a Jonathan Swift to brand the misdeeds of unprincipled Ministers; a George Washington to chase foreign invaders from the free American soil—and the might of oppression recoils before the one man who dares to think for himself.

Such, is, indeed, the real aim of all education. The first essential of success is self-reliance; and the cool, intelligent self-reliance of experience is as far above the boastful and headlong confidence of ignorance, as the soul is above the body. John Ziska, the famous Bohemian chief of the Hussite War, was fond of saying that “the bravest man is he who sees the danger most clearly.” We have already alluded, in another



place,\* to the characteristic tendency of the uneducated peasant soldiers of Russia to huddle together in battle, and to act purely by weight and mass, instead of each for himself, after the fashion of the more intelligent and self-reliant Germans. This is an accurate type of what is occurring every day upon the great battle ground of human progress. The strength of mere numbers and clamor is nothing more than weakness in disguise; but when there exists in every man of the whole multitude an intelligent resolution to achieve a certain end, and a clear perception of the means by which that end is to be attained, then the movement does indeed become irresistible. The ignorant man sees only one side of every question, *viz.*: that which bears directly upon his own personal interests. The half-taught man may indeed catch an occasional glimpse of the other—but such glimpses, seen through the distorted medium of his own ingrained prejudices, are often more misleading than ignorance itself. The educated and intelligent man looks at both sides alike, and, while scrupulous in exacting justice for himself, is not less so in conceding it to his adversary. And when to a temperament of this kind is superadded the priceless training given by labor and hardship, the natural leader of men is indeed found at last.

Toward this consummation the world is gradually tending, and the promise of the future is an ample consolation for the errors and disasters of the past. Much, undoubtedly, still remains to be done; but this at least has been gained, that humanity is beginning to think and speak for itself. It is no longer to be led away by the ravings of incendiaries or the frothy platitudes of demagogues; and the sterling common-sense which is the birthright of all men who have been self-helpful and self-supporting from their childhood, has begun to come to the front at last. Many titles have been given to the present century, all more or less appropriate; but it may well be content should the destruction of the countless shams which have so long held it in bondage entitle it to be called the Age of Realities.

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\* *National Quarterly Review* for July, 1877, Art. IV, *Russia's Present Position in Europe*.



We cannot more fitly close this necessarily imperfect sketch than by quoting the striking words in which a famous teacher has portrayed to the life the two great influences which we have endeavored to contrast :

“It is a common saying that ‘ Knowledge is Power ; ’ but who hath duly considered and set forth the might of Ignorance ? Knowledge slowly builds up what Ignorance in one hour pulls down. Knowledge, through patient and frugal centuries, enlarges discovery and makes record of it ; Ignorance wanting his day’s dinner, lights a fire with the record, and gives a flavor to his one roast with the burnt souls of many generations. Knowledge, instructing sense, refining and multiplying needs, transforms itself into skill, and makes life various with new arts for six days of the week ; comes Ignorance drunk on the seventh, with a firkin of oil and a match, and an easy ‘ Let there *not* be ’ —— and the many-colored creation is shrivelled into blackness.”

Few truer words have ever been uttered ; and the axiom that knowledge is power must be coupled with the deeper truth, that power without knowledge is the worst of all evils.

## ART. VIII.—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

1. *The Poetical and Prose Works of WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.* 7 vols. Boston and New York.

Ave, Mazzini, moriturus te saluto !

It is a traditional sort of opinion that poets have at all times been an irregular, shifty or shiftless class of men, with wandering propensities and purposes of life; and Schiller, it will be remembered, adopting this idea in one of his lyrics—the *Division of the Earth* (*Theilung der Erde*)—has explained how the bard, being absent and forgotten by Jupiter, in the distribution of the world's goods and chattels, got subsequently, by way of compensation, a general invitation to call in at Olympus and make himself at home, whenever, in going about among the clouds, he should wander in that direction. Another popular idea is, that poets in general are disposed to have disorderly notions and wayward modes of expression from which the rest of mankind are tolerably free. There is a good deal of truth in such an impression. The poets, in fact, have always had a tendency to do and say irregular things—like Shakespeare, for instance, who “made himself a motley to the view,”—and in more ways than the world is aware of; like Byron and Shelley, those meteoric vagabonds of Parnassus, and like that other brilliant British pagan, Algernon Charles Swinburne—

Swinburne, our sad, bad, glad, mad brother's name—

who has flung so many high-hearted and offensive sayings of all sorts in the face of society and outraged so much of its piety or its prudery. These are the men whose lyres are “winged”—to use the lofty language of M. Joubert, who has declared that “*rien qui ne transporte n'est poésie*,” and that, “*la lyre est un instrument ailé*.”

Tested by the recent requirements and the old preconcep-

tions, as regards the poets, their works and their ways, our American Bryant would be found wanting, in the opinion of a good many. He did not show in his writings any of those brave disorders or "winged" impulses that have so tormented or elevated the utterances of others, or any of the disastrous vagrancies that have made the biographies of so many of them picturesque; and there be those who refuse to recognize him as a genuine *sacer vates*, feeding on honey-dew and drinking the milk of paradise. But in this they go too fast and too far—or not far enough. The old recognized principle and fashion of English poetry are not yet abolished: and, justified by these, the writings of Bryant must always claim consideration—a consideration we never refuse to those of Addison, Cowper, Akenside, Beattie, Campbell, Rogers, and others who have written things that the world cannot willingly let die. Bryant will have his own place, *i. e.* among the humbler order of singers in our language; and he will always be remembered with the most thoughtful and sweetest of them. For the rest, he has the distinction of being a representative poet, representing in his day and generation the peculiar nature and growth of poetic genius in this country; being in this point of view associated—almost necessarily—with Mr. Longfellow, whom he resembled in a certain moderation and sedateness of thought, though differing from him in several particulars, such as the tone of sentiment and the style of language.

William Cullen Bryant, whose birth took place in 1794 at Cummington, in Massachusetts, was eldest son of Dr. Peter Bryant of that place, and with that mild and meditative nature which predisposes young people to love literature and drift insensibly into the thoughts and exercises of poetry. It was an old saying that "poets are born, not made." Ben Jonson, on the other hand, declared "that a true poet is made, as well as born;" and a great deal might be said on both sides; since education certainly goes for a good deal in such a development. A certain amount of school training is necessary to the man who would utter his poetical thoughts in a commanding voice. Bryant received some such training from his father, who—like the father of Charles Sumner—had a desire to see his son distinguish himself intellectually. He taught and tasked

the boy, and the result was that the little fellow wrote verses before he was ten years old. We are told, that at the age of fourteen, he wrote about the "Embargo" and the "Spanish Revolution"—pieces then or subsequently printed. No doubt the Doctor touched them up, more or less: but they certainly showed a wonderful precocity of thought, and the lad's ability to "marshal his notions in a handsome order"—as old Dr. Fuller expresses it. Bryant seems to have written *Thanatopsis* at the age of nineteen; but as he did not print it till he was twenty-three, it may be fairly supposed that he greatly amended the first draughts. Still, the poem is a remarkable production for such a youth. It has the Ossianic manner and pensive treatment which are so generally congenial to that impressive and grief-tinted period of life.

In 1810, Bryant entered William's College. In 1812 he left it; and this seems to have been the extent of his schooling; a fact rather noticeable as sustaining the opinion of those who believe that the curriculum of regular instruction is less favorable to the mental impulses that make or help genius than the imperfect study which tends to give the faculties a self-willed and independent style of exercise. A hundred instances might be quoted to show how defective scholarship has led to the distinction of authors, like Swift, Goldsmith, Scott, &c., suggesting the suspicion that the discipline of learning is unfavorable to originality in literary effort, and especially that of poetry. At any rate Bryant's genius was not encumbered by much learning; and in 1815—the year of his marriage with Miss Fairchild—he became a lawyer at Great Barrington; thus turning his thoughts to a course of life which never led any one very far into the domain of the Muses. Byron says:

"The lawyer and the critic but behold  
The baser sides of literature and life."

But Bryant had in him few or none of those qualities that make a successful law practitioner—any more than Sumner, Longfellow or Lowell—and he continued his old habits of reading and composing verses—

"He penned a stanza when he should engross,"

and preferred Blair and Byron before Blackstone. In 1821, a

volume of his poems was published at Cambridge. In 1823, he came to reside at New York, where, in 1826, he made the happy connection with the *Evening Post*, which was thenceforward the main-stay of his life, giving him that independence and worldly prosperity that he never could have won from any industry of general literature or poetic genius.

In speaking of Mr. Bryant we must regard him mainly as a poet since it was as a poet he won his distinction. Yet he was not, on the whole, a very popular poet. About fifty years ago his early poetry gave him a certain degree of popularity; but this he could not be said to have secured to the end; perhaps because he made no great effort to do so. But the *Ages*, *Thanatopsis*, *Lines to a Waterfowl*, and other pieces were largely quoted and praised, not alone in this country but in England, where John Wilson of *Blackwood's Magazine* noticed them with great cordiality—a benefit secured by the friendly mediation of Washington Irving, who edited the collection and dedicated it to the poet Rogers. The flow of young Bryant's blank verse was found wonderfully impressive and musical, its sentiment and cadences reminding all refined readers of many passages in the poetry of Byron and Wordsworth. Bryant and Byron had something in common in their preference of natural scenery before the society of their fellowmen; though the tendency of the Englishman had in it a touch of misanthropy, while Bryant's was simply fastidious and slightly ascetic.

The *Ages*—usually presented first in the list of Bryant's reprinted poems,—exhibits a fine sense of what is melodious in language and an easy command of the Spenserian and Byronic stanza, the hardest to manage of all our poetic measures. It runs on the theme of human progress and gives the poet an opportunity of recapitulating the course of history from the rudest and earliest times, and arguing in the end that the crimes and general wickedness of the race have been diminished by degrees, and that the lover of his kind need not despair of a better and brighter era. In the same spirit, *Thanatopsis* is offered as a consolation to lighten the heavy doom of death, carrying along with its organ-like melody, the modification of the old Roman idea that those who quitted

this life, passed away *Ad plures*, that is, to the *Majority*—a fallacy of language added to the fallacy of belief. Bryant's consolation against the fear of death is not like that of Drelinecourt, or drawn from the sources which have been most familiar to us all who have learned about a heaven with its chrysolite splendors and its angelic harps; but from the idea that a vast company of people have gone before us and are disposed somehow among the dark elements of the earth where the humblest can share the awful and shadowy unconsciousness of kings and philosophers and venerable seers—people who are assumed to feel, on their part, the same sort of consolation in the blank society of the nameless multitude about them in that “*eternal* resting place.” This classical, and at the same time simple, fancy of the death-doom is embroidered with an artistic affluence of melodious words which most American readers of culture have recited or remembered with pleasure:

Yet not to thy eternal resting place  
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings  
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good  
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past  
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods; rivers that move  
In majesty and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green, and, poured round all,  
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man.

This treatment of the subject of death has a sort of declamatory solemnity which is not unsuitable, reminding us of those passages of English poetry—as in Blair's *Grave*, and Young's *Night Thoughts*, in which we are touched by that ancient but undying pathos of man's doom. And the same sort of expression may be found in some passages of English prose, one of which comes to memory at this moment, being the concluding paragraph of Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, and running as follows:

"O eloquent and just and mighty death! Whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none have dared thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of our world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambition of men and covered it all over with the two narrow words: *Hic jacet.*"

One is apt to fancy that this powerful piece of prose might have given our young poet some suggestion for *Thanatopsis*. But Bryant did not need it. Nature had given him a melancholy muse which grew by what it fed on in Blair, Hervey and other moralists of the tomb. And for the rest, the prose of Raleigh has a grave and earnest pathos—especially in the two words that close it—which can hardly be found in the elegant and musical phraseology of Bryant. In this last—as above quoted—the charm of poetical expression is undeniable, though rather old fashioned. Nobody can fancy any of our modern poets, Bailey, Morris, Swinburne or Browning, employing the language of *Thanatopsis* on that theme. They would use another order of words; and these would probably be of the scoffing sort and, for the rest, very hard to be "constered" by the admirers of Cowper and Tennyson.

Our poet, in *Thanatopsis*, goes on to say that, when our summons comes to join the caravan of the departing, we should feel—

"Like those who draw the drapery of their couch  
Around them and lie down to pleasant dreams."

This turns the matter "to favor and to prettiness," somewhat. Pleasant dreams don't harmonize with that earthen idea of an underworld. Hamlet's notion of the dreams that may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil; or poor Claudio's, in *Measure for Measure*, is more natural. For the rest, those "pleasant dreams" do not fit Bryant's idea of a geological repose. But he could not help it. He began in his young days, with a Pagan sentiment of extinction—as opposed to resurrection—and it must have put him out very often. No poet, in fact, can dispense with a life to come. Byron was forced to imply it; and Shelley, a greater "nihilist," says of Keats—

The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
Beacons from the abodes where the eternal are.

Bryant came round subsequently to some more orthodox ideas of the hereafter. Poets can manage to get along without God, but without the idea of a future life, they are in the dark; and the grandest and tenderest chords of their harps are wanting—as Bryant himself would express it. Looking at his wife he asks—in the *Future Life*—if it be possible that they shall not know one another in a world of spirits; and his verses show that he hoped for such a place of happy recognition.

Moral sentiment is the vein that runs through all Bryant's poetry; or the system of veins that gives it its peculiar flush and coloring. It sometimes shows itself very pleasingly and in a natural way; but it has very often an appearance of effort and elaboration. In the *West Wind*, the breeze is described as always sighing, and in this it is said to resemble a good many human beings who act in the same way without any cause of trouble. In another poem on the *Winds*, he describes their various moods—now gently waving the blossoms and wafting the bees, and now moving with the pace of a hurricane. Then follows the moral of a mightier power than the winds—*i. e.* the oppressed people of Europe; and the bard ends with the hope that when the democracy rises and goes forward, it may not be like the whirlwind, but in the manner of the light and happy breezes.

Bryant's inspiration was not very deep. It dealt with natural and simple sentiments. The sombre and sometimes sepulchral hue of his poetry was derived from what has touched men most in all ages, the idea of death and the transitory nature of human life; and on this he has written a number of musical and tender things coming easily home to most people. This natural tendency was no doubt encouraged by the poetry of Kirke White, of Blair, writer of the *Grave*, and Dr. Young of the *Night Thoughts*—favorite authors of his youth. Bryant's calm physical nature—one of those natures holding in them the principle of longevity—was strongly impressed by these; and he turned from the more energetic and feverish ways of men to the company of his books and the quietude of nature in the fields and forests. He seems to have loved human nature less than inanimate nature—if we may use the word “inanimate” to express a distinc-



tion which the physiological scientists of our time have been setting aside—and, indeed, with a good show of reason. He felt toward human society like a philosopher; but the wild birds, the breezes, the oaks and the rivers were his brothers and sisters and intimate friends. He seems to have referred most things to them, in some way,—at least after he had sat down to his poetic table. In the *Antiquity of Freedom* he says:

Oh, Freedom, thou art not a poet's dream  
A fair young girl with light and delicate limbs  
And wavy tresses flowing from the cap  
With which the Roman master crowned the slave  
When he took off his gyves. A bearded man  
Armed to teeth art thou; one mailed hand  
Grasps the broad shield and one the sword; thy brow  
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred  
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs  
Are strong with struggling.

If this is not “a poet's dream,” it is at least a painter's picture, and a good one. But the bard goes on to say that Freedom has still a stern war to wage with tyranny and must therefore keep all his weapons ready. In conclusion he says:—

But wouldst thou rest  
Awhile from tumult, and the frauds of men,  
Those old and friendly solitudes invite  
Thy visit.

These solitudes are the woods, and the poet of nature was thinking of Aristomenes and Wallace, and Schamyl, who in their day were glad to find shelter in such places; and forgetting that freedom now-a-days can work better in the streets and crowds of men; that, in fact, he, or she, has less need of the mailed hand, the shield, or the sword, than of the platforms, caucuses, polling-booths and ballot papers which will yet prove the best weapons of popular liberty. But Bryant was meditating the forest-picturesque, and could never bring himself to love or mix himself up with the rough-and-tumble heroism of modern democracy.

The later poems of Bryant are on the whole better than the earlier, for though wearing the same pensive character, they have a somewhat wider range of subjects and show a

more delicate fancy. Yet this last has a tendency to become too elaborate; as, for instance, in the song *Oh, Fairest of the Rural Maids*,—a heading, by the by, which presents us with one very un-American word. In this lyric the poet says:

Her eyes were springs in whose serene  
And silent waters heaven is seen;  
The lashes are like herbs that look  
On their young figures in the brook;—

that last idea showing itself too precise or pretty for the nature of the lyric. In some pieces, his love of simple language seems carried too far. In a *Winter Piece* he says:

Then the chant  
Of birds and chime of brooks and soft caress  
Of the fresh sylvan air made me forget  
The thoughts that broke my peace; and I began  
To gather simples by the fountain's brink.

For a great many readers the pathos of the occasion is rather disconcerted by the particularity of the concluding line. Bryant's fancies were never allowed to run wild. They were always under the control of a calm and careful perception, and carried a good deal of common-sense along with their sentimentalism. They usually clustered about a single idea and produced their effect by association. The *Song of the Sower* means that the corn thrown into the dark mould will bring us bread in due season: bread for the brave soldiers doing their country's work in camp; for the weavers at the loom; for the weary seamstresses; for the wretches who have suffered shipwreck; for the people in the almshouses of great cities; for all who labor and suffer. But it also comes for those who make merry, and the poet mentions the gay, bridal-party. Nay, he feels impelled to go farther; and he shows how bread is beneficently prepared for the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He wishes to touch the feelings of all classes of men. The *Song of the Sower* has been greatly praised and quoted; and its poetry is the poetry of common-sense and benevolence. In this way, as in a great many others, Bryant shows that his *ars poetica* was not what the French and the English of the Swinburne school call *l'Art pour l'Art*. With him it was "art for its application," and art for moral sentiment and for utilitarian

ism. In treating his subject he brings in everything that can be made to associate with it. On this principle, any poet could make a most interesting lyric of anything—of a breakfast table, for instance, with its variety of delicate and far fetched elements or aliments, wafting the fancy to many distant “shores of old romance;” or better still, of an elegantly dressed lady, whose loveliness might be enhanced with or by the pearl-nursing deeps of the sea of Oman or Ceylon, the gnomes of the Golconda caves and the gracious memory of the Vale of Cachmere. She would thus be made—

To walk in beauty, like the night  
Of eastern climes and starry skies,

and like a thousand other enchanting and romantic things. Such a style of associated poetry was pretty much that of Cowper when he wrote about a *Sofa* and then set himself down to write a *Task*; and it will not be denied that, in this way, poetry need never die out in a nation for want of inspiration. This last may be found in everything, or anything—the most commonplace in the world, if the mind is only in “a concatenation accordingly.” The age of chivalry may be gone by—in these days of Gatling and Krupp—but the age of poetry is not—this fine art having a great many shapes of development and many *raisons d'être* to fall back on.

Some of Bryant's poems are of a fairy character. But he keeps his brilliant vagaries well in hand, and they are subservient to the purposes of natural and moral sentiment. *Sella*, one of his latest pieces, is an instance of this. It is very fanciful and at the same time very elaborate, describing how the country maiden, Seila, loves rivulets and the water, like another Undine, and how, having one day found a pair of magical slippers beside a stream, she puts them on in spite of her mother's warning and goes rushing down the little and great rivers, where she finds a beautiful water-sylph rushing beside her. They go, by villages, towns and cities, to the ocean, and see the sea-fountains and all the wonders of the great deep. *Sella*, on her return home, gives her mother a description of them:

We entered the great deep and passed below  
His billows into boundless spaces lit  
With a green sunshine. Here were mighty groves

For down the ocean valley, and between  
 Lay what might seem fair meadows softly tinged  
 With orange and with crimson. Here arose  
 Tall stems that, rooted in the depths below  
 Swung idly with the motions of the sea ;  
 And here were shrubberies, in whose mazy screens  
 The creatures of the deep made haunt. My friend  
 Named the strange growths, the pretty coralline,  
 The dulse with crimson leaves, and streaming far  
 Sea-thong and sea-lace. Here the tangle spread  
 Its broad thick fronds, with pleasant bowers beneath ;  
 And oft we trod a waste of pearly sands  
 Spotted with rosy shells, and thence looked in  
 On caverns of the sea whose rock-roofed halls  
 Lay in blue twilight. As we moved along,  
 The dwellers of the deep in mighty herds,  
 Passed by us ; reverently they passed us by,  
 Long trains of dolphins rolling through the brine,  
 Huge whales that drew the water after them,  
 A torrent stream, and hideous hammer-sharks  
 That gently turned aside to give us room.

In all these fancies the poet is never too deep for the reader. The language, though ornamental, is clear, familiar and satisfactory. After this we have a pretty banquet of crisp and juicy stalks partaken by the wandering pair and three other fair creatures who had joined them ; and a number of other pen-picturings, all very precise and attractive.

Sella having returned to her home, the story goes on to say how the magic slippers were used subsequently to make furtive excursions by water, till, at last, Sella's brothers buried them where she could never find them. The end of it is that, hindered from going to the waters, she grows melancholy, then has a change of feeling ; and then settles down into a beautiful, gracious and meditative woman devoting all her thought to the good of society—and always in a hydrostatic direction. She teaches people how to make aqueducts, reservoirs, fountains, and mill-races ; and when she dies, they raise her monument in the angle or fork, made by a dividing stream where it was surrounded by "orchis, iris and cardinal flower," and marked by a stone—

A stone engraved with Sella's honored name.

The story flows to the most charming cadences, is a complete

arabesque of words, and is quoted to indicate the peculiar mixture of fact and fancy in the writings of Bryant. The same may be observed in the *Little People of the Snow*, a legend in which we have, as in *Sella*, a good mother looking carefully and anxiously after the comfort of her daughter. Eva goes out, well-muffled up in furs, to amuse herself for a time on a winter's day. She meets a snow lady with "flowing, flaxen locks and faint blue eyes" and wanders about with her through snow drifts and away to the beautiful palace-halls of ice made of frost-work:—

And in the hall a joyous multitude,  
Of those by whom its glistening walls were reared  
Whirled in the mazy dance to silvery sounds  
That rang from cymbals of transparent ice.  
And now the white walls widened and the vault  
Swelled upward like some vast cathedral dome  
Such as the Florentine who bore the name  
Of heaven's most potent angel reared long since ;  
Or the unknown builder of that wondrous fane  
The glory of Burgos. There a garden lay  
In which the little people of the snow  
Were wont to take their pastime, when their tasks  
Upon the mountain sides and in the clouds  
Were ended. Here they taught the silent frost  
To mock, in stem and spray and leaf and flower,  
The growths of summer ; here the palm upreared  
Its white columnar trunk and spotless sheaf  
Of plume-like leaves ; here cedars huge as those  
Of Lebanon stretched out their level boughs.

The poet goes on in this way to reproduce at length the vegetable growths of the earth, for his scene in wonderland ; and the enumeration is in very poetic language. The story of this fairy tale as it proceeds, shows, like the poem of *Sella*, that none of those fantastic enchantments could satisfy the poet's fancy unmingled with the homely ideas and tender sentiments peculiar to his nature. When the little girl is found dead in the snow and carried home, we have the grief of the mother, the family and the neighbors, the waking, the funeral sermon, the affecting hymn and all the idyllic pathos of the little maiden's burial. In furnishing these poetic banquets, Bryant first presented the light and ornamental *chef-d'œuvre* and kept

the solid viands and sensible pieces of resistance to the conclusion. In this at least, the reader will find a noticeable originality.

In his attempts to represent certain traits of Indian character—as in the *Indian Story*, the *Indian Girl's Lament*, the *Indian at the Graves of his Fathers*, Bryant was not very happy. His verses are very smooth, but he cannot be considered more successful than Campbell (in *Gertrude of Wyoming*), Fenimore Cooper, Longfellow (in *Hiawatha*) and many others. There is one savage song, however, which seems very natural and good—a Song of *Pitcairn's Island*, sung by a native mother to her English husband :

Come take our boy and we will go  
 Before the cabin door ;  
 The winds will bring us as they blow  
 The murmurs of the shore,  
 And we will kiss his young blue eyes,  
 And I will sing him as he lies  
 Songs that were made of yore ;  
 I'll sing to please his infant ear  
 Those island songs you love to hear.

.....

And thou, while stammering I repeat,  
 My country's tongue shall teach ;  
 'Tis not so soft but 'tis as sweet  
 As my own native speech.  
 And thou no island-tongue didst know  
 When scarcely twenty moons ago  
 Upon Tahiti's beach  
 Thou camest and wooed me to be thine  
 With many a speaking look and sign.  
 I knew thy meaning ; thou did'st praise  
 My eyes, my locks of jet ;  
 Ah well for me they won thy gaze,  
 But thine were fairer yet.  
 I'm glad to see my infant wear  
 Thy soft blue eyes and sunny hair ;  
 And when my sight is met  
 By his white forehead and his cheek,  
 I feel a joy I cannot speak.

.....

Bryant was not always so happy as in this lyric. He ventured on the *Song of a Greek Amazon* and failed :

I buckle to my slender side  
 The pistol and the scimeter,  
 And in my maiden flower and pride  
 Are come to share the tasks of war ;  
 And yonder stands my fiery steed  
 That paws the ground neighs to go,  
 My charger of the Arab breed—  
 I took him from the routed foe.  
 .....

Such stanzas are too pretty and theatrical to represent the manner of a Sciote or Suliote lioness going about with her husband and brothers, after the burning of their hamlet, to try conclusions with the Turks ; and Bryant's critical friends should not have allowed him to print them. There was very little of the military *estro* in his nature. And yet his native war-lyrics—as they may be termed—*Our Country's Call* and *Not Yet*—are very terse and animated, especially the last-mentioned.

Bryant's poetical tone and manner are those of the last century—regulated, meditative, moral and musical. The calm surface of his poetry is unbroken by the irregularity of a double rhyme. This singularity seems too curious to be true ; and perhaps a close investigator may discover one instance of the kind, or two, or three. But nobody can remember them just now ; and the general fact may be accepted as indicating Bryant's sedate and somewhat monotonous feeling of the duties he was called on to discharge as a poet. He has a sweet, mild music of his own, flowing in a kind of plain-chant which is not without its charm, such as may be found in a great number of places ; in the following, for instance :

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again ;  
 The eternal years of God are hers ;  
 But error writhes like one in pain,  
 And dies amidst its worshippers.

The verses addressed to Mrs. Bryant, (the *Future Life*) are among the best he wrote :

How shall I know thee in the sphere that keeps  
 The disembodied spirits of the dead ?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain  
 If there I meet thy gentle presence not,  
 Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again  
 In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

In the expression of the natural feelings, Bryant was at his best. In treating his "great, grave themes" he was rather vague, losing the firmness of his mind and falling into redundancies of language which, though not entirely out of place in a lyrical flow of thought, are apt to displease those whose *begeisterung* is not so great as his own. In his poem of the *Past*, he adopts the idea of the Roman poet that the gods themselves have no power over it, and speaks of it as unrelenting and darkly inexorable, enumerating pathetically many of the things gone forever; and yet at the close he reverses the medal, in a Christian spirit, and declares that those gates and bolts of departure shall give way and the Past

Shall then come forth to wear  
 The glory and the beauty of its prime.

The charm of a melodious antithesis was, at times, too much for his severer judgment.

It has been observed that Bryant's later poetry is better than the earliest. In this estimate must be included his translations from the Greek of Homer. Many critics, especially the English, seem to disregard this work, and it has been thought that our author's learning was not equal to such a task. But in all probability Bryant knew as much Greek as Pope, a man who never made any pretensions in that respect, and who employed "especial hands" to do the rough part of his work—after the manner of the great sculptors in their own line of business. Bryant always admitted he spent but two or three school-months at Greek with the Rev. Moses Hallock of Plainfield. But he studied subsequently, no doubt, in an irregular way—which, with many persons, is often as good as the regular way; and, for the rest, no great knowledge of Greek is necessary to translate Homer, in our day, when so many versions of all sorts are so plenty and so little differing from one another; so that Bryant, with so many helps beside him, of Chapman, Pope, Cowper, Sotheby, Mumford (1846), Newman (1856), Worsley (1861), Alford (1861), Conington



and Simcox and Lord Derby (1865), Herschel (1866) and Merivale (1869) would find his work as much of an enjoyment as a task. At any rate, on his seventy-seventh birthday, he saw his *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in the good old-fashioned eighteenth-century print of Fields, Osgood & Co., feeling, no doubt, that this archaic style of typography was the best suited to the character of that venerable theme and of its latest interpreter. He was never without an artistic sense of the niceties and proprieties of literature.

Bryant's translation of Homer is, on the whole, as good, and deserves to be as popular as any other in our language. It is a much truer version than Pope's, and is as close as Cowper's, which it surpasses in the easy clearness and musical simplicity of its style. Lord Derby's translation professes to be, and is, in general, closer than that of Pope or Cowper; but somewhat inferior in harmony of expression—stiffer, so to speak, if closer to the original. In this case the poets, as is only natural, have the advantage in the matter of expression.

It may be an amusement of some leisure moments to compare the work of those translators. In this place we have only space for a brief comparison, having reference to a much-quoted passage to be found near the close of the Eighth Book of the *Iliad*. It represents the soldiers of Troy sitting in bivouacs round their watch-fires, fifty thousand strong, before the city walls, and between the stream of Zanthus and the ships. In the original there is a simile, comparing these watch-fires with the stars, and running to the length of five lines, with a meaning something like the following:

As when in heaven the stars, about the bright moon,  
Show most beautiful; when, too, the ether is windless,  
And visible the heights, peaks, and woody lawns;  
And heavenward the boundless ether is expanded,  
And all the stars are seen, and the shepherd's mind is glad.

This is one of the *purpurei panni* of the Homeric literature, and it has been always admired in the translations—most especially in that of Pope—which is as follows:

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,  
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,  
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;

Around her throne the vivid planet's roll,  
 And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole ;  
 O'er the dark trees a yellow lustre shed  
 And tip with silver every mountain's head ;  
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,  
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies ;  
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,  
 Eye the blue vault and bless the useful light.

This, it may be perceived, is a false translation, and a huddle of fine words merely. Cowper did far better :

As when, around the clear bright moon, the stars  
 Shines in full splendor and the winds are hushed ;  
 The groves, the mountain tops, the headland heights  
 Stand all apparent ; not a vapour streaks  
 The boundless blue, but ether, opened wide,  
 All glitters and the shepherd's heart is glad.

The five Greek lines are here very fairly rendered in six English. Lord Derby—whose work was dedicated to the Prince of Wales—transfers them in seven :

As when in heaven, around the glittering moon,  
 The stars shine bright amid the breathless air,  
 And every crag and every jutting peak  
 Stands boldy forth, and every forest glade,  
 Even to the gates of heaven is opened wide,  
 The boundless sky ; shines each particular star  
 Distinct ; joy fills the gazing shepherds heart.

We now give Bryant's version :

As when in heaven the stars look brightly forth  
 Round the clear-shining moon, while not a breeze  
 Stirs in the depth of air, and all the stars  
 Are seen and gladness fills the shepherd's heart.

This, notably enough, falls short of the terms of the original, being comprised in the space of four lines, one line less than the Greek, and in extent, one-third of Pope's weak translation. This singularity has its justification ; for though Pope's rendering is tawdry, and Lord Derby's is redundant in its own way, they are not, in this respect, much worse than the sublime original itself, which is as huddled and affected a piece of poetry as any to be found in the classic languages. In the first place it is not true to nature, when it presents a brilliant

moon in heaven with all the host of stars glittering about her;  
a thing

That never was, and no one ever saw.

No genuine Greek minstrel with eyes in his head could ever have recited such nonsense. It was no doubt, some learned college-bred man or scholiast of the age of Pisistratus, or Pericles, who made that blunder, tacking it on the text of the older bards or reciters. Again, that "opening of the ether" and shining of the stars in that short Greek passage is a clumsy repetition of the first line, thrust in by some other scholastic hand. None of the commentators takes the trouble to point to these defects, being influenced probably by the superstition with which all men of culture feel bound to regard that heroic patchwork and venerable Pelasgian *cento* of the Homeric period. Bryant exercised a more critical judgment in the matter, for though he has not objected to the clustering of the stars round the Greek moon, he has noticed in his preface that the line or two he left untranslated in the above passage was merely a poetical filling-in and that the words appear as part of a description in the Sixteenth Book. In a few instances of this sort he has slighted his original. But, on the whole, his translation is as good as the best—that of Cowper, who was a great master of what is most idiomatic in our language—the late Editor of this periodical to the contrary, notwithstanding. Bryant's style of expression is of the same character—only somewhat more choice and cadenced—it is the style best suited on the whole to the simplicity of the Greek original. In all probability no better version than Bryant's is possible or will be needed in our language—unless some one should undertake to give us a translation in prose, couched in the English of the Bible and largely moving to the sonorous and animated cadences of the Keltic Ossian. This would probably prove the fairest representation of the Homeric poetry in modern speech. It would be a good vehicle for those trying to cope with the classic hexameter which always refuses to naturalize itself among our several English modes of versification.

The mass of his Homeric translations of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* saves Bryant from the imputation of having written

too little in verse. In his original matter, he seems to have written his rhymes at long intervals and without any large or persistent force of inspiration. With him poetry was a pastime and a recreation and, no doubt, "its own exceeding great reward"—as in the case of Oliver Goldsmith. The Muses were never his task-mistresses—not even in the matter of the Homeric translation; for he says himself he found the latter to be a sort of mental relief in the midst of much sorrow—that following the death of his wife in 1866—a blow all the severer, perhaps, that he was a childless man. In this love for his work, he seems to have differed from his brother bard, Longfellow, who always labored more steadily at the business of poetry, and who indeed confesses some little weariness in the occupation; as may be seen in one of his latest lyrics, a sonnet. In this he records his lassitude after a course of "making out"—and felicitously enough, since it certainly exemplifies the exhaustion which he wishes to intimate. He says:

Once upon Iceland's solitary strand—

A poet wandered, book and pen in hand—

with intent to seek some closing word or colophon, some "sweet amen" to round what he had written; when, in the midst of his explorations, he came upon a broken oar lying on the sand, and read upon the fragment the following happy and appropriate words written by one who had been apparently a gally-slave and felt minded to record his experience in that way:

*Once I was weary when I toiled at thee.*

This was the expressive close the poet had looked for; a close that somehow strikes us as being rather arctic and far-fetched for the "sweet amen" of a New England singer. Yet the latter might say, with Isabella in *Measure for Measure*, "pray pardon it, the phrase is to the matter."

Bryant was never disposed to confess any weariness in his work, for verse-making with him was always a labor of love and a relaxation, even in the work of the Homeric translation. This he must have considered his *opus magnum*, for he prefixed to it the best portrait of himself—a portrait that has a certain archaic and poetical fitness for such a place; and, certainly, of all the

translators the venerable father, or phantom, of Greek poetry ever had, Bryant, as to his "counterfeit presentment," seems the most appropriate—unless any one should object that Homer was blind and that his New York *alter ego* has a clear, confident look of his own.\* For the rest, neither Chapman in his ruff, nor Pope who looks so like "a little crooked thing that asks questions," nor Cowper in his night-cap—to say nothing of Lord Derby and the rest of the literary commoners—can compare in that respect with the bearded and Ossianic head of Bryant for a venerable and bard-like expression of countenance.

In addition to his poetry, Bryant has put forth some other good claims on general remembrance. He wrote letters of travel which are among the most interesting and suggestive of their kind. He visited the Old World five or six times, in 1834, 1845, 1852, 1857, 1866, wandering through parts of England, France, Switzerland, Holland, Italy, Spain, Algiers, Palestine, Turkey and Greece. In 1859 were published his *Letters of a Traveller*, relating to Spain, &c., and in 1869 his *Letters from the East*. He went over the old well-beaten tracks and only wrote occasionally; but his notes are always good and valuable, being full of thoughtful commentary and conveying his mature ideas in a clear and happy style of language. Yet he has no enthusiasm amidst a thousand beautiful scenes on which other travellers are in the habit of expending so much eloquence and poetry. His poetic ideas were rather confined and domestic, and he had little of that fine frenzy, lyric, scholastic or cosmopolite, which has animated the recitals of so many other wanderers on those shores of his-

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\* Everything connected with the Homeric personality is in a mist. *Homeros* was the generic word for "poet;" and *omar* or *amer* had the same meaning in all Semitic and Keltic speech. The Arab tribes, before the rise of Mohammed, had their own great bard, *Omer*, who belonged to the literary and priestly tribe of the *Koreish* whose name is the equivalent of the term *Levites*—i. e. "teachers." Plutarch says *Omeros* was an old Pelasgian word signifying "blind," and thus the love of puns, which was a grand part of all ancient learning, originated the tradition that the poet of the *Iliad* was sightless. All ancient history and romance are swarming with such misleading *cruxes* and sorceries of language.

toric memory. But he travelled with a critical and observant spirit, something after the manner of Solon and Herodotus, and his imagination always waits upon his judgment. He saw the grand tomb of Napoleon at Paris in 1852, and after a description of it he winds up with the "moral" in his happiest style of expression :

In its materials, in its form and in its glittering polish the massive receptacle reminded one of the huge chests of porphyry found in the newly opened tomb of Apis, at Sakkara, enclosing the bones of the sacred Ox. Thus in two different ages of the world the same posthumous honors are paid to a quadruped and a conqueror, by two nations, respectively claiming the palm of a high civilization. Of the two, the Egyptians were more nearly right; for they honored the representative of a most useful tribe of animals. The French pay their homage to one whose claim upon it is that "with infinite manslaughter" he won an empire he was not able to keep.

Such ideas as these don't lie in the roadway of every common traveller, and it is a wonder the meditative poet did not stop to embalm the above idea in the happy sarcophagus of a sonnet. But it is a satirical idea, full of solemn sarcasm, and as such was not congenial to a mind so mildly constituted as his. Mr. Longfellow would never have thrown away such a philosophic nugget on mere prose, and in his hands it would have received a very effective poetic setting. For the rest, it seems odd that Bryant could have travelled so much in the midst of those European and Asiatic sceneries without finding themes for a number of poetic remembrances. He has scarcely noticed any of them in that way—if we except some verses to the Apennines, which may be said to resemble that long and heavy ridge itself, in the absence of anything picturesque or otherwise attractive. Mr. Bryant's love of travel, and, it may be fairly added, descriptions of travel, led him at different times to the western and southern regions of our own country, and also to the Island of Cuba; and his notes and comments on these journeys formed some of the most interesting features of the *Evening Post*.

Another point—if it may be called a point which has one hundred points of its own—at which our poet touched his age was the political. Politics, or journalism, was

with him the grand staple and piece of resistance and chief nourisher in life's feast. But into this we shall not have the temerity to enter in this slight literary notice. It is a sort of "Serbonian bog" in which "armies whole have sunk" before now, and we shall pass over it *pede sicco*—as Bryant himself seems to have done. For his public career has always been considered very honorable and consistent—if there be, after all, such a great merit in consistency—a thing which one of the English thinkers—we should not wonder if it was Carlyle—calls "a rascally virtue." Bryant's record is the purer, perhaps, that he wanted the natural energy to "go down to the battle," to enter the noisy arena of contests and strategies, try conclusions with other belligerents and aim at some of the prizes of public life. And yet, in his own great way, he was not without acerbity and a fastidious tendency to anger; for he once cowlhided Col. Stone of the *Commercial Advertiser*—or was himself cowlhided in the scuffle, we forget which—on account of some faded newspaper controversy.\* But he was always consistent with his own ideas of public justice; and on the subject of our unfortunate Civil War sustained the policy of those who were bent on preserving the integrity of the Union, *vi et armis*. For the other great questions that for fifty years have agitated the public mind of this country and passed away—are they not written in the regular files of the *Evening Post* and a hundred other journals? *Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa*.

On the foregoing observation, we have only briefly noted some of Mr. Bryant's chief publications; the others being too numerous to particularize. But we must speak of a work of merit lately issued with his name—the *Popular History of the United States*; a work undertaken in concert with—

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\* A late correspondent of the *Evening Post* mentions that Bryant coming one day to the office of that paper told, in a self-accusing way, how coming down town he had broken a kite which the little owner had dragged across his face, and walked on without paying the boy for the loss. This was one of the amiable *traits* of his character, showing that one who was rather cold and reserved with his fellowmen retained, at bottom, some of the manliest and tenderest feelings of our nature.

or in patronage of, Mr. Sydney Gay, who is indeed its real author. The first two volumes have had the benefit of Mr. Bryant's supervision; and the style of the work does honor to such a supervision; for it is written in a clear and graphic manner, well suited to such a task and calculated to interest and instruct—as far as these volumes have gone—the historic readers of the country. It presents several preliminary narratives respecting all the states of our twin-continent. We have chapters on the Pre-historical Man of America; on the Mexicans, the Peruvians, the Mound Builders; on the Northmen of the tenth century; on the Legends and Traditions of Madoc of Wales, in the twelfth, the Zeni of Venice, in the fourteenth, and the Portuguese pilots of the same age—all precursors of Columbus. These histories, hitherto read separately in a hundred old books and modern dissertations, are here brought very agreeably and briefly together, and fitly lead the reader into the more authentic tracts of our own colonial and independent annals. It is a pity Mr. Bryant was not fated to see “the travail of his soul” in this instance also. But the intrinsic worth of the publication seems safe in the practised hands of Mr. Gay.

Another literary speculation in which Mr. Bryant was engaged or interested may be mentioned. It was one more edition of Shakespeare's dramas, which Mr. Evert A. Duyckinck began three or four years ago with the coöperation and encouragement of Mr. Bryant. It has been stated by a correspondent of the *Sun* that the edition was ready for publication a few months ago, and that it will soon appear. It is certainly rather unlucky for such a venture that the two authors concerned in it should have passed away, almost simultaneously, at such a critical time.

Another side of Bryant's literary character is presented in what may be called his oratory; that is, the public discourses delivered on several notable occasions, delivered at the request of his fellow-citizens who knew that, like Oliver Goldsmith, he usually ornamented whatever he touched. A book of these Addresses has been published, containing brief comments on subjects of special interest, and commemorations of



distinguished men, such as Cole, theartist, (1848), J. Fenimore Cooper, Fitz-Green Halleck, Washington Irving, Kossuth, Morse, Schiller, Scott, Shakespeare, Mazzini. Of these discourses, some took place in rooms of assembly, and others at the inaugural of statues in the Central Park. They were mostly brief remembrances; but always to the purpose, cordial and comprehensive, touching all salient points of character, and always conveyed in the easy idiomatic manner for which Mr. Bryant was so notable in verse and prose. These obituary and retrospective occasions seemed, in fact, to suit the sombre and moralizing turn of mind that was born with him and colored all the passages of his life and thoughts; and they seemed, furthermore, to be very suitable to a man of his great Nestor-like age and literary and political experience.

It was on one of these mortuary or memorial occasions that Bryant reached the end which he had always kept before his thoughts in life. On 29th of May, 1878, the American admirers of Giuseppe Mazzini unveiled a statue of that Italian enthusiast in the Central Park, and the poet was the orator of the occasion. He spoke in a warm atmosphere and bare-headed, under the glare of the sun; and at the conclusion of the ceremony walked with a friend to the house of the latter where he fell, and received a fatal concussion of the brain. He lingered calmly; and died calmly on the 12th of June (1878.) It is a noticeable fact—mentioned by the Rev. Dr. Bellows in an address delivered at the funeral of the poet—that Bryant's poem of *June*, one of the simplest and best of his pieces—though in his usual easy and "fruity" style—seems to have truly prophesied the season of his departure. The lines run as follows:

I gazed upon the glorious sky,  
And on the mountain round,  
And thought that when I came to lie  
At rest within the ground,  
'Twere pleasant that in flowery June  
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,  
And groves a cheerful sound,  
The sexton's hand my grave to make  
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

There, through the long, long Summer hours,  
 The golden light should lie,  
 And thick young herbs and groups of flowers  
 Stand in their beauty by ;  
 The oriole should build and tell  
 Her love-tale close beside my cell ;  
 The idle butterfly  
 Should rest him there, and there be heard  
 The housewife bee and humming-bird.  
 I know, I know I should not see  
 The season's glorious show,  
 Nor would its brightness shine for me,  
 Nor its wild music flow ;  
 But if, around my place of sleep  
 The friends I love would come to weep,  
 They might not haste to go ;  
 Soft airs and song and light and bloom  
 Might keep them lingering by my tomb.  
 These to their softened hearts should bear  
 The thought of what has been,  
 And speak of one who cannot share  
 The gladness of the scene ;  
 Whose part in all the pomp that fills  
 The circuit of the Summer hills  
 Is that his grave is green ;  
 And deeply would their hearts rejoice  
 To hear again his living voice.

The death of Bryant, like the brightest part of his life, belonged, so to speak, to his genius. At the close, he was found exerting himself, as one of the popular orators of his country, to encourage the fine arts, and at the same time to commemorate the progress of human liberty ; and, in this congenial exercise, he might be said to resemble some of those ancient gladiators, who, being fated to die in the sunlight of a civic holiday, usually advanced towards the emperor's box in the circus and exclaimed, with a sad courage : "*Ave, Cæsar, imperator ; nos morituri te salutamus !*" Bryant, expressing a somewhat similar sentiment in his own crisis, might have apostrophized the unveiled statue in the Park and said : "Hail, Mazzini ! I, who am about to die, salute you !" It would have been sufficiently characteristic of the man's mind—though, perhaps, somewhat too sternly and savagely matter-of-fact for the gentle euthanasian texture of his imagination.

## ART. IX.—BIBLIOGRAPHY.

## POLEMICS.

TRIPLE VIEW OF *DIVINE AND HUMAN AGENCY*.

1. *National Quarterly Review*. Volume XXXVI, Number 72, Article VI. April, 1878.

THE relation of Divine and Human agency forms a subject of such transcendent interest to the philosophic mind that we feel justified in making this polemical contribution to it.

The discussion which follows, it may not be improper to state, was provoked by an article published in the April ('78) issue of the REVIEW, entitled *Divine and Human Agency*. The view presented by the author of that essay being neither scholastic nor scientific, but something of both, naturally enough evoked hostile criticism from the adherents of the scholastic and inductive philosophies. We have concluded therefore to select from the many critiques sent us, two of the best approved, one from a pure scientist of the Spencerian type, the other from a learned theologian of the St. Thomas Aquinas mould, and give them publicity, together with such answer as the author of the article under criticism is able to make. We begin by giving the critique from—

## I.—THE SCIENTIFIC POINT OF VIEW.

“A STRIKING instance of the difficulty of the intellect to reconcile the fabrications of the imagination with the laboriously wrought out truths of reason and experience, is found in the article on *Divine and Human Agency*, in the April ('78) number of the NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW. No one acquainted with the position science occupies in the realm of knowledge will fail to admit that on the question of human aspirations and higher emotions, it is silent. The author of *Divine and Human Agency* evidently recognizes this, and seems to think it necessary, in seeking a solution of psychological problems, to leave the tracts of science and allow the mind to revel at large in the regions of the mysterious, and to offer doctrines for acceptance opposed to already estab-

lished truths. We are told on the second page of the article in question, that—

“ ‘ In matters relating to the intuitive, there is good reason in following the lead of intuitive minds. They are entitled to speak with authority, in some degree, of things which are beyond the capacity of the common run of mortals, and which lie outside the domain of pure science.’ ”

“ Flights of imagination, and predictions from intuitive feeling, do serve as convenient guides in the complications of human relationships; but to regard them as infallible authority is saying too much. A community imbued with such ideas as those, would be disconcerted by its own errors. We assert this in spite of the opinions of the ‘ best minds of the cultivated Greeks.’ Our author quoting Socrates in support of his position, reminds us of Christians using the names of Bacon and Newton to give support to the doctrines of their faith. Socrates, Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton are authorities in mental and physical philosophy, having given their minds to the study of those sublime subjects; but in theology they were contaminated by the doctrines of their time; or to use Bacon’s own words, they were given up to the ‘ Idols of the Theatre.’ ”

“ Of this strangely incongruous essay, these words, italicised in the essay, are clearly meant to be the keystone :

“ ‘ This is true ;—that thought and feelings are due to the nervous function ; and that the ideas and feelings are colored by the condition of the medium which gives rise to them.’ ”

“ Here we have at once a physical basis for inspiration, a recognition of only one kind of agency or law ; and if the subject were elaborated upon that basis there would have been no vital question at issue. With a mind free to inquire, unwarped by current teachings, anxious to find out the order of phenomena, such terms as divine agency, inspiration, in their ordinary parlance, have no place. There is but one agency in the world, viz. : the agency of nature ; human, chemical, mechanical agencies, are simply divisions of the one general phrase, natural agency, (it may be well to state that we do not place these divisions just given in the same category) so that divine agency in order to be understood must be analyzed, and its constituents placed in their proper class.

“ If our author uses the terms ‘ Divine ’ and ‘ Inspiration ’ as expressing a superlative—the only consistent sense in which he can use them—it is, to say the least, misleading, for to such words ideas are accreted involving a range of theological doctrine which he would not endorse. We cannot suppose the other alternative, viz. : the orthodox Christian interpretation. He says :

“ ‘ Cicero, Hortensius, and Demosthenes were undoubtedly divinely inspired when they delivered their incomparable orations. So were Homer and the *Iliad* ; the divine Plato and his philosophy ; Shakespeare and his immortal plays ; Galileo, and his solar discoveries. So likewise were Spencer and Evolution ; Darwin and Natural Selection ; George Eliot and *Daniel*

*Deronda*, and other thinkers' works and discoveries in the department of letters, science and philosophy.'

"Yet we find lurking in many passages a love of the mysterious, quite opposed to the ideas expressed in the words above quoted. Alluding to man, he says :

" 'He lives immersed in an ocean of influences, no less divine because physical and human. He feels the pulse of the Infinite Heart in every beat of his own, and is warmed, cheered, enlivened and sustained by all those mysterious influences of mind and matter which constitute the infinity of being around him. His trust in the divine Paternity is instinctive and spontaneous. There is a feeling within him assuring him that He who creates can sustain ; He who provides for the beginning can provide for the end. And this feeling is, we repeat, instinctive with every creature in a normal condition, be his religious faith what it may.'—p. 317.

"Further on (page 322) we read :

" 'This magnetic influence of the orator over his auditors is very generally regarded as due to an infusion of the Holy Spirit. And it may very properly be referred to such a source ;—it does afford evidence of divine inspiration welling up from the Infinite—within.'

"Between these two passages we have a glance into the scientific side of our author's mind :

" 'The more we observe the phenomena of human life, the more we incline to respect the inspiration which comes from large stomachs and good digestion.'

"Then, again, the author relapses into his metaphysical mood. He finds an illustration in the law of gravitation, and endeavors to show that the relation of the earth and sun is analogous to the relation of the human mind and some unknown moral force or forces. The human mind is not an entity swayed by a greater power, like the earth by the sun ; it is a continuous evolution of states, changing at every new experience, limited in these changes of course by the fixed law of the organism. "Moral polarity" is an excellent phrase, if we could find the pole star in ethics, but there needs to be considerably more light thrown upon the science of psychology before we are warranted in drawing such an inference. What is already known of psychology tends towards the opposite direction.

"In the days when men were blinder than they are now, when the Church was the chief source of knowledge, there was an absolute incapacity on the part of the people to investigate. Those times were therefore rife with the miraculous. Because the actions of the teachers of men could not be explained, there was at once attributed to them the power of working miracles ; and so, likewise, all insoluble natural phenomena, were caused by Divine interposition. Even in our own day, a number of phenomena having different causes are classed together and ascribed to Spiritual agency. Our author has not escaped from this human infirmity in his treatment of *Divine and Human Agency*. He sees

human power in different directions and calls it Divine and inspired. Employ capital letters for Providence, Infinite, First Cause, &c., and you are forming obstructions to the solution of problems. If these words represent realities, inquiry is an insult to the Being they signify; if only terms, they are changeable with the growth of knowledge and have no personality. For the bold imagery and the fantastic hypotheses of the poetic mind such words are useful and apt; but applied to science they become an abuse and a hindrance to the understanding. Witness the following sentence:

'The nervous system of man, especially the sympathetic system, is not only the centre whence emanate mental manifestations, extraordinary or otherwise—the centre of the emotional life—the divine afflatus;—but the normal and plenary exercise of its function produces the divine afflatus, or the mental phenomena which from their unusual and often amazing character, pass current as such.'

"At the phrase 'divine afflatus' we have a foot note, part of which must be quoted:

'It is proper to state that physiologists are not agreed in investing the grand sympathetic nerve with a function so comprehensive as that claimed for it by the writer.'—But there is a strong tendency among physiologists of the advanced school to extend the boundaries of mind in the organism, and especially to limit the function of the two brains, and enlarge that of the sympathetic, or ganglionic system.'

"This doctrine is supported by citations from G. H. Lewes, and others. The author, in giving scope to the scientific tendency of his mind, is satisfied to regard the grand sympathetic system as the prime motor of 'mental manifestations, extraordinary or otherwise;' but the pleasure of entering into the mystical world seizes hold of him, and he must needs call it 'divine afflatus.' Why? We do not know. That is the enigma that runs through the whole essay. For a scientific inquiry, such an expression as 'divine afflatus' is altogether out of place, and we are surely not mistaken in regarding this article as a scientific inquiry. We are anxious not to be misunderstood here. The scientist must of course give freedom to his imagination. By it, Newton discovered the law of gravity; Haüy, the regularity of the structure of crystal; Göethe, that stamens, pistils, petals, &c., are simply modifications of leaves. But his imagination must not draw expressions from the realms of ontology, and theology, and apply them to unclassified phenomena, and thus usurp the authority of science. How far is the reader enlightened by calling the phenomena arising from the grand sympathetic nerve, divine afflatus? It teaches nothing, it adds no new idea, nor does it assist in interpreting its antecedents. Divine afflatus has no meaning, is linked to nothing, and therefore should be avoided by the investigator.

"We have purposely omitted, until now, to call attention to some few extraneous expressions, so entirely out of character

with the essay, that they amount almost to the grotesque. On page 316, we read :

'Man lives and moves in his Creator, and his Creator in him, in very deed. This expression embodies no mythical idea. It is no beautiful speech-figure—no metaphor—no untranslatable poem, devoid of fact and reality, but a real practical truth to be taken in its broadest and most literal signification. Man is truly a part of the Creator. His life is a finite expression of the Infinite Life. He and his Father are one.'

"Again—

'He is the conscious recipient of countless blessings from the Father every moment.'

"Have we an optimist here? This last sentence answers in the affirmative, indicating that the existence of his fellows is a beautiful and delightful paradise. We would like to remind him of the painful struggles from barbarism to civilization; the sufferings arising from despotism, before liberty and justice were known. Who can calculate the evils of poverty, pain and crime in the present enlightened age? or estimate the depths of mental agony, inseparable from emotional nature? How few there are, who are 'recipient of countless blessings from the Father!'

"We are at a loss to understand what is meant by 'man lives and moves in his Creator,' 'he and his Father are one,' &c. Such language may become the average pulpit orators, but we say, with all gravity, it is unseemly when used in treatises claiming to be scientific.

"Were we criticizing a sermon, we would ask the preacher for proofs of this Creator and Father. We cannot comprehend a Father witnessing scenes of suffering and lending no aid to relieve it. If the Creator is omnipotent, he is not all beneficent. If all beneficent, he is not omnipotent. The present is certainly better for the sufferings of the past, and the future will reap the benefit of the sufferings of the present; but not one iota of pain is spared the known and unknown heroes of mankind. Their works have wrought out peaceable fruits as regards posterity, while they themselves reaped no good. It can be no expiation if one man shall suffer that others may benefit by the suffering. That suffering is necessary to a complete mental growth is universally accepted. Experience teaches it. Omnipotence and beneficence would prevent it; and either this Creator has not the power to alter this law, or else he has not the desire. The law exists, mankind suffer, and we must form our judgment of a Supreme Ruler from what we observe, not from any one's dictum. Law is beautiful because it is exact, but there is nothing loving about it. Laws relating to the human being individually and collectively, and laws relating to the outside world, work out their rigid and unrelentless way, independently of human intellect and emotion. It behooves mankind therefore to study these laws and try to live in conformity with nature. It is for their best interests so to do. The

dictum of necessity is the only fiat science can recognize, and it would be well if the young mind were turned to this direction, instead of being taught to shirk problems, and leave them in the hands of God, or in the hands of the so-called ministers of God. We do not fail to recognize, of course, that at present the large majority of people need the helps that the current theology furnishes. Nor do we fail to recognize the invaluable services rendered by priest and preacher; nor the noble examples of devotion to their fellows many of them are. To-day, the ministers of religion are a necessity.

"Strangely enough there are sentiments in the last four pages of this essay which support the above argument; in fact the author's scientific mood again comes to the surface—

"The public sense is widening daily in the direction of public responsibility. There is a growing self-reliance, on the part of society in dealing with those dangers and exigencies which menace and complicate human affairs, and a decline in the practice of submitting such affairs to the guidance of a will outside and independent of the body politic. Instead of piously submitting them to the control of a mythical Providence which probably knows nothing about them and cares less, society is awakening to the importance of dealing with them herself.—'The instances of servile bowing and absurd attitudinizing; of abject praying and frenzied lamentation; of incense burning and prolonged fasting in order to appease or propitiate an angry Deity—are now happily passing away.'

"These sentiments acquit the author from the charge of orthodoxy, but not from the charge of incongruity. How can the doctrine of the fatherhood of the Deity be accepted, while the Christian doctrine of prayer is rejected? He certainly does reject the Christian doctrine of prayer. In a foot note, page 328, we read—

"That the purpose of prayer is fulfilled by praying. The supplicating mood puts the supplicant in a condition to receive the benefits he feels the need of."

"This may be true, so long as the objects of prayer are within the control of the one who prays. But in the case of a petition for things beyond the power of the petitioner to alter, for instance fair weather during a voyage, there can be no granting such a prayer; the laws of nature must have their course, without any regard to the desires of earnest supplicants. Two Christians sailing in opposite directions at the same time cannot both have wind and tide with them. We heartily agree with the author's views of prayer, when he reminds us of Cromwell's celebrated words: 'Trust in Providence and keep your powder dry.' It has been said that the true definition of prayer is communion with our ideal goodness. It might be more consistent for Christians to accept such a comprehensive view of prayer as this definition involves than the present superstitious doctrines of it of the schools. We venture to remark in conclusion that what has been said of human agency, in this interesting essay on *Divine and Human*



*Agency*, has evinced a wide scope of thought and has helped to bring before the mind the proper relation of the individual to the community; and it would have been more instructive to us, had not the author baffled and confused us by evoking a mysterious agency, he is pleased to call Divine.

SCIENTIST."

The scientist having exhausted the sphere of his vision it will be interesting to turn our attention to the subject as observed from—

## II.—THE THEOLOGICAL POINT OF VIEW.

"THE logical fault of the essay upon *Divine and Human Agency*, in the April ('78) number of the *Review*, lies in the multiform and contradictory meanings which the writer assigns to the phrase, *Divine inspiration*. It was due to the interest and the gravity of the subject to give the theological definition. The essayist no doubt might retort that theologians themselves cannot define, with exactness, wherein it consists. 'Where,' he might ask, 'is your own theory of inspiration? Either admit mine, or substitute another. This finding fault with what is proposed, and yet proposing no substitute, shows the very helplessness of a miserable obstructiveness.' This we deny. The Scripture *does* contain and the Church Catholic *does* hand down a doctrine concerning inspiration. For what does the Holy Scripture claim to be? The Word of God, the Oracles of God—*θεοπνευστος* (2 Tim. iii: 16) God-breathed, and what must this imply? Surely that, in a special and particular sense, not in that of a vague afflatus, or an abnormal development of nervous function, there is a mighty and mysterious presence of God in his Word. This definition is sufficiently wide to take in all the theories of inspiration taught in Judaism, and in Protestant and Catholic Christianity. The specific difference between it and the theories and fancies of our essayist, consists in its entire harmony with the right and normal relations of the Divine and the Human. Perhaps the most striking feature of the Bible is its supreme adaptation to human conditions. There is no Pythonic fury in the Scriptures. All the prophets, apostles and evangelists appear to have been men of a singularly robust and calm temperament. Despine himself would be apt to think them quite deficient in nervous development. The impression conveyed by the writer is, that biblical characters were extremely impressionable, excitable and dreamy (p. 313). No such idea of them is communicated by their writings. These describe the most startling visions in a cool matter of fact style. The Apostles strike us as remarkably unsympathetic men. They

were evidently blessed with good digestions, and three of the most favored ones slept soundly on the night of the Master's betrayal. We must look deeper than merely physiological causes for the source of inspiration. Strauss, whom our essayist appears to admire, failed signally in his attempt to mythologize Jesus; and his vicious historical method which never sticks at sacrificing a fact for a fancy, deprives even his merely intellectual processes of due credit. The essay is only another illustration of the futility of carrying the scalpel, the thermometer and the other appliances and criteria of mere natural and physical science, into the domain of the spiritual and the supernatural. We are no better situated than was Galen or Hippocrates, for the discovery of the nature of the union between the material and the spiritual in our own mysterious self, and all the physiological research from now to doomsday will not throw any clearer light upon the problem. Instead of diving into the depths of inner consciousness, and studying the subjective which our essayist holds to be the only proper ground and source of inspiration of any kind (p. 319), we prefer with the majority of the human race, (and the universal consent of mankind is one of the infallible media of truth), to look above and beyond us for that revealed and inspired Religion which came down from the Father of Light and shone forth in the Incarnate word, Jesus Christ, the Divine and the Human, the type and the fulfilment of that Divine and Human Agency which our essayist finds so much difficulty in explaining.

"Whence came 'this pleasing and satisfactory belief of the infusion of ideas into a finite mind by the Infinite Mind?' (p. 310.) Did it originate in changed cerebral conditions? Despine, copying Ovid,

*Timor primos fecit Deos,*

finds the origin of religion in '*le sentiment du merveilleux, l'admiration, la crainte et l'espérance.*' But even these sentiments have an external cause,—an objective origin. Cicero says that there never has existed a nation that did not have an idea of the existence of God, and of some religious *culte*. Why not choose the clearer hypothesis, if not the historic fact, that Religion, objective Inspiration, Revelation, have existed from the beginning? Why not hold with Augustine, that God imparted a tradition to the first parents of the race, that it survived all civilizations and barbarisms, and, though corrupted or modified, it never completely faded away from the mind or the conscience of man? (*De civitate Dei*, c. ii.) The family resemblance of all religions points to a common origin. The religious traditions of all races are singularly accordant with the inspired Records. This idea is well illustrated by Max Müller (*Lectures on Science and Religion, Introduction.*) To ascribe the positive and formulated doctrines, beliefs, customs, and liturgies of this essentially one, though accidentally variant 'world-creed,' to purely physical causes, nervous

excitation, &c., is at once unwarranted by history, and in fact, by the simplest perceptions of reason. The effect is out of all proportion to such a cause. Our specific point of departure, however, from the essayist as well as from Müller, is our profound conviction of the final and consummate nature of Christianity, to which all religions pointed, and all the religious hopes of the world tended. There can be no religion to succeed the Christian,—none to take its place. There can be no further intrinsic progress in religion except as inductive to Christianity. It is the crown and the end—the Alpha and the Omega. Christians that talk lightly about the possibility or the special aptitudes of any religion that denies, or excludes, or endeavors to consort with, or to equal, Christianity have ceased to be distinctively Christian. Either this is true or there is an end of the Scriptures, and an end of even natural religion. If Christ is not the Messiah, the God-Man, and his religion the perfect and therefore the final and only one, there is no logical foothold in any devotional system that could claim its place; for no other theory, doctrine, or ethical system can ever appeal, or has ever appealed, to the strongest and the least cultivated intellect alike, as that Divinely inspired and revealed faith which the essayist truly calls old, as old as the world, but not vaguely and imperfectly known, but, from of old, living and logical, bearing within it the promises made unto our fathers, promises nobly and triumphantly redeemed by him who said, 'Before Abraham was, I AM.'

"In thus offsetting the essayist's psychical and physiological theories of the origin of inspiration by a direct appeal to the historic method of argumentation, we are aided by himself. He admits (p. 311) that the best minds of antiquity 'did not doubt of the familiar interposition of the gods.' But he says they were minds untrained in science. Yet one would suppose that here our author would have made one of his strongest points in favor of the subjective origination of all 'inspired' and religious thought. He refers to Socrates 'the wisest of men'—though he should have read Plato's, instead of Plutarch's, explanation of the Dæmon. Surely Socrates was not a mystic or a poet, but an eminently scientific mind; yet he who analyzed the subtle operations of the human intellect, who made the pursuit of truth his life-long study, whose powerful intellect discerned the verity of the Divine Unity, never dreamed of finding his ideas of divine things in the *ægræ somnia mentis*, but sought their origin in a power outside himself. Nor is it historically true that there has been essential change in the idea of inspiration, 'from the shadowy time of human development when man referred every emotion which he felt, idea which he thought, or desire which he willed to any agency outside himself' (p. 312). It is thus that the essayist changes the meaning of his terms and proceeds very gratuitously to refute lunacy and delusion, under the name of

inspiration. Hitherto, he admits that there may be an inspiration perfectly in accord with the fullest sanity of intellect, and he cannot nor does he deny the possibility of inspiration in the theological and Scriptural acceptation of the word. Our task with him, then, would properly end here, for we deny that the ravings of religious fanatics, the inspiration of pulpit orators, &c., come under the theological definition. Besides, theology is perfectly justified in declining to consider an argument which refuses to accept her technical definition of inspiration; an argument which virtually identifies the source of Paul's inspiration with that of *Daniel Deronda* (p. 322); which strives to resolve many of the Scriptural ideas of the Divine Agency into the perverted mental states of those through whom the revelation came; and which, in fine, discovers in society and in sociological conditions, a higher providence and a more reasonable service than that which the old faith, here declared effete, presented to mankind. We say that theology, with perfect dialectic justice, can say *transcat*, or *nego consequentiam*, to an argument which will not admit the *primum theologicum* itself—for theology, of course, rests upon revelation and maintains its theses upon the very ground which our essayist rejects. We think, however, that we have shown the inadequacy of his merely physiological theory to account for the existence of an immemorial and universal belief in the origin of inspired religion, traditional and revealed, and to explain away the powerful native tendency of the human mind to refer religion to an objective source.

"We will not follow the essayist's illogical course in drawing universal conclusions from particular premises. There is something puerile in making Presbyterianism a secretion of Calvin's liver, Lutheranism, an inspiration of Luther's abdomen, and Beecherism the result of a healthy viscera. The author forces us to animadvert upon his narrow material views of the nature and the functions of religion, and we feel that like Mr. Venus in *Our Mutual Friend*, he has accustomed himself to take anatomical views of every subject. It is the misfortune of specialists that they carry their hobby into every domain of thought. Max Müller is eternally philologizing about religion, and he settles a controversy by appealing to the root of a word. Our essayist pushes to extravagant conclusions his physical theory of morals. For those who believe exclusively in the subjectivity of religion his remarks may have some application; but *we* believe in the Church as a divine institution, a living and an objective creed, which does not depend upon the state of our digestion.

"On pp. 314-315, the essayist does not appear to be familiar with the doctrine of either the Catholic or the Protestant Church, upon the subject of 'special gifts' that it may please God to bestow upon his servants. He seems to assume that the wild vagaries of religious frenzy, the claim of private inspiration and

of miracles are accepted by the Church and elevated to the plane of divine inspiration. Nothing can be more erroneous. The Catholic Church, which certainly holds very positive views on the continuance among men of the miraculous and the prophetic office, has never placed the revelations of saints in the same category as the Scriptures. Prefixed to the life of every saint is a decree of Pope Urban VIII, which expressly admonishes the faithful that the miracles and other wonders related of the saint are to be accepted only upon authentic human testimony and proof, and are by no means binding upon faith. And it would be certainly an injustice to Protestantism to foist upon it the delirations of every enthusiast who felt a call to preach or claimed to be filled with the Holy Ghost. In fact, the history of religion bears testimony to the fact that with few exceptions, these enthusiastic persons labored strenuously to promote the obvious and cardinal interests of Christianity, and that their private delusions never had much of a following. Macaulay has pointed out the superiority of the disciplinary system of the Roman Church, in utilizing enthusiasm in his famous contrast of Loyola and Wesley and St. Theresa and Joanna Southcote.

"But our author (p. 318) will not hear of inspiration in the 'special and limited sense in which it is held by the schools.' Inspiration is a natural function of the healthy nervous system. A healthy brain produces inspiration. So does a healthy liver and a good stomach. It is a mere question of physique (p. 322). Whither would such a theory tend? Every 'healthy sinner' would consider himself surcharged with divine intimations. The consequences would be more deplorable than the inane raving of a devotee or a *religieuse*. We strive to limit and specify inspiration—to confine it to the Scriptures—to point out its objective fountain in an all gracious Deity who, through the Scriptures and the Christian Church reveals his will to man. We scout the deluded enthusiast and the dreamer as scornfully as our author does. But he goes beyond us. He wants no limitation. Every healthy lung and liver is a source of religious thought. The greater and the lesser *ganglia* are the greater and the lesser prophets. Hygeia is the true divinity, and let us listen to her oracles. And as every body believes himself in good health who has no positive pain,—and it frequently happens that those dying of consumption are really the gladdest-hearted and *subjectively* the healthiest,—where in the name of inspiration, are we to look for the Divine agency? We could dispose of the sick, but when religion appeals for its evidence to a broad chest, long-windedness, and brawny muscles, we may as well enthrone Hercules, and after all win the day, for surely *he* was objective.

"The most eloquent passages are those in which the writer sets forth the benefits of society, its beneficent sphere and results. But is not society an outgrowth of the religious idea? And does not

modern civilization flow out of Christianity? Why, then, should we turn from its Divine author to pay our devoirs to a vague collection, a mere abstraction? Why should we love society if not for the very reason that it is the work of Jesus of Nazareth who taught us to love our neighbor as ourselves? Did the sages of Greece and Rome do this? When Athens was afflicted with the plague, Lacedæmon rejoiced. What a contrast is the conduct of our country, under a like visitation! There was not a single charitable institution in all ancient heathendom, as Niebuhr shows. The Spencerian sociological motive sounds very benevolent, *but it will not work*. The grace and truth of Christ infused into the breast of man, taught by his word, are worth a thousand sociologies. Lest we should seem to question the sincere and, we are sure, the tender heart of the essayist, we refrain from pointing out what he himself well knows, the failure of any merely physical or philosophical theory in the single point of natural humanity to the species. Even Christianity has repeatedly failed to soften and mollify the hearts of men; but if left to ourselves, we know how weak is any merely instinctive or intellectual motive to virtue.

"We readily grant all that the writer says about the benefit of a healthy organism, steady nerves, &c.; we only deny the sweeping conclusions drawn with regard to spiritual functions, from merely physical conditions. It, no doubt, is true that our thinking is modified by our physical condition; but it is absurd to suppose that thought is the result of a modification of matter. The idea has been so often disproved that we shall not linger on it. It violates the very essence of consciousness. We might imitate the special pleading of the author in favor of healthy bodies, *ergo* healthy minds, by taking up the reverse and showing that many healthy minds have inhabited very unhealthy bodies. But neither argument is logical or conclusive.

"A word in conclusion about the *philosophy* of the essay. The epigraph from Leibnitz, '*Les corps vivant sont machines à l'infini*,' is at once the statement of the metaphysical thesis of the article and its refutation. What *is* the pre-established harmony of Leibnitz but a contradiction of the infallible testimony of our own consciousness? It goes without saying that no man but a lunatic believes that he is a sort of harmonious machine, acted upon by occasional causes, without the advertence of his intellect, or the exercise of his free-will, and that, like two clocks, to use Leibnitz's figure, his soul and body keep in time, though without necessary connection or reciprocal influence. This absurdity the German philosopher had to advocate in order to save his atomic theory. To say that the *Ego*, the reason, our self, the *sensus intimus* of man, cannot distinguish infallibly its own operations, is a contradiction in terms. To represent the human mind as constantly in doubt or in error concerning its own operations is to revive

Pyrrohnism. We are not so helplessly dependent upon the nerve centres as our physiological essayist insists. Leibnitz, confuting Condillac and Locke's sensism—"There is nothing in the intellect which has not been first in the senses"—added the admirable distinction—*except the intellect itself*. We are perfectly competent to form an idea of Divine inspiration without being led off by ignorance, terror or superstition. The human mind in its own sphere is infallible. There can be no deception of even the external senses, provided the conditions of their action are properly placed. There is nothing contradictory or absurd in the influence of the Divine mind upon the human; but we must have every proof and assurance that such an influence has been exerted and we can pass unerring judgment upon such proof. On the whole, we submit to the reader, if the orthodox conception of inspiration and of the Divine Agency is not, to say the least, more intelligible and more explicative of the difficulties that inhere in all such subjects than theories that reject a supernatural, without clearly establishing a natural, explanation; and if it is not more rational to believe in a Creator that is above his laws, than in laws which we fancy bind the Law-giver himself?

THEOLOGUS."

In the above we have a representative view of the subject from a theological standpoint. It is not our purpose to express approval or disapproval of the points the writer makes. Like the critique of "Scientist," this one interests us chiefly as being of a representative character. We are content for the present to stand aside and permit the author of the essay under review, who, for the purpose of the present writing has styled himself "Radicus," to defend his position as best he can. The following is his response from

### III.—THE RATIONAL POINT OF VIEW.

"THE Editor of the *Review* has placed us in a most unenviable position, enfiladed as it is by the cross-fire of two antagonists either of whom is evidently more than our equal in polemics. We would gladly retreat and yield the points in controversy to the odds against us, could we do so with becoming grace. But since to retreat without sacrificing our colors is impossible, we shall make such defence of our essay as we are able to do with our materials and the brief space at our command.

"And in the first place, let us turn our attention to 'Scientist.' This writer does not believe in abstractions. He resents with a spirit which would do justice to a dogmatic disputant of the Middle Ages, the attempt to introduce terms into scientific



discussion expressive of states of feeling and being, of which he seems to be oblivious, and which cannot be reduced to phrases of precise or definite meaning. Like the theologian, whom he would controvert, but whose style of argument he imitates, he knows too much—or thinks he does. He is certain there is nothing worth knowing beyond the confines of inductive analysis. All phenomena he would reduce to their concretes; and such as do not yield to this admirable exercise he would ignore, or deny altogether. The sublime mysteries of the Cosmos he solves with incredible agility, using for his key a term, the definition of which such insignificant thinkers as Buckle, Lewes, Despine, Carpenter and Newton are at variance, viz.: Law. For example, Buckle says a law of nature is a mental abstraction. Mr. Lewes says it is a result prescribed by phenomena. Instead of phenomena being determined by law, the law is determined by phenomena. M. Despine's declaration that law is '*la pensée de Dieu*' is not inconsistent with either. This constant referring phenomena to 'law,' therefore, determines nothing, and is a puerile method of solving problems beyond our ken.

"Herein lies one fallacy of our reviewer. He prescribes powers to science which science at present does not possess, and sets bounds to reason which reason cannot respect. He affects as much familiarity with the course of phenomena as 'Theologus' does with the mind of Zeus. We are not prepared to say that the scientific method is not competent to classify all psychological phenomena, and to show the order which underlies them. We can only affirm that it has not yet proved itself equal to that feat in psychology, the phenomena of the emotions in all their phases, not having yielded to its gentle wooing. And we are prepared to say further that, science is confined to observations of phenomena and induction based thereon. Its sphere is the demonstrable; and hence it is idle to look to science for a knowledge of things supersensible—if such there are. At the same time we insist that it is unscientific and gratuitous to declare emotional phenomena unreal, imaginary, or superstitious, because they transcend the reach of our feeble conceptions, or point to the existence of powers and relations not demonstrable by optical instruments, or chemical reagents and retorts. One act of lifting the soul to a higher level, as in prayer, is of vastly more significance than the fall of an apple; and yet the latter revolutionized our conception of the solar system. We expect the former to revolutionize our philosophy of religion.

"Science bewilders us, not only by what she reveals, but by the vastness of the possibilities which she opens to our unexpanded perceptions. Her explorations in optics, molecular physics and electro-dynamics are more marvellous than any 'revelation' of gods or men. She conducts us, indeed, into the very presence of the great Unknown and Unknowable, into the very ways and



thoughts, as it were, of the Infinite; and opens to the imagination a sphere of knowledge so vast as to preclude the idea of limitations. We have lately read of a mathematician feeling inclined, when contemplating the wide range of mathematical science, 'to fall down with even more than reverence, before her majestic presence.'\* Faraday grew devout as he grew old contemplating the mysteries of another department of science—the weird transmutations of atoms and forces. Goethe's cry, 'light, more light,' has been regarded as significant,—as if his great mind perceived a realm of possibilities, needing only illuminating, to be revealed to his mental vision. And the great Newton likened himself to one standing on the shore of knowledge and picking up only a few shells of truth. If this sense of the vague and unfathomable comes over one, whose means of observation are limited, we are constrained to regard the fact as a promise that that which at present lies beyond our ken, may at some future time, with improved means and influences, and better methods of research and observation, yield up its mysteries to us. This is both the foundation of our *faith*, and our excuse for using terms in discussing the relation of the Divine and Human, which seem to 'Scientist' as incongruous and misleading, and to 'Theologus' as irreverent, if not sacrilegious. To the former we would say in the eloquent language of the President of the British Association, from whom we have already quoted, that 'when he sees around him those whose aspirations are so fair, whose impulses are so strong, whose receptive faculties are so sensitive as to give objective reality to what is often but a reflex from themselves, or a projected image of their own experience, he will be willing to admit that there are influences which he cannot as yet either fathom or measure, but whose operation he must recognize among the facts of our existence.'†

"In the essay which forms the thesis of these critiques we stated as clearly as words can state, the advanced doctrine of the physiology of thinking and feeling. Without repeating here the facts in support of that doctrine, it will be sufficient to say that it is predicated on the hypothesis that all mental phenomena, the power to will, think and feel, are due to states or conditions of matter, whether of monad or man. 'Theologus' wrongly asserts that this doctrine has been disproved, (*ut supra* p. 390.) It is needless, perhaps, to remind so astute a dialectician as he that there is a wide difference between a proposition *disproved*, and a proposition *not* proved; and that in the face of the facts his assertion places him in an awkward position. It is self-evident that force and matter are

\* Wm. Spottiswoode, F. R. S., Inaugural Address before the "British Association." Dublin, Aug. 1878.

† *Ibid.* See *Nature* for August 15, 1878, in which may be found the whole of this admirable Address.

inseparable—molecular forces and the molecule; thinking forces and the nervous substance. 'Theologus' might with equal propriety attempt to lift himself out of his study window, or into his pulpit, by the straps of his boots, as to preach without brains,—though it would seem as if this feat of the miraculous were often attempted. His ministrations of love and charity may be due to the grace of God; but it is a grace of God which comes to him through the kind offices of his sympathetic ganglia. Of the truth of this proposition he may satisfy himself if he will. The investigations of Griesenger, Schroeder Van der Kolk, Charcot, Ecker, Ferrier and others, have placed this subject beyond the limits of rational controversy. And he who declares that the hypothesis has been disproved evinces a boldness out of all proportion to the character of 'Theologus,' and more in keeping with that of the Rev. Joseph Cook, D. D.

"But 'Theologus' objects to the 'multiform and contradictory meanings which the writer assigns to the phrase, *Divine Inspiration*.' And he asserts that 'it was due to the interest and gravity of the subject to give the theological definition.' (*ut supra*, p. 385.) That may all be true from the theological point of view. But our purpose was to present the subject in its rational aspect, in the interest of truth, rather than that of dogma. It may be laid down as axiomatic that all *known* truths are susceptible of a rational interpretation. It is inconsistent with the well known order of natural phenomena—which, of course, includes psychological phenomena—to suppose that inspiration, so-called, was ever due to a different order, or process, from that existing at the present day, or that it was ever confined to the 'Oracles of God' in the Scriptures. The principles of nature are the same yesterday as to-day; and if we have any warrant in believing that the mental processes of Isaiah were different from Paul's, or those of David different from those of Novalis, or those of either of these poets, different from those of 'Theologus' or 'Scientist,' we frankly confess that we know not where to find it, or what it is. David's songs and St. John's visions were images projected from themselves—from the 'Infinite within,' though they knew it not;—nor were their songs and visions less divinely inspired on that account. This interpretation of the poets songs and the teachers thought accords with the physiology of mentality. Nor is it inconsistent with the teachings of the inspired Man-God who declared that the 'Kingdom of heaven is within,' and that 'I and my Father are one.' That which is true of Jesus in this matter, is true of his human brother and sister.

"Let us, then reaffirm, but in different language, our position, viz.: The mental difference between man and brute, or between one man and another—between a wise man and an idiot—consists, not in the favor or disfavor of the gods, in a special sense, but in the organic conformation of their brains and bodies. Indeed, we

do not object to the former mode of expressing that difference, so long as the rationale of it is kept in view; for the difference to which we refer may, and indeed, does, signify 'favor' of some sort, call it by whatever name we please, — Heaven, Providence, or Environment—which, to the mind of the rational observer, are all the same. The being with a superior cerebral and ganglionic endowment is to be envied. He is an object of favor—of 'divine grace'—certainly. His happy endowment is more to be prized than moneyed possessions or social preferment. He is enabled by it to appreciate his higher relations and affinities, and to apprehend with greater clearness moral ideas and relationships. Men thus endowed have nobler desires, aspirations and incitements than the multitude. And we submit that the terms and phrases 'Divine,' 'Inspired,' 'Holy Spirit,' 'Divine Afflatus,' &c. are too full of significance, as expressive of states of mind, to be thrown over-board in deference to the prejudice of too fastidious theorists. Nor is the use of them misleading to such as are alive to the devout researches of the physiologist, and recognize the fact that language at best can only symbolize thought.

"Finally, both of our reviewers find fault with the manner in which we confound human agency with the divine. And 'Scientist' in particular, stretches his method and goes out of his way to point out that the miseries of life are inconsistent with the existence of a divine Paternity, possessing the attributes of omnipotence and beneficence. (*ut supra*, p. 383.) To which we reply:

*First*—That nature is a unit, and comprehends within herself the infinity of being. Man is a part of this infinity, and subject to that Power or Principle which differentiates phenomena and shapes the course and destiny of all things, in earth or heaven. To say that the creature is a part of the Creator is but affirming the unity and inseparableness of cause and sequence, of matter and mind, the truth of which is self-evident to the critical student of nature.

"Such, in brief, is the purely natural, or rationalistic, view of the subject. We are aware that many who have no difficulty in swallowing the 'Trinity' will *strain* at this. And yet, it has its warrant on the other, or spiritualistic side of the subject in the affirmation of many philosophers of ancient and modern times, and in that of Jesus himself. When asked by Philip to show him the Father, Jesus expressed surprise at the strange request. 'Have I been so long a time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father,' &c. (*John* xiv, 9.)

"*Second*—Apart from the inbred sentiment of the human heart which recognizes the existence of a Supremacy to which it instinctively pays homage, the course of society in providing for the care

of the indigent and infirm, the sick and afflicted, gives unmistakable evidence of a paternal Beneficence in the constitution of things, which, we affirm, is not less Divine because prompted by human hearts and administered by human hands. Human paternity is typical of divine Paternity; human love, of divine Love. This conclusion follows legitimately from our premise. It is not for us to find fault with the existence of sin and misery. Why a different order of things, in which nothing but justice should bear rule, was not fulfilled at the beginning, is no business of 'Scientists' nor of mine. And whether or not the existence of this stupendous Cosmos, and this marvellous course and nature of things betoken Omnipotent power we must leave for those to determine who are more astute than ourselves.

"We refrain from making further defence against the attack of 'Theologus,' for the reason that his premise and ours are so wide apart as to render controversy between us unprofitable. His 'special pleading' in behalf of the merits of his Church may be allowed to go unchallenged. But we cannot forbear the remark that, should the excellent Ptolemy rise from the dead and attempt to reestablish his system of astronomy, the reflective reader could not be more surprised than he will be to witness the effort of 'Theologus' to rehabilitate that system of Theosophy which, thanks to the progress of rational ideas, has become well-nigh obsolete. Nor will his habit of confounding dogma with truth excite less amazement.

RADICUS."

However tempted we may be to offer a few comments on this interesting trilogy, we must forbear to do so. It is a pretty quarrel as it stands, and the patient reader will thank us for adding nothing to it.

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#### BIOGRAPHY.

*English Men of Letters.* Edited by JOHN MORLEY.

1. SAMUEL JOHNSON. By LESLIE STEPHENS. 12° pp. 195.
2. EDWARD GIBBON. By J. COTTER MORISON. 12° pp. 184.
3. SIR WALTER SCOTT. By R. H. HUTTON, M.D. 12° pp. 180. New York: Harper Bros. 1878.

THE Messrs. Harper, in accordance with their usual custom of meeting the literary needs of the public are presenting the American people with a series of twelve personal records,

of which the above three have just appeared, and which may be termed "cabinet" biographies, resembling those performances in painting which are distinguished by the same epithet. It is an impossibility, in our day and generation, to read the great works that "come flying all abroad;" and they who must read as they run will rejoice over such abstracts and brief chronicles as these—which really contain all that is worth knowing in the larger publications.

I. And first in this series we have, in brief space, the life of the great rough SAMUEL JOHNSON—"ce grand Sam Johnson," as the French say, in mockery of the English partiality for their dictionary-maker and moralist; a man called Mr. Johnson in his own day by himself and others, his degree of LL. D. from Oxford having only come to him late in life when he cared as little about it as he did for the patronage of Lord Chesterfield. He was born in 1709, the son of an humble Lichfield bookseller, and came into the world short-sighted, scrofulous and subject to a nervous disease which always affected him spasmodically, and gave his appearance and manners a cast of great oddity. He was an early scholar and read his father's books ravenously. At the age of eighteen, he was sent to Oxford where he remained for three years in the capacity of "servitor" student, and came away on the death of his father, without any degree, but a fair Latin scholar with a little Greek. Then he began the battle of life; first as usher in some schools where he was disparaged for his infirmities; and all the more that he was not as "umble" as Uriah Heep. At the age of twenty-six, not seeing his way very clearly before him, he married the widow Porter, aged forty-eight; and this was one of the luckiest steps of his life; for she had £800—then equal to eight or ten thousand dollars of our money—and his partnership for seventeen years with this good woman was a happy one. He survived her thirty years; and, to the last, spoke of her with affection, and often prayed to God for the repose of her soul.

In 1737, Johnson went with his wife from Birmingham to London, there to begin the career of a hack writer. He wrote for Mr. Cave, publisher of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and suffered greatly. Once in his latter years, he burst into tears when speaking of those days. When he wrote his poem of *London* (an imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal) Pope praised it and got Lord Gower to try and procure from the college of Dublin a degree which would enable the author to obtain a place worth £60 a year, and become easy for life. But Dublin was as unaccommodating as Oxford. About this time he sometimes dined with Cave; but behind a sort of screen in the same room, that his shabby appearance should not hurt the feelings of the guests. He also reported, for Cave, the speeches made in Parliament, from 1740 to 1742. Reporters attended the houses and brought back their notes which were then written out in the high

"Johnsonese" of the period—the hermit giving the legislators a style of English that no doubt astonished some of them. Parliament, in that day,—when the people were not presumed to know anything about the wise work of their rulers—was mentioned under the heading of "Senate of Lilliput," and the speakers were named in "initials."

Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*—a paraphrase of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal,—his *Rambler* (1752) and his *Dictionary*, published in 1755, brought him slowly into public notice. In 1760, when he was fifty-one years old, he got a pension of \$300 a year from George III; and then his long Grub Street agony of life was over. Till 1784 he reigned as "the Grand Cham of English Literature."

The fame of Samuel Johnson is a singularity in the history of modern letters. As a theme of comment in reviews, magazines and journals his name has a strong attraction, and people are always willing to hear more about him. But nobody in the world cares for his literature. His works, whether in verse or prose, are no longer read and never tempt any one to bring out a new edition of them. In this they present a remarkable contrast to those of other authors of that age—Burke, Cowper, Goldsmith and Burns, for instance. As regards the last mentioned—a poor careless mortal whose morals were of the easiest order, and whose poetry was, and is, for the most part, an un-English jargon—we have just now one more edition of himself and his works published by Mr. Scott Douglas; and yet another edited by the Rev. Mr. Rogers—both of them critics who cannot mistake the public taste of the age. But Johnson's literature lies where it fell, like the scriptural tree; and his celebrity has grown from the incidents and associations of his life; above all from the singular industry of his chief biographer, James Boswell. In this point of view he has a great advantage over Cowper, Burns and others—men who present themselves singly, as it were. He is surrounded by a number of historic figures, forming, altogether, one of the most luminous groups in the history of British Letters; and, for the rest, his biography is a coruscation of anecdotes, brilliant sayings, excellent jests and oddities—things that have had at all times the strongest sort of attraction for the students of life or literature. Even if he had written nothing, he would still be remembered in the report of men; like Socrates, that otherwise "odd fellow" who loved "to have his talk out," but left no writing behind him that anybody has heard of, and only lives in the pages of Plato and Xenophon. As for Johnson's style, that is dying like his literature—waving away by degrees into the limbo of the last century. It was a ponderous and cruel style, a style for homilists—and, in fact, still *is*, being found in the gravest and solidest of our philosophic works, reviews and essays; and it may possibly outlive the present generation of penmen, in

spite of such reformers as Mr. Barnes in his *Outline of English Speech-Craft* and Mr. Gostwick—writers who are just now making efforts in England to abolish “Johnsonese” and bring back the Anglo-Saxon modes of our ancestral speech.

Johnson had other non-literary claims on general remembrance. He had a singular honesty and directness of character, hating all the shams and subterfuges of society; and at the same time showing the greatest kindness of feeling for his fellow-creatures—especially the shabby ones. In his oddest of houses he kept the oddest family in the British metropolis—Desmoulins, Carmichael, Levitt, Barker, Miss Williams and others, who could find no home elsewhere, and who made up what could not be called a “happy family;” for they were perpetually squabbling with one another. He brought into the midst of them one night in his arms, a poor sick girl of the town, whom he had found lying helpless in a porch, and ordered them to treat her tenderly, as Thomas Hood would express it. On the death of poor Levitt—who had doctored and tended the neighbors about him, for anything they may please to give him in return—Johnson wrote some pathetic verses which Thackeray truly calls a “sacred poem.” He loved cats and little boys and girls—more than *they* loved him—and once slyly let go a leveret that had been just snared for his dinner—to the great disgust of the innkeeper. These things do more honor to his memory than the *Dictionary*, or even the *Rambler*.

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2. In his book on GIBBON, Mr. Morison has greatly refreshed the rather fading colors of that life-history. The historian of Rome was never a very forward or imposing figure in the world, in any sense, and few have ever undertaken—as in the case of Johnson, Goldsmith, and other sociable and suffering men—to strew biographical flowers upon his tomb. He was a *helluo librorum* and a hermit, and the people of our age remember him merely for the sake of the *Decline and Fall*, of Rome. He was “a man of one book;” and, as such, he has been regarded with distrust; the majority of men, during the last century, have taken the proverb’s advice—to “beware of him.”—But that book is already classic, and will keep his personal memory from dying out. In this, Gibbon may be found a curious contrast to Johnson.

Edward Gibbon, born in 1737, the son of a gentleman of independent fortune, was from the first, like Johnson, of a delicate constitution which, however, lasted for fifty-seven years of sequestered life and steady penmanship. He was almost self-educated, having been a kind of cripple in his boyhood, and not a regular attendant at school. “At the expense of many tears and some blood,” he says, “I purchased a knowledge of Latin syntax.”



Like Johnson and Scott, he spent the early years of his debility in gathering the materials of his future celebrity; showing that what may, in many respects, be regarded as misfortunes, are only portions or preparations of a destiny which something beside or above it prepares for most individuals—"a providence that shapes our ends," as the poet expresses it. Up to the age of sixteen, Gibbon did little but read books. Then, becoming stronger in health, he was sent as "Gentleman Commoner" to Oxford, to receive the respectable finish of such a course. But he learned nothing at that university. "If Gibbon," says Mr. Morison, "escaped the fate of being an ignorant and frivolous loungeur, the merit is entirely his own."

Gibbon's intellectual course began feebly enough. His religious aunt, Porten, gave him a taste for religious themes; and, at the age of 16, he argued himself out of the Protestant and into the Catholic creed—having chiefly meditated on the mystery of the Real Presence. The weight of historical evidence decided him, he said. Then for the health of both body and soul, he was sent off by his father to Lausanne in Switzerland; here he began to read under a strict Calvinistic professor, M. Pavillard. The result was that the lad was restored to the religion of his family. He himself says, very wisely—"the various articles of the Romish creed disappeared like a dream." At the end of eighteen months he was again clothed in the right mind of a little Church of England Protestant. For five years he continued to learn and to read at Lausanne, wading industriously through the great classic historians, poets and orators, and making himself a good Latinist. At nineteen, he was still hammering at the Greek alphabet; and he never cared for Greek, or for Greece. "From the barren task of looking for words in a Lexicon," he says, "I withdrew to the free and familiar conversation of Virgil and Tacitus." In spite of the recantation his heart remained with Rome.

It is curious to consider the way great ends are brought about and the inadequacy—as people would consider it—of the means. James Boswell was a flighty and mercurial man of little account among his fellows, and of little or no literary ability. And yet he produced the best biography on record. Gibbon, on his side, was a mere book-worm, knowing little and caring less about the concerns of society, and never taking any part in the politics of his age. His father's influence made him a member of the House of Commons; yet he never opened his mouth in it, and only troubled his easy head about the chances of wriggling into some easy sinecure office under the Whig ministry. Nevertheless, this tame-spirited and rather finical book-man was the one to sit down to his desk and bring forth a History of the Roman and Mediæval world, during its most momentous period of struggles, conquests, and revolutions which the men of the last hundred years have been approving as a matter of the highest historic and lite-



rary merit. And yet if this "luminous" historian had resided at Rome or Constantinople in the actual days of those events made so picturesque by his pen, he would not have troubled his head to take part in them; he would have gone to his villa at Lake Benacus and read Cicero and Tacitus.

Modern criticism has, in fact, lowered the merit of the *Decline and Fall*, arguing that Gibbon neglected to trace and record the social growths of the different peoples and races which, in a silent way, must have produced the grand historic movements, the conquests, overthrows and catastrophes; and that he has given his attention mainly to personal figures, movements of armies, and the other pageantries of change. There is much truth in this. And yet it may be accepted as a thing beyond doubt that Gibbon's own way was necessary to the success of his work, which is a highly colored narrative of grand facts and achievements. He had neither the knowledge nor the genius which would have enabled him to discover and describe the inner life of those races that have played such parts in the history of the last two thousand years; and he could not by any effort sympathize with any slow subterranean growths of human society. He was all for the broad panoramic movements and the imperial shadows or lights of his picture; and he had that happy pedantry which enlisted all his best faculties in such a task. He was a man of his age, and he did not anticipate the present, in which our best recorders compose their historic facts with a large intermixture of ethnic research and philosophic elucidation of one sort or other. If he had done so and busied himself with the tendencies of race, the world would not have praised or read his work so much. He would have written about many things of which he was ignorant and made a great many blunders. But he was satisfied with being a clear-headed compiler and critic, and the first English prose writer of his age. His history is an excellent one, as a narrative of facts—a history in the old and the oldest sense of that word. If he had written his narrative of fifteen hundred years otherwise—that is in the style of the Buckles, Leckys and other historians, he should have given us, not six volumes, but sixty. But no single writer is, or can be, equal to such a task—for some time to come, at least. Meanwhile, Gibbon's narrative must rank in worth with Johnson's dictionary. Both were great achievements. But time will diminish the value of them. The science of speech will require a better style of lexicon for the English language, as well as every other; and the science of history will exact a higher and broader manner of treatment and execution. And our historians and dictionary-makers seem to be well aware of this.

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3. In his well-written and attractive little book—a “benevolent octavo,” as some of the old English writers would say, on account of its handy and convenient size—Mr. Hutton has given us nearly the essential matter of Lockhart’s ten famous volumes devoted to the life of Sir Walter Scott; an admirable effort of literary economy in an age which whirls the lives and thoughts of men along with the energetic velocity of steam, or—as that is in imminent danger of becoming obsolete—of electricity.

Sir Walter, born in 1771 at Edinburgh—a good town, where distinguished men of letters had already begun to “cultivate literature on a little oat-meal,”—resembled Johnson and Gibbon in the early conditions of his health. Nature gave him a weak and imperfect leg, which made him a “lamiter” for life, like his brother bard, Lord Byron; and at the age of ten he suffered from the bursting of a blood-vessel, which nearly cost him his life; thus removing him from the wild idleness of boyhood and obliging him to read books and think about what he read. Dryden, speaking satirically of one of his “dunces,” calls him “a strong nativity, but for the pen.” Scott would *not* have been a strong nativity, “but for the pen”—in another sense. Those youthful ailments, so lamented by his family, shaped the memorable courses of Scott’s life and fame. If he had been a stout, sturdy boy, he would have lived and died like his father, a writer to the Signet, and not at all a writer to the imagination, feeling and amusement of the world. He read old books, tales, legends, romances—things that lay beneath the dignified notice of English literature and Scotch philosophy in that century—till his young brain, growing powerfully in his curious comical head which has long perplexed the phrenologists, became a hive, so to speak, from which in due time came out the swarm of his unrivalled fictions in poetry and prose. It was in this way that he mastered the felicities of his language, things that have such a subtle power of shaping the currents and counter currents of thought, and most naturally led to the story-telling habits of his boyhood, and thence to the larger and more brilliant utterances of his mature age. His literary strength grew from the literature of the common people and not from that of the learned, though he spent some few years in the High School of Edinburgh. He had “small Latin and less Greek,” like that other poet who bore the same initials before him. He threw the light and coloring of his Keltic genius on the history and society of modern Scotland, things that before his time were delineated in the customary tame style of English composition. The canny Scots of the eighteenth century were ashamed of their Gaelic antecedents and the romance that belonged to them. Mr. Home wrote a tragedy called *Douglas* with scarcely a touch of national character in it. Let the reader contrast the dull style of that play with the vivid portraiture of *Waverley*. There is a good deal of difference between young Norval of “the Grampian

hills" and Fergus MacIvor of Glennaquoich. That difference is due, in a great degree, to a secret visit which Coila, the genius of Scotland once paid to a sickly little boy reading the Bush Aboon Traquair and Chevy Chase, in the sequestered farm-house of Sandy Knowe—somewhere about the time when she came with the same charming power of apparition—or *Vision*, into the presence of Robert Burns, beside "the bonny banks of Ayre."

At the age of fifteen, Scott was apprenticed to his father, a lawyer, and acted as his clerk. In 1792, he was called to the bar; and in 1799, by means of a clannish family influence, he became Sheriff of Selkirkshire. Subsequently he was made Clerk of Sessions and wrote at a desk, during court-trials. These offices gave him a respectable income, which was greatly increased when, in 1797, at the age of twenty-six, he married Miss Charpentier, or Carpenter, daughter of a French royalist and refugee who came to England in the troubles with his family, and was befriended by the Marquis of Downshire. This is Mr. Hutton's statement—and that of Lockhart; while other biographers have made themselves happy with the shrewd thought that the *protégée* of Lord Downshire was really his own daughter. Be this as it may, Scott got a handsome "dower" with his wife, who proved an excellent helpmate, in her own way—especially when he wanted some proper French for his dialogues—as in *Quentin Durward* and *Waverley*. In this prudent manner did he prepare for his work of literature, using it thenceforward "not as a crutch but a staff"—according to his own illustration. In the beginning of this century the Sheriff of Selkirkshire rode about the country to collect the materials of his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* which did for Scotland what *Percy's Reliques* did for England. With all his love of poetry and romance, Sir Walter had "a shrewd eye for the main chance;" and when he had induced his school-fellow, James Ballantyne, to publish his work, he entered into partnership with him with a view to the profitable publication of others. These were the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, the *Lady of the Lake*, &c., which with their animated and picturesque style of narrative became at once popular; and so continued till that other "lamiter," Byron, came, with his halting but vehement stride, to carry everything before him. Scott beaten from one part of the field of battle, fell back, or rather moved forward into higher position of prose literature where as a novelist he soon stood—as he still stands—without a rival. Mr. Hutton has done critical justice to those novels and romances which have given to Scotland a higher glory and more solid benefit than the wild heroism of Wallace or the battle-axe of Robert Bruce.

For near thirty years—up to 1826—the life of Scott was happy and brilliant. He had made a grand fortune, built a romantic home, seen his family in affluence, and had the honor of the baronetcy from the sword of the king. Then came the dark days

and the catastrophe, bringing with them the deep shadows which were necessary to the excessive light of the life-picture, and which have given to the biography of Scott those deep shadowings which have made it so pathetic and impressive. The story of Napoleon's life is all the grander for the overthrow of Waterloo and the gloomy garrulity and quiet grave of St. Helena. The glories of the great war were followed by reaction and social distress, and the publishing business of Ballantyne & Co., feeling the unhappy change of the times, became bankrupt. Scott was involved for as large an amount of money as he had ever earned in all his years of hard work, say, about \$700,000. It was a terrible blow; but he bore up against it, for he could not give up his cherished home, his "romance in stone and mortar," Abbotsford. He sat resolutely down to his almost desperate task of paying off his debt, producing in succession, *Woodstock*, the *Chronicles of the Canongate*, the *History of Scotland*, *Tales of My Landlord*, the *Life of Napoleon*, &c., &c. It was in truth a heroic and yet pitiable spectacle. Scotland, that had let Robert Burns die the death of a poverty-stricken excisemen, never thought of helping the author of *Waverley*. Such things could not happen in our own age and country. If Longfellow, an author much inferior to Scott, were to be beaten to the earth in that manner, we all know what our people would begin to do. They would rescue "Washington's Headquarters" at any rate. Scott paid off half his debt before he died at the age of sixty-one; and his works paid off the rest. Abbotsford still belongs to his blood; but not to his name.

The close of Scott's powerful career reads like the last acts of a drama. After the bankruptcy, he worked incessantly for four years; and then, in 1830, a partial paralysis struck him down at his desk. In 1831, the English ministry put the war-ship *Barham* at his disposal for a voyage to Italy, and he went to Naples, Rome and other parts of that classic peninsula, looking for what he had lost forever. He went about like a dying man, thinking of old times and his Abbotsford home—thinking also, in a deplorable way, of another novel—the *Knights of Malta*, begun hastily and feebly—which might possibly take off a little more of that deadly debt. Coming home by way of the Rhine, he was again struck down by paralysis in the passage-boat and was brought over with helpless limbs and a wandering mind, to die at Abbotsford on the 21st of September, 1832.

The story of the great and good Sir Walter is as fascinating as anything he himself ever gave to the world. Mr. Hutton has done good service in presenting us with its outlines, crowded incidents, and so much of its natural colorings. Osiander, in the curious preface he was pleased to write for the grand cosmical book of his friend, Copernicus, says, in the last line of it: "*Igitur, emé, lege et frueré*;" and we can say nothing more to the purpose in ending our notice of this miniature biography.

## PHILOSOPHY.

1. *Ethics, or Moral Philosophy.* By WALTER H. HILL, S. J.  
12° pp. 342. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1878.

THE study of Ethics becomes more and more necessary with the growing complications of society—complications arising from the great diversity of sentiment, and the existence of antagonistic interests in the body politic. We welcome, therefore, the volume of Professor Hill, as it is a conscientious effort to reduce the abstract questions of human relationships to an order having something of the coherence of a science.

The work is divided into two parts. Part *first* is devoted to *General Ethics*, comprehending the study of questions relating to human destiny, the end and object of life; the rational sense; good and evil; the passions; moral virtues; natural law, and civil laws; conscience; will; etc. Part *second* comprises *Special Ethics*, or the rights and duties of man; the relations of man to his fellow and to a Supreme Being; his duties to himself, family, society, the State; the relations of ruler and the ruled; the necessity of Authority and of Government; of law, national and international, etc.

A moment's reflection on the meaning and significance of the term *Ethics* will be sufficient to awaken in one a sense of the importance of the subject. The author's definition of it is too luminous to need any light from us. "Ethics," he says, "has for its proper aim to furnish demonstrative reasons to prove the truth and justice of the chief, fundamental principles, from which all the more special rules of natural rectitude, or morality, are deduced."—(*Preface*. p. iv.) And elsewhere, the author still further defines its aims and scope, as follows:

"It may be said, then, that Ethics is a natural science which is conversant about moral good; and its principles are deduced by man's reason from the objects that concern the free-will; it has for its ulterior end the art by which man may live uprightly, or conformably to right reason."—*Introduction*, p. ix.

Neither in the plan of his work nor in the principles upon which his work is based, has the author aimed at originality. He is content to follow the lead of the illustrious pagan, Aristotle, in his method, and to accept the maxims of morals to be found in the writings of such excellent Catholics as Aquinas, Augustine, Suarez, Billuart, and others. Indeed, almost every proposition advanced by the erudite author is supported by citations from the works of some one of these illustrious sages; and he has rendered his work all the more valuable to students of moral philosophy by quoting his authorities from original sources and in their own tongue.

Naturally enough there are many things in Professor Hill's *Philosophy* to which we take exception; and did the limits of our space permit we should wish to call the attention of the critical reader to them. As it is we can only point out thus briefly the scope of the work, concede the author the possession of critical ability and pains-taking industry, and commend the volume to all those who have human relationships and would know how properly to adjust them.

Messrs. Murphy and Company deserve the thanks of the public for giving it so cheap an edition of a meritorious work.

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BELLES-LETTRES.

1. *The Ring of Amethyst*. Large 12° pp. 108. By ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

IN this elegant miniature quarto, so daintily suited to the attractive nature of its contents, we have a poetical garland of about seventy short lyrics, all dedicated to some of the most genial things of the world, the first experiences of married life and the gentle emotions symbolized or represented by *The Ring of Amethyst*; which is the title of the *florilegium*, and which, indeed,—whether in the shape of a gem or a book—wears, very appropriately, something of what a poet has called “the purple light of love.” And on glancing through the pages, the critic will be likely to observe, in the first place, that the style of this *chanteuse* is very different from that of the crowd of gentlewomen who write with ease, and whose old-fashioned word-music is that of Lætitia Landon, Mrs. Hemans, and many others who wrote forty or fifty years ago, and whose imitators have been and are found writing, for the most part, ever since. Mrs. Rollins has the new style of bardism introduced or adopted by such lyrists as Mrs. Barrett Browning and Mrs. Lewes, but without any of the crafty affectations and obscurities of phrase which are such stumbling-blocks for those—and they are the majority—who would rather enjoy a good thing in the shape of lyric poetry, than have to stop, or stumble over it. She makes a variety of melodies with the materials of common-speech, as employed in refined conversation,—a feat very difficult for any but those to the manner born, who have the true lyric sense and intuition; and rather dangerous also in its temptations to be lax and frivolous in expression.

These poems of Mrs. Rollins are short—“short-stepping odes,” as one of the poets of the Stuart period called the class to which

they belong—being mostly in the sonnet-form, a measure which contains some of the finest pieces of poetry in the language, and which our authoress modulates with excellent effect. They have all that graceful inspiration which comes from domestic feeling in its first glow. Married women,—and married men—too often it may be said, have neither care, nor indeed cause, to speak poetically of love. But here we have a bride or wife speaking out clearly and freely in her felicity; and that, too, in a very sweet and delicate way.

The volume is altogether a charming clusters of chants; not very deep in thought, to be sure, nor free from a few wilful little pardonable trivialities here and there; but always “playing in the plighted clouds,” as it were, and setting to music the varied emotions of a happy consciousness. Our poetess has the fine gift of Ophelia—that of turning the familiar feelings into favor and prettiness, and also into something better.

We have marked several of these lyrics—over a dozen of them—for comment or quotation, but after an interval, the normal condition of a critic has recoiled upon us, and we find the space at our disposal too small for such a purpose. But we must give one—a sweet sonnet with as sweet a title, viz.:

## A ROSE.

Last night a little rose of love was laid  
Softly in this poor hand, by one who knew  
Not what most gracious breeze from heaven blew  
The blossom in his path: but since, he said  
All loveliest things were summoned to his aid  
To win me, let the fragrant flower that grew  
Surely in Paradise, help him to woo  
And win his wish, be mine; then half afraid,  
Here on my breast I laid it; and it glows  
With such rich, sudden beauty, that my eyes,  
Quickened by some new instinct, recognize  
What is, indeed, my own; for this fair rose—  
Rose of dear love bewilderingly sweet—  
From my own heart had fallen at his feet!

This is a dainty and delicate fancy, reminding us of some of the happy *conceitti* of the Italian poets. And there is yet another, which we transcribe—very nearly from the memory of one reading: *Because*; a term capable of so many meanings in the life of a lady, when held to the strict obligation of “a reason.”

## BECAUSE.

Not because you are gentle of speech,  
O, brave knight of mine,  
Nor because in the chivalrous lists  
With the brightest you shine;  
Nor because, when you pass in the street,  
All the world turns to praise,  
The free, taking charm of your look  
And the grace of your ways;



Nor because in your presence, I know  
 I have but to command,  
 And the thing that I covet, at once  
 Will come from your hand ;  
 Nor because by the glance of your eyes,  
 That so tenderly drew  
 My whole heart to yours, I may know  
 I am perfect to you.

But, because in your presence, dear, I  
 Grow gentle of speech—  
 The haughty young maiden who once  
 Was so wilful to teach ;  
 And because when I pass in the street  
 All the world turns to praise  
 A certain new charm in my look  
 And grace in my ways ;  
 And because in your presence I lose  
 The proud wish to command ;  
 Contented and eager, dear love,  
 To be led by your hand ;  
 And because, sir, the look of reproach,  
 For some things that I do,  
 Still shows the belief I shall grow  
 To be worthy of you ;  
 Do I love you ? 'twere vain to affect  
 A refusal to yield ;  
 Quite useless for lips to deny  
 What the eyes have revealed ;  
 Yet not—let me say it, for fear  
 That too vain you should be—  
 Not so much for what you are yourself,  
 As for what you make *me*.

Mrs. Rollins was certainly born with the true lyric genius and is able to control it with fine literary taste and perception ; and we think if she had not chosen the quiet ways of a happy wife and mother she might have become one of the most winning and popular of our poetic writers. No doubt she "hath chosen the better part," after all ; but the lover of poetry has a right to a little regret in the matter, since women who can weave their emotions into verse in a diction at once so simple and so pure are very rare in our literary community.

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## MISCELLANEA.

1. *Creed and Deed. A Series of Discourses.* By FELIX ADLER, Ph. D. 12" pp. 243. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1877.
2. *The Ideal Life.* By ELLA F. MOSBY. Cincinnati: 1877.
3. *Bibliotheca Curiosa.* Large 8° pp. 352. Vol. I. Prepared by GEO. P. PHILES. New York: Messrs. Sears and Cole.

1. THESE lectures have been published by request of the Ethical Society before which they were delivered. The first, on *Immortality*, gives a *résumé* of the arguments for a state of existence after death; and the lecturer leans to the opinion that "the longing for immortality" has become a disturbing element in human philosophy, and that the belief in that renewed existence should not be inculcated as a dogma in the theories or teachings of religion. As we do not, and cannot know, he contends, it is presumably fitting that we should not know, or try to know the truth of that mystery. On the whole, Mr. Adler leans to the rather poetical notion of Madame Dudevant, that to live in the memory of those we love and of the wise and good is not wholly to die, and an immortality sufficient for the race. On the theme of Religion, the lecturer is of the opinion that dogma should be kept in abeyance and that moral ideas should have more influence on human life than a personal deity. Man's chief duty is his duty to his fellow-creatures.

In his essay on the Religious Conservatism of Women, Mr. Adler is in favor of allowing them the social rights and privileges of men in the practice of the professions and industries, and of giving them generally the benefit of a higher order of instruction. His paper on Spinoza gives an interesting account of that philosopher's character and way of life, while he thinks him wrong in trying to extinguish the emotional tendencies of our nature. Yet Spinoza fought the good fight of free thought against superstitious custom, and for this his memory should be held in grateful recollection.

The lecturer reveres the character of the founder of the Christian system, for its sweetness and humanity, and shows how the true secret of his power was his sympathy with the humbler and generally neglected masses of society, who naturally hailed him as a friend and deliverer, in spite of the scorn and hostility of the ruling and priestly classes. Mr. Adler has, in all things, a regard for what is exalted in man's nature, and, as we have observed, advocates that moral ideal which shall yet work out the

happier civilization of the human race. In the Appendix, the reader will find an interesting retrospect of the philosophy of the Jews and the peculiar teachings of their *rabbis*, accompanied by critical commentaries on the Pentateuch—a division of the Hebrew Scriptures that contains a great number of contradictions, repetitions and other defects, not recognized by the generality of readers. He says “the theory of an oral law, delivered to Moses on Sinai and handed down from generation to generation, until it was finally embodied in the ordinances of the Talmudic academies, is a palpable fiction.” He is for doing away with all the symbolisms and sorcelleries of the Jewish and other religions, and replacing them by the principle of compromise and a reformed system. He is a strong advocate of Judaism on a more liberal basis; and he presents his views with great force and felicity of language. In his own person he offers one more evidence of the fact that the Jewish race is not behind any other in the great movement of ideas which leads, however slowly, to a new order of human society.

2. THIS volume of Miss Mosby possesses at least one merit; being written not merely because the authoress determined, *coûte que coûte*, to write a book, but that she had something to say to those capable of sympathizing with her subject. The style of the work is pure, graceful, and attractive in its eloquent passages and its imagery; exhibiting a strong love of art and a considerable power of word-painting—as in the passage relating to the *Black Hills* of Bierstadt:

“A storm is in motion. You mark the dark clouds rolling up, and then you actually see the wind shivering in the long thin grasses and stirring the trees that appear to await its coming. The pictures seem to move, as it were, under the force of a “living storm.”

There are passages in this little book of Miss Mosby which really remind one of the easy and eloquent manner of George Eliot. There is a chapter on *Ideal forms of Government* which will give a good idea of the powers of our authoress; and in the *Greek Ideal* she shows how attentively she has studied the conditions of that classic civilization, till she seems to—

“Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,  
And hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.”

Our limits forbid extended citations, and we can only direct attention to *The Germanic Spirit of Conflict*, the remarks on Music, the treatment of the Greek conception of Medusa, the description of the *Milan Cathedral*. The authoress gives evidence of extensive reading and an intimacy with the works of Ruskin, Taine, Froude, Kingsley, Cousin and Goethe.

We have said so much because we can sympathize with the effort or tendency of an ingenuous and poetic mind to substitute the happy ideal for the harsh and somewhat revolting experiences of the real in the world about us, or the world of thought within us; and are, moreover, disposed to welcome a young lady's first effort in literature.

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In this work we have a Descriptive Catalogue of the Library of Andrew J. Odell of New York, which strikes us as perhaps the most singular and attractive work of its class ever produced from an American press. In the first place, the Catalogue is a description of a rare and curious collection of standard books, ancient and modern, in every department of literature, viz.: Greek and Latin classics; old English "black-letter" books; German, French and English, as well as works on early English poetry and the drama, especially of Shakespeare, together with a number of reprints of early French poetry, romances, mysteries, moralities and pleasantries; some scarce old works on early voyages and travels, alchemy, astrology, demonology, witchcraft, etc.; literary history; the history of printing and engraving intermingled with Missals illuminated in gold and colors, etc. The *farragolibelli* is, in fact, beyond our powers of description in the small space at our disposal. The English reader will be especially attracted to the hundred volumes published by the Early English Text Society since the year 1864:—which is in itself a most extraordinary and instructive little library.

The Catalogue has been prepared under the learned superintendence of Mr. George P. Philes, with the artistic coöperation of Mr. N. Thompson, superintendent of Messrs. Sears & Cole's printing establishment; and it contains a large number of bibliographical notes and references made with great care and industry. It has evidently been the aim of the compiler of the Catalogue to give the exact titles with accurate descriptions of the books which it contains. To do this with any approach to fidelity it has been necessary in many instances to manufacture type-characters especially for the purpose; and this has been done apparently regardless of expense. The Catalogue is, therefore, a unique work of its kind, both in its archaic ornamentation and picturesqueness, and its general arrangement and getting up, doing honor to the typographical resources of our great city and the skill of the enterprising firm of Messrs. Sears & Cole.

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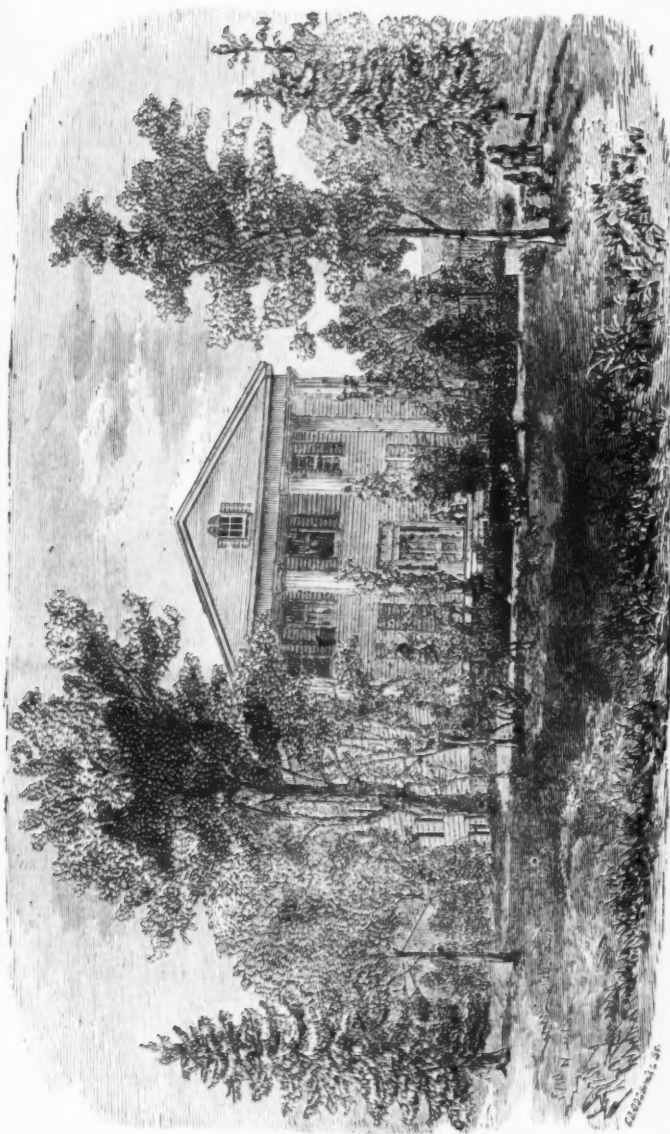
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